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THE
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- ART. I.—1. *The Bubble of the Age; or the Fallacies of Railway Investment, Railway Accounts, and Railway Dividends.* By Arthur Smith. 1848.
2. *Herepath's Railway and Commercial Journal.* 1848.
3. *Rules and Regulations for the conduct of the Traffic and for the guidance of the Officers and Men in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company.* London. 1847.

A GOOD many years ago one of the toughest and hardest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire undertook to perform a feat which, just for the moment, attracted the general attention not only of the country but of the sporting world. His bet was, that if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough-bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride 200 miles in ten hours!!!

The newspapers of the day described exactly how 'the Squire' was dressed—what he had been living on—how he looked—how, at the word '*Away!*' he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Tranby, his favourite racer, stretched himself in his gallop—how on arriving at his second horse he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible, faster than before—and how, to the astonishment and amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in . . . a winner!

Now, if at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow—his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his horse, which his friends at each side of the bridle were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepit old woman had hobbled forward, and in the name of Science had told the assembled multitude, that before she became a skeleton she and her husband would undertake instead of 200 miles in ten hours to go 500—that is to say, that, for every mile 'the Squire' had just ridden, she and her old man would go two miles and a half—that she would moreover knit all the way, and that he should take his medicine every hour and read to her just as if they were at home; lastly, that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, 'in thunder, lightning, or in rain;'—who, we ask, would have listened to the poor maniac?—and yet how wonderfully

would her prediction have been now fulfilled! Nay, waggons of coals and heavy luggage now-a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and farther than Mr. Osbaldestone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.

When railways were first established, every living being gazed at a passing train with astonishment and fear: ploughmen held their breath; the loose horse galloped from it, and then, suddenly stopping, turned round, stared at it, and at last snorted aloud. But the 'nine days' wonder' soon came to an end. As the train now flies through our verdant fields, the cattle grazing on each side do not even raise their heads to look at it; the timid sheep fears it no more than the wind; indeed the hen-partridge, running with her brood along the embankment of a deep cutting, does not now even crouch as it passes close by her. It is the same with mankind. On entering a railway station we merely mutter to a clerk in a box where we want to go—say '*How much?*'—see him horizontally poke a card into a little machine that pinches it—receive our ticket—take our place—read our newspaper—on reaching our terminus drive away perfectly careless of all or of any one of the innumerable arrangements necessary for the astonishing luxury we have enjoyed.

On the practical working of a railway there is no book extant, nor any means open to the public of obtaining correct information on the subject.

Unwilling therefore to remain in this state of ignorance respecting the details of the greatest blessing which science has ever imparted to mankind, we determined to make a short inspection of the practical machinery of one of our largest railways; and having on application to the Secretary, as also to the Secretary of the Post-Office, been favoured with the slight authorities we required, without companion or attendant we effected our object; and although under such circumstances our unbiassed observations were necessarily superficial, we propose by a few rough sketches rapidly to pass in review before our readers some of the scenes illustrative of the practical working of a railway, which we witnessed at the principal stations of the London and North Western Railway—say EUSTON, CAMDEN, WOLVERTON, and CREWE.

EUSTON—*The Down Train.*—On arriving in a cab at the Euston Station, the old-fashioned traveller is at first disposed to be exceedingly pleased at the new-born civility with which, the instant the vehicle stops, a porter, opening its door with surprising alacrity, most obligingly takes out every article of his luggage; but so soon as he suddenly finds out that the officious green straight-buttoned-up official's object has been solely to get the

the cab off the premises, in order to allow the string of variegated carriages that are slowly following to advance—in short, that, while he has been paying to the driver, say only two shining shillings, his favourite great-coat—his umbrella, portmanteau, carpet-bag, Russia leather writing-case, secured by Chubb's patent lock, have all vanished—he poignantly feels, like poor Johnson, that his 'patron has encumbered him with help;' and it having been the golden maxim of his life never to lose sight of his luggage, it gravels and dyspepsias him beyond description to be civilly told that on no account can he be allowed to follow it, but that '*he will find it on the platform;*' and truly enough the prophecy is fulfilled; for there he does find it on a barrow in charge of the very harlequin who whipped it away, and who, as its guardian angel, hastily muttering the words '*Now then, Sir!*' stands beckoning him to advance.

The picture of the departure of one of the large trains from the station at Euston Square, however often it may have been witnessed, is worthy of a few moments' contemplation.

On that great covered platform, which, with others adjoining it, is lighted from above by 8797 square yards (upwards of an acre and three-quarters) of plate-glass, are to be seen congregated and moving to and fro in all directions, in a sort of Babel confusion, people of all countries, of all religions, and of all languages. People of high character, of low character, of no character, at all. Infants just beginning life—old people just ending it. Many desirous to be noticed—many, from innumerable reasons, good, bad, and indifferent, anxious to escape notice. Some are looking for their friends—some, suddenly turning upon their heels, are evidently avoiding their acquaintance.

Contrasted with that variety of free and easy well-worn costumes in which quiet-minded people usually travel, are occasionally to be seen a young couple—each, like a new-born baby, dressed from head to foot in everything perfectly new—hurrying towards a coupé, on whose door there negligently hangs a black board—upon which there is printed, not unappropriately, in white bridal letters, the word 'ENGAGED.'

Across this mass of human beings a number of porters are to be seen carrying and tortuously wheeling, in contrary directions, baggage and property of all shapes and sizes. One is carrying over his right shoulder a matted parcel, 12 or 15 feet long, of young trees, which the owner, who has just purchased them for his garden, is following with almost parental solicitude. Another porter, leaning as well as walking backwards, is attempting with his whole strength to drag towards the luggage-van a leash of pointer-dogs, whose tails, like certain other 'tails' that we know

of, are obstinately radiating from the couples that bind together their heads; while a number of newspaper-vendors, 'fleet-footed Mercuries,' are worming their way through the crowd.

Within the long and apparently endless straight line of railway carriages which bound the platform, are soon seen the faces and caps of various travellers, especially old ones, who with due precaution have taken possession of their seats; and while most of these, each of them with their newspapers unfolded on their knees, are slowly wiping their spectacles, several of the younger inmates are either talking to other idlers leaning on their carriage-windows, or, half kissing and half waving their hands, are bidding 'farewell' to the kind friends who had accompanied them to the station.

Some months ago, at a crisis similar to that just mentioned, we happened to be ensconced in the far corner of a railway carriage, when we heard a well-known clergyman from Brighton suddenly observe to his next neighbour who sat between us, '*There must surely be something very remarkable in that scene.*' His friend, who was busily cutting open his *Record* made no reply, but, as we chanced to witness the trifling occurrence alluded to, we will very briefly describe it. A young man of about twenty-two, of very ordinary height, dress, and appearance, was standing opposite to a first-class carriage just as the driver's whistle shrilly announced the immediate departure of the train. At this signal, without any theatrical movement, or affectation of any sort, he quietly reeled backwards upon a baggage-truck which happened to be immediately behind him. Two elderly ladies beside him instantly set to work, first of all, most vigorously to rub with their lean fingers the palms of his hands—they might just as well have scrubbed the soles of his boots;—they then untied his neckcloth; but their affectionate kindness was of no avail. The train was probably separating him from something, or from some one. The movement however, he had not witnessed, for the mere whistle of the engine had caused him to swoon! What corresponding effect of fainting or sobbing it may have produced on any inmate in that carriage before which he had long been standing, and which had just left him, we have no power to divine. It is impossible, however, to help reflecting what emotions must every day be excited within the train as well as on the platform at Euston Station by the scream or parting whistle which we have just described. From the murderer flying from the terrors of justice down to the poor brokenhearted creditor absconding from his misfortunes;—from our careworn Prime Minister down to the most indolent member of either House of Parliament—each simultaneously escaping after a long-protracted

protracted session ;—from people of all classes going from or to laborious occupation, down to the schoolboy reluctantly returning to, or joyfully leaving, his school ;—from our Governor-General proceeding to embark for India down to the poor emigrant about to sail from the same port to Australia—the railway-whistle, however unheeded by the multitude, must oftentimes have excited a variety of feelings which it would be utterly impossible to describe.

While the travellers of a train are peacefully taking their seats, artillery-men, horses, and cannon, on a contiguous set of rails, are occasionally as quietly embarking in carriages, horse-boxes, and trucks, which are subsequently hooked on to a mass of passengers perfectly unconscious of the elements of war which are accompanying them.

As a departing railway-train, like a vessel sailing out of harbour, proceeds on its course, its rate rapidly increases, until, in a very short time, it has attained its full speed, and men of business are then intently reading the 'City news,' and men of pleasure the leading article of their respective newspapers, when this runaway street of passengers—men, women, and children—unexpectedly find themselves in sudden darkness, visible only by a feeble and hitherto unappreciated lamp, which, like the pale moon after a fiery sunset, modestly shines over their head. By this time the boarded platform at Euston Station, but a few minutes ago so densely thronged with passengers, is completely deserted. The lonely guard on duty, every footstep resounding as he walks, paces along it like a sentinel. The newspaper-vendors, sick unto death of the news they had been vaunting, are indolently reclining at their stalls; even the boy who sells 'Punch' is half asleep; and there is nothing to break the sober dullness of the scene but a few clerks and messengers, who, like rabbits popping from one hole of their warren into another, enter upon the platform from the floor of one office to hurry into that of the next. In a few minutes, however, the loud puffing of an engine announces the approach towards the platform of a string of empty carriages, which are scarcely formed into the next departure train, when vehicles of all descriptions are again to be seen in our most public thoroughfares concentrating upon the focus of Euston Square; and thus, with a certain alleviation on Sundays, this strange feverish admixture of confusion and quietness, of society and solitude, continues intermittently from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 A.M. to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. during every day in the week, every week in the month, and every month in the year.

The Up Train.—The out-train having been despatched, we must now beg our readers to be so good as to walk, or rather

to scramble, with us from the scene of its departure across five sets of rails, on which are lying, like vessels at anchor in a harbour, crowds of railway-carriages preparing to depart, to the opposite platform, in order to witness the arrival of an incoming train. This platform, for reasons which will shortly appear, is infinitely longer than that for the departure trains. It is a curve 900 feet in length, lighted by day from above with plate-glass, and at night by 67 large gas-lamps suspended from above, or affixed to the iron pillars that support the metallic net-worked roof. Upon this extensive platform scarcely a human being is now to be seen; nevertheless along its whole length it is bounded on the off-side by an interminable line of cabs, intermixed with private carriages of all shapes, gigs, dog carts, and omnibuses, the latter standing opposite to little ugly black-faced projecting boards, which by night as well as by day are always monotonously exclaiming, '*Holborn!—Fleet Street and Chopside!—Oxford Street!—Regent Street!—Charing Cross!*' &c.

In this motley range of vehicles, smart coachmen, tall pale powdered footmen, and splendid horses are strangely contrasted with the humble but infinitely faster conveyance—the common cab. Most of the drivers of these useful machines, strange to say, are absent; the remainder are either lolling on benches, or, in various attitudes, dosing on their boxes. Their horses, which are generally well-bred, and whose bent knees and fired hocks proclaim the good services they have performed, stand ruminating with a piece of sacking across their loins, or with nose-bags, often empty—until for some reason a carriage before them leaves their line: in which case, notwithstanding the absence of their drivers and regardless of all noises, they quietly advance along the edge of the little precipice which bounds the rails. They know quite well what they are waiting for, and have no desire to move. Indeed, it is a *Pickwickian* fact, well known to cab-drivers, that their horses travel unwillingly from the station, but always pull hard coming back, simply because it is during the waiting-time at Euston Station that their nose-bags are put on—or, in other words, that they are fed.

We may here observe that there are sixty-five selected cabmen who have the *entrée* to the platform, and who, *quantum se bene gesserint*, are allowed exclusively to work for the Company, whose name is painted on their cabs. If more than these are required, a porter calls them from a line of supplicant cabs standing in the adjacent street. Close to each departure-gate there is stationed a person whose duty it is to write down in a book the number of each cabman carrying away a passenger, as well as the place to which he is conveying him, which

which each driver is required to exclaim as he trots by ; and thus any traveller desirous to complain of a cabman, or who may have left any property in a carriage from Euston Station, has only to state on what day and by what train he arrived, also whither he was conveyed, and from these data the driver's name can at any lapse of time be readily ascertained.

But our attention is suddenly claimed by something of infinitely more importance than a passenger's luggage : for that low unearthly whine within the small signal-office behind the line of cabs and carriages requires immediate explanation.

The variety of unforeseen accidents that might occur by the unwelcome arrival of an unexpected or even of an expected passenger-train at the great terminus of the London and North-Western Railway are so obvious that it has been deemed necessary to take the following precautions.

As soon as the reeking engine-funnel of an up-train is seen darting out of the tunnel at Primrose-Hill, one of the Company's servants stationed there, who deals solely in compressed air,—or rather, who has an hydraulic machine for condensing it—allows a portion to rush through an inch iron pipe ; and he thus instantaneously produces in the little signal-office on the up-platform of Euston Station, where there is always a signal-man watching by night as well as by day, that loud melancholy whine which has just arrested our attention, and which will continue to moan uninterruptedly for five minutes :—

Hic vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure fremunt.

The moment this doleful intimation arrives, the signal-man, emerging from his little office, touches the trigger of a bell outside his door, which immediately in two loud hurried notes announces to all whom it may concern the arrival at Camden Station of the expected up-train ; and at this moment it is interesting to watch the poor cab-horses, who, by various small muscular movements, which any one acquainted with horses can readily interpret, clearly indicate that they are perfectly sensible of what has just occurred, and quite as clearly foresee what will very shortly happen to them.

As soon as the green signal-man has created this sensation among bipeds and quadrupeds, taking with him the three flags, of danger (red), caution (green), and security (white), he proceeds down the line a few yards to a point from which he can plainly see his brother signal-man stationed at the mouth of the Euston tunnel. If any obstruction exists in that direction, the waving

waving of the red flag informs him of it; and it is not until the white-one from the tunnel as well as that from the station-master on the platform have reported to him that 'all is clear' that he returns to his important but humble office (12 feet in length by 9 in breadth) to announce, by means of his compressed-air apparatus, this intelligence to the ticket-collector at Camden Station, whose strict orders are, on no account whatever to allow a train to leave his platform until he has received through the air-pipes, from the signal-office at Euston Station, the Company's lugubrious authority to do so.

In the latter office there are also the dial and wires of an electric telegraph, at present inoperative. The signal-man, however, mentioned to us the following trifling anecdote, as illustrative of the practical utility of that wonderful invention, which has so justly immortalized the names of Cooke and Wheatstone. An old general officer, who had come up to Euston Station from his residence some miles beyond Manchester, on an invitation from the East-India Directors to be present at the dinner to be given by them to Lord Hardinge, found on his arrival that it would be necessary he should appear in regimentals: and the veteran, nothing daunted, was proposing to return to Manchester, when the signal-man at Euston advised him to apply for them by electric telegraph. He did so. The application, at the ordinary rate of 280,000 miles (about twelve times the circumference of the earth) *per second*, flew to Manchester; in obedience to its commands a porter was instantly despatched into the country for the clothes, which, being forwarded by the express train, arrived in abundant time for the dinner. The charge for telegraph and porter was 13s. 8d.

About four minutes after the up-train has been authorised by the air-pipe to leave Camden Station, the guard, who stands listening for it at the Euston tunnel, just as a deaf man puts his ear to a trumpet, announces by his flag its immediate approach; on which the signal-man at the little office on Euston platform again touches his trigger, which violently convulsing his bell as before, the cab-horses begin to move their feet, raise their jaded heads, prick up their ears, and champ their bits; the servants in livery turn their powdered heads round; the Company's porters, emerging from various points, quickly advance to their respective stations; and this suspense continues until in a second or two there is seen darting out of the tunnel, like a serpent from its hole, the long dark-coloured dusty train, which, by a tortuous movement, is apparently advancing at its full speed. But the bank-riders, by applying their breaks—without which the engineless train merely by its own gravity would have descended the incline

incline from Camden Station at the rate of forty miles an hour—soon slacken its speed, until the Company's porters are enabled at a brisk walk to unfasten one after another the doors of all the carriages.

While they are performing this popular duty, numerous salutations, and kissings of hands of all colours and sizes, are seen to pass between several of the inmates of the passing train and those seated in or on the motley line of conveyances standing stock still which have been awaiting their arrival. A wife suddenly recognises her husband, a mother her four children, a sister her two dear brothers; Lord A. B. politely bows to Lady C. D.; John, from his remote coach-box, grins with honest joy as faithful Susan glides by; while Sally bashfully smiles at 'a gentleman' in plush breeches reclining in the rumble of the barouche behind it.

As soon as the train stops, a general 'sauve qui peut' movement takes place, and our readers have now an opportunity of observing that, just as it is hard to *make* money, easy to spend it, so, although it requires at least twenty minutes to fill and despatch a long train, it scarcely requires as many seconds to empty one. Indeed, in less than that short space of time the greater number of the railway carriages are often empty!

When every person has succeeded in liberating himself or herself from the train, it is amusing to observe how cleverly, from long practice, the Company's porters understand the apparent confusion which exists. To people wishing to embrace their friends—to gentlemen and servants darting in various directions straight across the platform to secure a cab or in search of private carriages—they offer no assistance whatever, well knowing that none is required. But to every passenger whom they perceive to be either restlessly moving backwards and forwards, or standing still, looking upwards in despair, they civilly say ' *This way, Sir!* ' ' *Here it is, Ma'am!* '—and thus, knowing what they want before they ask, they conduct them either to the particular carriage on whose roof their baggage has been placed, or to the luggage-van in front of the train, from which it has already been unloaded on to the platform; and thus, in a very few minutes after the convulsive shaking of hands and the feverish distribution of baggage have subsided, all the cabs and carriages have radiated away—the parti-coloured omnibuses have followed them—even the horses, which in different clothing have been disembarked, have been led or ridden away—and, the foot-passengers having also disappeared, the long platform of the incoming train of the Euston Station remains once more solely occupied by one or two servants of the Company, hemmed in by a new line of expectant cabs and omnibuses.

buses. Indeed, at various periods of the day a very few minutes only elapse before at the instigation of compressed air the faithful signal-bell is again heard hysterically announcing the arrival of another train at Camden Station.

In a clear winter's night the arrival of an up-train at the platform before us forms a very interesting picture.

No sound is heard in the cold air but the hissing of a pilot engine, which, like a restless spirit advancing and retrograding, is stealing along the intermediate rails, waiting to carry off the next down-train; its course being marked by white steam meandering above it and by red-hot coals of different sizes which are continually falling from beneath it. In this obscure scene the Company's interminable lines of gaslights (there are 232 at the Euston Station), economically screwed down to the minimum of existence, are feebly illuminating the damp varnished panels of the line of carriages in waiting, the brass doorhandles of the cabs, the shining haims, brass browbands and other ornaments on the drooping heads and motionless backs of the cab-horses; and while the blood-red signal lamp is glaring near the tunnel to deter unauthorised intrusion, the stars of heaven cast a faint silvery light through the long strips of plate-glass in the roof above the platform. On a sudden is heard—the stranger hardly knows whence—the mysterious moan of compressed air, followed by the violent ringing of a bell. That instant every gaslight on and above a curve of 900 feet suddenly bursts into full power. The carriages, cabs, &c. appear, comparatively speaking, in broad daylight, and the beautiful iron reticulation which sustains the glazed roof appears like fairy work.

The Railway Carriages.—We will now proceed to detail a few circumstances respecting the railway carriages, about which our readers have probably never cared to inquire.—And, *firstly*, as soon as an up-train arrives at the commencement of the Euston platform, while it is still in motion, and before its guard—distinguished by a silver-buckled black shiny patent-leather belt, hanging diagonally across the white buttons of his green uniform-coat—has ventured with practised skill to spring from the sideboard of the train to the platform, two greasy-faced men in canvas jackets, with an oil-can in each of their right hands and with something like a mophead of dirty cotton hugged under each of their left arms, are to be seen running on each side of the rails below in pursuit of the train; and while the porters, holding the handles of the carriage doors, to prevent any traveller from escaping, are still advancing at a brisk walk, these two oilmen, who have now overtaken the train, diligently wipe as they proceed the dust and perspiration from the buffer-rods of the last carriage. As soon as these irons are perfectly

fectly clean and dry rubbed, they oil them from their can ; and then—crawling beneath the open doors of the carriages and beneath the feet and ankles of a crowd of exuding travellers of all ages, who care no more for oilmen than the oilmen of this world care for them—they hurry to the buffer-rods of the next carriage—and so rapidly do they proceed, that before the last omnibus has driven off the buffer-rods of the whole train are as bright as when new. But, *secondly*, these two men have been closely followed by two others in green jackets—one on each side of the carriage—who deal solely in a yellow composition of tallow and palm-oil. Carrying a wooden box full of this pintment in one hand and a sort of short flat salve-knife in the other, they open with the latter the small iron trap-doors which cover the receptacles for greasing the axles, restore whatever quantity has been exhausted, and then, closing with a dexterous snap the little unctuous chamber over which they preside, they proceed to the next tallow-box ; and thus, while the buffer-rods of the whole train are being comfortably cleaned and greased, the glistening axles of the carriages are simultaneously fed with luxurious fat. *Thirdly*, while these two operations are proceeding in the lower region, at about the same rate two others are progressing, one inside the carriages and the other on their roofs ; for on the arrival of every passenger-train, the carriage ‘*searcher*,’ also ‘beginning at the end,’ enters every carriage, lifts up first all the stuffed blue seats, next the carpet, which he drops in a heap in the middle of the carriage, and then, inquisitively peeping under the two seats, he leaves the carriage, laden with whatever article or articles may have been left in it, to continue his search throughout the train. The inconceivable number and variety of the articles which he collects we shall shortly have occasion to notice. *Fourthly*, above the searcher’s head, on the roof, and following him very closely in his course, there ‘sits up aloft’ a man called a ‘*strapper*,’ whose sole duty it is, on the arrival of every train, to inspect, clean, shampoo, and refresh with cold-drawn neat’s-foot oil the luggage-straps, which, in consequence of several serious accidents that have occurred from their breaking, are now lined inside with strong iron wire. It is the especial duty of this inquisitor to condemn any straps that may be faulty, in order that they may be immediately replaced.

As soon as these four simultaneous operations are concluded, directions are given by the station-master to remove the up-carriages from their position, that the rails may be clear for the arrival of the next train. At this word of command a pilot-engine, darting from its lurking place like a spider from its hole, occasionally lusses up to the rear of the train, and drags it off bodily
into

into a siding. The usual mode, however, of getting an in-train out of the way is by the assistance of various unnoticed turn-tables, upon which portions of it are standing. By these simple contrivances the carriages, after being unhooked from each other, are rapidly carried off into the sidings, where they are arranged, according as they may afterwards be required, among the five sets of rails which lie between the opposite platforms of the arrival and departure trains. No sooner, however, do they reach this haven, than a large gang of strong he-housemaids, clattering towards them in wooden shoes and in leather leggings rising above their bony knees, are seen advancing; some with mops in their hands, others with large chamois leathers, while others are carrying on their shoulders a yoke, from which are suspended *in equilibrio* two pails. From pipes on each side of these five sets of rails water is immediately drawn off, and the busy operation of washing then begins. Half a dozen dusty, dirty-faced, or rather dirty-bodied, carriages are simultaneously assailed on each of their sides by wet mops flying up, down, and around in all directions. The wielders of these, be it noticed, are so skilful in their vocation, that while they are talking to their 'pailers' they with great velocity continue to mop round the wood-work of the various-shaped plate-glass windows just as vigorously and as accurately as if they were looking at them; indeed, it is evident that they know the position of railway-carriage doors, windows of all forms, handles, steps, &c., so accurately, that they could mop a coach clean in the dark;—and probably they often go through these motions when they are asleep, just as King Richard III. in his dream called for his horse and for linen bandages—just as the sleeping orator ejaculates portions of his last speech—and just as an equally tired out-stretched fox-hound during the night occasionally convulsively kicks with his uppermost hind leg and yelps aloud when he thinks of the view he got of Renard as he first gallantly broke away from — gorse. It may possibly not be known to some of the most fashionable of our readers that among 'moppers' there exist the same gradations which so distinctly separate other classes of society. A 'first-class mopper' would on no account demean himself by mopping a second-class carriage, and in like manner a 'second-class mopper' only attains that distinction after he has for a sufficient length of time been commissioned to mop horse-boxes and common luggage-trains.

After the passenger-carriages are all washed and dried, they are minutely examined by one or more of the foremen of the coach department, who order off to their adjoining establishment any that may require repair. Those that remain are then visited, lastly, by '*the duster*,' who enters each carriage with a cloth, a leather,

leather, a brush, and a dust-pan, with which apparatus he cleans the windows, wipes the wood-work, brushes the blue cloth seats, sides, and backs—and when this operation is concluded the carriages are reported fit to depart, and accordingly are then marshalled into trains for that purpose.

Lost Luggage Office.—At a short distance from the terminus of the up-trains there is a foundling-office, termed the Lost Luggage Office, in which are received all articles which the passengers leave behind them, and which on the arrival of every train are brought by the Company's 'searcher' to this office. The superintendent on receiving them records in a book a description of each article, stating on what day, by what train, in what carriage it arrived, and by whom found. All luggage bearing an address is kept about forty-eight hours, and, if during that time no one calls for it, it is then forwarded by rail or other conveyance to its owner. In case it bears no address, if not inquired after, it is after a month opened; and if any clue to the owner can be found within, a letter is addressed to him. If no clue be found, the property is kept about two years, and has hitherto been then sold by auction in the large coach-factory to the Company's servants—a portion of the proceeds being handed over to the sick-fund for persons who have been hurt in the service, and the remainder to 'the Friendly Society' among the men. It having, however, been ascertained that a few of the Railway men who had spare cash purchased the greater portion of these articles, it has, we understand, very lately been determined henceforward to sell the whole of this property by auction *exclusively to the public*; and as the Company's servants are not allowed to be purchasers, they can no longer derive any benefit whatever from lost property, which must often be of inestimable value to its owner, and which they therefore should have no interest, direct or indirect, in concealing from him.

A second ledger, entitled '*Luggage Inquiry Book*,' is kept in this office, and, if the articles therein inquired after have not been brought in by the searcher, copies of the description are forwarded to each of the offices where lost luggage is kept; for by the Company's orders all luggage found between Wolverton and London is without delay forwarded to the latter station, all between Wolverton and Birmingham to Birmingham, and so on.

It is possible, however, that the above orders may not have been attended to, and therefore, as a last resource, the superintendent of the Lost Luggage Office at Euston Station writes to 310 stations on forty-two lines of rails to inquire after a lost article, be it ever so small, and if it be at none of these stations a letter is then addressed to the owner, informing him that his lost property is *not on the railway*.

In the office in which these ledgers and letter-books are made up are to be seen on shelves and in compartments the innumerable articles which have been left in the trains during the last two months, each being ticketed and numbered with a figure corresponding with the entry-book in which the article is defined. Without, however, describing in detail this property we will at once proceed to a large pitch-dark subterranean vaulted chamber, warmed by hot-air iron pipes, in which are deposited the flock of lost sheep, or, without metaphor, the lost luggage of the last two years.

Suspended from the roof there hangs horizontally in this chamber a gas-pipe about eight feet long, and as soon as the brilliant burners at each end were lighted the scene was really astounding. It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not than what there is in the forty compartments like great wine-bins in which all this lost property is arranged. One is choke-full of men's hats, another of parasols, umbrellas, and sticks of every possible description. One would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained, we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan-plaids, and red scarfs piled up in one corner, it was, we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages who wear red cloaks, &c., must in some mysterious way or other be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends—in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston Station; for else how, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red heap before us?

Of course, in this Rolando-looking cave there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, pormanteaus, writing-desks, books, bibles, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus-excitement which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to elope from their red shawls—in short, to be all of a sudden not only in 'a bustle' behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions.

One gentleman had left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another his boot-jack! A soldier of the 22nd regiment had left his knapsack containing his kit! Another soldier of the 10th,

10th, poor fellow, had left his scarlet regimental coat! Some cripple, probably overjoyed at the sight of his family, had left behind him his crutches!! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably in the extasy of suddenly seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful *Jeanie*, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bagpipes!!!

Some little time ago the superintendent, on breaking open, previous to a general sale, a locked leather hat-box, which had lain in this dungeon two years, found in it, under the hat, 65*l.* in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner, who, it turned out, had been so positive that he had left his hat-box at an hotel at Birmingham that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway-office.

Parcel-Delivery Office.—Besides what is termed ‘the goods traffic,’ or the conveyance of heavy goods in luggage-trains, the London and North-Western Railway Company have for some time undertaken to forward by their passenger-trains, to the various stations on as well as beyond their lines, light parcels, for the conveyance and delivery of which, charges, of which the following are a sample, are made:—

For parcels under 12 lbs. weight:—	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
From London to any part of Birmingham and <i>vice versa</i>	1	0
For distances under 160 miles	1	6
” ” 210 miles	2	0
From London to Durham, Carlisle, or Newcastle	3	0
From London to Edinburgh or Glasgow	4	0

The above charges include portorage and delivery of the parcels. In London, however, the delivery is limited to within three miles of the General Post-office, or say six miles from Euston Square.

The mode in which the business of this department is conducted at Euston Station is briefly as follows:—

The superintendent of the department sits in an elevated room, the sides of which being glazed enable him to look down on his right and left into two offices, both of which communicate on the south with the street by which parcels arrive from or depart to various parts of the metropolis, and on the north side with a branch railway leading into the main line. The floor of one of these two offices is generally covered with articles which have just arrived by rail from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland; that of the other with parcels to be despatched by rail to similar destinations. In the daytime the down parcels are despatched from the office in the break-waggons of various passenger-trains, and the following locked-up vans laden with small parcels are also forwarded every night:—

2 vans

2 vans for Birmingham,	1 van for Newcastle,
1 „ Manchester,	1 „ Derby,
1 „ Liverpool,	1 „ Nottingham.
1 „ Carlisle and Lancaster,	

The number of parcels thus conveyed to and from London and the North during the year 1847 amounted to 787,969. The manner in which all these little parcels are circulated throughout the country is as follows:—

As soon as the empty railway vans arrive by the branch-rail close to the north side of the parcels-office, a porter, who, assisted by his comrades, has for some time previously been arranging the parcels into heaps according to their respective destinations, commencing with one set of them and rapidly taking up parcel after parcel, exclaims in a loud monotonous tone, easily enough set to music, inasmuch as it is exactly the middle note of a stout porter's voice, and which never varies for a moment during the whole operation—

‘Now *Leighton*.

‘A paper for Hancock, of —, light.

‘A basket for Wagstaff, of —, out 8*d*. light.

‘A box for Tomkins, of —, weighs (he puts it into an index-scale at his right hand, and in about three seconds adds) 26 pounds.

‘A paper for Jones, of —, out 4*d*.

Now *Leamington*.

‘A paper for S on Avon (the porter never says *Stratford*) for —, light,’ &c. &c.

As fast as this chanting porter draws out his facts the chief clerk records them, convulsively snatching up at each change of station the particular book of entry which belongs to it. Another clerk at each exclamation hands over to a porter a bill for the cost of conveyance, which he pastes to every parcel. For all articles declared by the first porter to be ‘*light*,’ by which he means that they do not exceed twelve pounds weight—(by far the greater number are of this description)—the charge on the paper to be affixed is ready printed, which effectually prevents fraud; but where the weight exceeds twelve pounds, or where any sum has been paid out, the charges are unavoidably inserted in ink. The velocity with which all these little parcels are booked, weight-billed, placed into hand-trucks, wheeled off to their respective vans, packed, locked up, and then despatched down the little branch-rail to the main line, on which is the train ready to convey them, is very surprising. While witnessing the operation, however, we could not help observing that the Company's porters took about as much notice of the words ‘Keep this side uppermost,’

‘With

‘With care,’ ‘Glass,’ ‘To be kept very dry,’ &c., as the Admiralty would to an intimation from some dowager-duchess that her nephew, who is about to join the *Thunderer* as a midshipman, ‘has rather a *peculiar constitution*, and will therefore require for some years *very particular CARE*.’

Coach Department.—The new carriages for the southern division of the London and North-Western Railway are principally built by contract in the city by Mr. Wright, who also supplies carriages for other English railways, as well as a great number for Germany. The Company’s establishment at Euston Station, which is therefore principally for the maintenance of carriages of various descriptions running between London and Birmingham, consists of a large area termed ‘the Field,’ where, under a covering almost entirely of plate-glass, are no less than fourteen sets of rails, upon which wounded or spare carriages lie until doctored or required. Immediately adjoining are various workshops, the largest of which is 260 feet in length by 132 in breadth, roofed with plate-glass, lighted by gas, and warmed by hot air. In this edifice, in which there is a strong smell of varnish, and in the corner of which we found men busily employed in grinding beautiful colours, while others were emblazoning arms on panels, are to be seen carriages highly finished as well as in different stages of repair. Among the latter there stood a severely wounded second-class carriage. Both its sides were in ruins, and its front had been so effectively smashed that not a vestige of it remained. The iron-work of the guard’s step was bent completely upwards, and a tender behind was nearly filled with the confused *débris* of its splintered wood-work—and yet, strange to say, a man, his wife, and their little child, who had been in this carriage during its accident, had providentially sustained no injury! Close to this immense warehouse we found a blacksmith’s shop seventy-five feet square, lighted from the roof with plate-glass, containing in the centre a large chimney, around which there were simultaneously at work fourteen forges, blown by a steam-engine of seventeen-horse power, which works machinery in two other shops. As, however, we shall have occasion to describe the Company’s coaching establishment at Crewe, we will abruptly take leave of the details before us.

CAMDEN.—*The Locomotive Engine.*—Considering how many fine feelings and good feelings adorn the interior of the human heart, it is curious to observe with what facility we can put them all to sleep, or, if they won’t sleep, stupify ourselves, at any moment when it becomes inconvenient to us to listen to their friendly admonitions. All the while mailing, coaching, and posting were in fashion, every man’s countenance beamed—every per-

son's tongue gabbled freely as it described not only '*the splendid rate*' (say, ten miles an hour) at which he had travelled, but the celerity with which no sooner had the words '*First turn-out!*' been exclaimed by the scout, who vanished as soon as he had uttered them, than four horses in shining harness had appeared half hobbling half trotting from under the archway of the Red Lion, the Crown, or the Three Bells, before which the traveller had from a canter been almost suddenly pulled up, to receive various bows, scrapes, and curtsies from the landlord and his rosy-faced cap-beribboned wife. But, although we could all accurately describe our own enjoyments, and, like Johnson, expatiate on '*the delightful sensations*' we experienced in what we called *fast travelling*, who among us ever cared to ascertain, or even for a single moment to think of, the various arrangements necessary for watering, feeding, cleaning, and shoulder-healing all the poor horses whose '*brilliant*' performances we had so much admired? Whether they slept on straw or on stones—indeed, whether they slept at all—what was their diet—what, if any, were their enjoyments—what were their sufferings—and, lastly, how and where they eventually died—it would have been deemed exceedingly vulgar to inquire; and so, after with palpitating flanks and panting nostrils they had once been unhooked from our splinter-bars,

‘Where they went, and how they fared,
No man knew, and no man cared!’

In a similar way we now chloroform all kindly feelings of inquiry respecting the treatment of the poor engine-drivers, firemen, and even of the engine that has safely conveyed us through tunnels and through storms at the rate of thirty, forty, and occasionally even fifty miles an hour—

‘Oh no! we never mention them!’

and in fact scarcely do we even deign to look at them. Indeed even while in the train, and especially after we had left it, we should feel bored to death by being asked to reflect for a moment on any point or any person connected with it. We have therefore, we feel, to apologise at least to some of our readers for intruding upon them, in bringing ‘betwixt the wind and their nobility’ the following uninteresting details.

As soon as an engine has safely dragged a passenger-train to the top of the incline at Camden Station, at which point the coupling-chains which connected it with its load are instantly unhooked, it is enabled by the switchman to get from the main line upon a pair of almost parallel side rails, along which, while the tickets are being collected, it may be seen and heard retrograding and hissing past its train. After a difficult and intricate passage from

from one set of rails to another, advancing or 'shunting' backwards as occasion may require, it proceeds to the fire-pit, over which it stops. The fireman here opens the door of his furnace, which by a very curious process is made to void the red-hot contents of its stomach into the pit purposely constructed to receive them, where the fire is instantly extinguished by cold water ready laid on by the side. Before, however, dropping their fire, the drivers are directed occasionally to blow off their steam to clean; and we may further add that once a-week the boiler of every engine is washed out to get rid of sediment or scale, the operation being registered in a book kept in the office. After dropping his fire, the driver, carefully taking his fire-bars with him, conducts his engine into an immense shed or engine-stable 100 feet in length by 90 in breadth, generally half full of locomotives, where he examines it all over, reporting in a book what repairs are wanting, or, if none (which is not often the case), he reports it '*correct*.' He then takes his lamps to the lamp-house to be cleaned and trimmed by workmen solely employed to do so, after which he fetches them away himself. Being now off duty, he and his satellite fireman go either to their homes or to a sort of club-room containing a fire to keep them warm, a series of cupboards to hold their clothes, and wooden benches on which they may sit, sleep, or ruminate until their services are again required; and here it is pleasing to see these fine fellows in various attitudes enjoying rest and stillness after the incessant noise, excitement, and occasional tempests of wind and rain, to which—we will say nothing of greater dangers—they have been exposed.

The duties which the engine-driver has to perform are not only of vital importance, but of a nature which peculiarly illustrates the calm, unpretending, bull-dog courage, indigenous to the moist healthy climate of the British Isles. Even in bright sunshine, to stand—like the figure-head of a ship—foremost on a train of enormous weight, which, with fearful momentum, is rushing forward faster than any race-horse can gallop, requires a cool head and a calm heart; but to proceed at this pace in dark or foggy weather into tunnels, along embankments, and through deep cuttings, where it is impossible to foresee any obstruction, is an amount of responsibility which scarcely any other situation in life can exceed; for not only is a driver severely, and occasionally without mercy, punished for any negligence he himself may commit, but he is invariably sentenced personally to suffer on the spot for any accident that from the negligence of others may suddenly befall the road along which he travels, but over which he has not the smallest control. The greatest hardship he has to endure, however, is from cold, especially

that produced in winter by evaporation from his drenched clothes passing rapidly through the air. Indeed, when a gale of wind and rain from the north-west, triumphantly sweeping over the surface of the earth at its ordinary rate of say sixty miles an hour, suddenly meets the driver of the London and North-Western, who has not only to withstand such an antagonist, but to dash through him, and in spite of him to proceed in an opposite direction at the rate of say forty miles an hour—the conflict between the wet Englishman and Æolus, tilting by each other at the combined speed of a hundred miles an hour, forms a tournament of extraordinary interest.

As the engine is proceeding, the driver, who has not very many inches of standing-room, remains upon its narrow platform, while his fireman, on about the same space, stands close beside him on the tender. We tried the position. Everything, however, proved to be so hard, not excepting the engine which was both hard and hot, that we found it necessary to travel with one foot on the tender and the other on the engine, and as the motion of each was very different, we felt as if each leg were galloping at a different stride. Nevertheless the Company's drivers and firemen usually travel from 100 to 120 miles per day, performing six of these trips per week; nay, a few run 166 miles per day—for which they are paid eight days' wages for six trips.

But to return to the engine which we just left in the engine-house. As soon as the driver has carefully examined it, and has recorded in a book the report we have described, 'the foreman of the fitters' comes to it, and examines it all over again; and if anything is found out of order which, on reference to the book, the driver has not reported, the latter is reported by the former for his negligence. A third examination is made by Mr. Walker, the chief superintending engineer of the station, a highly intelligent and valuable servant of the Company, who has charge of the repairs of the locomotive department between Camden and Tring. If he detects any defect that has escaped the notice not only of the driver, but of the foreman of the fitters, woe betide them both!

While the engine, with several workmen screwing and hammering at it, is undergoing the necessary repairs, we will consider for a moment a subject to which Englishmen always attach considerable importance, namely, its victuals and drink, or, in other words, its coke and water. There is, at Camden Station, a coke-factory composed of eighteen ovens, nine on each side, in which coal after being burnt for about fifty hours gives nearly two-thirds of its quantity of coke. These ovens produce about 20 tons of coke per day; but, as 50 tons per day are required for the Camden Station alone, the remaining 30 tons are brought by rail
all

all the way from Newcastle. Indeed, with the exception of fifty ovens at Peterborough, the whole of the coke required annually for the London and North-Western Railway, amounting to 112,500 tons of an average value of 12 per ton, comes from the Northern Coal Fields. For some time there were continual quarrels between the coke suppliers and receivers, the former declaring that the Company's waggons had been despatched from the North as soon as loaded, and the latter complaining that they had been unnecessarily delayed. A robin-redbreast settled the dispute, for, on unloading one of the waggons immediately on its arrival at Camden Station, her tiny nest with three eggs in it mutely explained that the waggon had *not* been despatched as soon as loaded.

In order to obtain an ample supply of water for their engines, the Company at considerable expense sank at Camden an Artesian well 10 feet in diameter and 140 feet deep. The produce of this well, pumped by a high-pressure steam-engine of 27 horsepower into two immense cisterns 110 feet above the rails at Euston Square, supplies all the Camden Station, all the Company's houses adjoining, the whole of the Euston Station, as well as the Victoria and Euston Hotels, with most beautiful clear water; and yet—though every man who drinks it or who shaves with it admires it, and though every lady who makes tea with it certifies that it is particularly well adapted for that purpose—strange to say, it disagrees so dreadfully with the stomachs of the locomotive engines—(who would ever suspect *them* to be more delicate than our own?)—that the Company have been obliged, at great inconvenience and cost, to obtain water for them elsewhere. The boilers of the locomotives were not only chemically liable to be encrusted with a deposition of the unusual quantity of soda contained in the Artesian-well water at Camden Station—but, not even waiting for this inconvenience, the engine without metaphor spit it out—ejecting it from the boiler with the steam through the funnel-pipe, a well-known misfortune termed by engineers '*priming*.'

As much time would be required for each travelling engine to get up its steam *ab initio*, a coke-furnace has been constructed at Camden Station to hasten the operation. Here nine men during the day, and the same number throughout the night, are continually employed to heat coke, which by means of iron shovels is to be delivered red-hot into the engines' furnaces.

These preparations having been made, the driver's duties are as follows:—

On leaving the shed in the morning the engine, after having been heated at the coke-furnace, is conducted on to a great turntable 40 feet in diameter, which twists it towards a set of rails leading

leading to the water-crane, where it imbibes at one draught about a thousand gallons of cold water, which, under ordinary circumstances, will enable it to draw its train about 40 miles; although in slippery weather, when the wheels revolve *on*, instead of *along*, the rails, it of course would not carry it so far. It then proceeds to the coke-shed, an enclosure 210 feet by 45 feet, capable of holding 1,500 tons, for its proper supply of coke, namely 1 ton—a goods-engine usually devouring $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

The driver, leaving his engine in charge of his fireman, now proceeds to the office, where he signs his name in a book, the object being that it may be observed whether or not he is perfectly sober. From the chief clerk he receives his coke and time ticket, upon which, at every station, he has to record whatever time he may have lost up to that point; and when his chronometer is wound up, and set to the proper time, he is then considered to be ready for his journey.

The gigantic power of the locomotive engines hourly committed to the charge of these drivers was lately strangely exemplified in the large engine-stable at the Camden Station. A passenger-engine, whose furnace-fire had but shortly been lighted, was standing in this huge building surrounded by a number of artificers, who, in presence of the chief superintendent, were working in various directions around it. While they were all busily occupied, the fire in the furnace, by burning up faster than was expected, suddenly imparted to the engine the breath of life; and no sooner had the minimum of steam necessary to move it been thus created, than this infant Hercules not only walked *off*, but without the smallest embarrassment walked *through* the 14-inch brick wall of the great building which contained it, to the terror of the superintendent and workmen, who expected every instant that the roof above their heads would fall in and extinguish them! In consequence of the spindle of the regulator having got out of its socket, the very same accident occurred shortly afterwards with another engine, which, in like manner, walked through another portion of this 14-inch wall of the stable that contained it, just as a thorough-bred horse would have walked out of the door. And if such be the irresistible power of the locomotive engine when feebly walking in its new-born state, unattended or unassisted even by its tender, is it not appalling to reflect what must be its momentum when, in the full vigour of its life, it is flying down a steep gradient at the rate of 50 miles an hour, backed up by say 30 passenger-carriages, each weighing on an average $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons? If ordinary houses could suddenly be placed on its path, it would, passengers and all, run through them as a musket-ball goes through a keg of butter; but

but what would be the result if, at this full speed, the engine by any accident were to be diverted against a mass of solid rock, such as sometimes is to be seen at the entrance of a tunnel, it is almost impossible to calculate, or even to conjecture. It is stated by the Company's superintendent, who witnessed the occurrence, that some time ago, an ordinary accident happening to a luggage-train near Loughborough, the waggons overrode each other until the uppermost one was found piled 40 feet above the rails!

At Camden Station there are every day five spare or pilot engines, with their steam up, ready for assisting a train up the incline, or for any special purposes that may be required.

The average cost of the locomotive engines and tenders, which, for the rails between London and Birmingham, are usually purchased by the Company from makers at Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool, is—

Cylinder 15-inch diameter . . .	£1,950	0	0
„ 16 „ . . .	2,113	10	0
„ 18 „ . . .	2,500	0	0

The tenders cost 500*l.* each.

Goods Department.—The duties of this department, which forms one of the most important establishments at Camden Station, may very briefly be elucidated. It appears from returns lying before us, that during the six months ending the 26th of August last there entered and departed from Camden Station alone 73,732 railway waggon-loads of goods! Now in the annals of political economy there can perhaps scarcely exist a more striking exemplification of the extraordinary extent to which the latent resources of a great country may be developed by diminishing the friction, or, without metaphor, by lowering the tolls of its goods-traffic, than the fact that, notwithstanding the enormous amount thus conveyed along the London and North-Western rails, the quantity carried along the Grand Junction Canal, which meanders alongside its powerful antagonist, instead of having been drained, as might have been expected, to zero, has, from the opening of the railway in 1836 up to the present period, actually increased as follows:—

	Tons.
Average amount of goods annually moved on the Grand Junction Canal during the three-years prior to the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway in 1836	756,894
Average amount of ditto annually moved during the twelve years subsequent to 1836	1,039,333
Amount moved in 1847	1,163,466

Besides the innumerable arrangements necessary for the conveyance along their rails of the number of waggon-loads of goods we have

have stated, the Company undertake the vexatious and intricate business of collecting and delivering these goods from and to all parts of London, as also throughout the various towns on their line, excepting Liverpool, where the collection and delivery of goods is otherwise arranged. The number of letters on business received by the branch of this department at Camden Station only, amounts to 300 per day.

For the collection, loading, unloading, and delivery of a certain portion of the merchandise conveyed by the Company on their rails, the Board of Directors, who had no practical knowledge of these details, have, we think with great prudence, availed themselves of the experience of Messrs. Pickford and of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, whom they have engaged as their agents at Camden Station—the Company's superintendent there marshalling and despatching all luggage-trains, arranging the signals, and making out the weigh-bills, &c. The undertaking is one of enormous magnitude; for besides immense cargoes of goods in large packages, an inconceivable number of small parcels are sent from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, &c. to numberless little retail shopkeepers in London, who are constantly requiring, say a few saucepans, kettles, cutlery, &c.; and when it is considered that for the collection, conveyance, and delivery of most of these light parcels 1s. only is charged, and, moreover, that for the conveyance of a small parcel by the Company's goods-trains from say Watford to Camden Station, to be there unloaded into store, thence reloaded into and transported by a spring waggon to almost any street and house in London, or to the terminus of any railway-station to which it may be addressed, the charge is only 6d., it is evident that a great deal of attention and skill are necessary to squeeze a profit from charges which competition has reduced to so low a figure.

At, and for some time after, the commencement of railway traffic, it was considered dangerous to convey goods by night. They are now, however, despatched from Birmingham at 8.45 P.M., to arrive at Camden Station at 3½ in the morning. Goods from London are despatched at 9 in the evening, at midnight, at 12½, at ¼ before 1, at 3, and at 5 in the morning. In the day, they are despatched at 12.40, at 1.15, at 2.6, and at 6½; and such regularity is attained, that packs of cotton, linen, and woollen goods from Manchester are usually delivered in London almost with the regularity of letters. An immense quantity of fish from Billingsgate, and occasionally as much as 20 tons of fruit from Covent Garden market, are injected into the country by the midday train: indeed the London wholesale dealers in these articles do not now fear receiving too great a supply, as, whatever may

may be their surplus, the railway is ready to carry it off to the manufacturing districts—Manchester alone swallowing almost any quantity; besides which, large quantities of fruit are conveyed by rail as far as Glasgow. Many tons of meat in hampers, and oftentimes a flock of a hundred dead sheep, wrapped up only in cloths, are also despatched from the country to the London market.

Without tiring our readers with minute details, the following is a rough outline of the mode in which the goods-traffic is conducted.

As soon as an up luggage-train arrives at Camden Station, its loaded waggons of merchandise, which are placed under the care of the Goods Department Superintendent as soon as they arrive, are, under his directions, drawn by horses along a variety of branch-rails to a certain point, where they are left by the superintendent in the open air, from which moment Messrs. Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin and Horne—to whom the different waggons are respectively addressed, and between whom a wholesome competition exists, highly advantageous to the public—are held responsible by the Company for fire or accident of any sort; in short, for their safe delivery. The waggons thus deposited by the superintendent, solely under the canopy of heaven, are instantly approached by drivers and horses belonging to the two competing agents, who with great cleverness, by repeatedly twisting them on turn-tables, and then by drawing them along an apparent labyrinth of rails, conduct each species of goods to its own store, where, by experienced porters, it is immediately unloaded and despatched by spring waggons to its destination.

As regards the down-trade, the business transacted in this department, although apparently complicated, is very admirably arranged. The spring waggons and carts of the Company's agents, like bees in search of honey, with extraordinary intelligence migrate in all directions to the various localities of the metropolis in search, piecemeal, of that enormous traffic, large and small, which, by every diurnal pulsation of the heart of London, is projected into our manufacturing districts, which in return send back to the metropolis very nearly the same amount. Every waggon-load of merchandise thus obtained, as well as every boat-load of goods, (for the Company have also at Camden Station a branch water-communication leading into the Regent's Canal), is either carted at once to the particular storehouse to which it belongs, to be thence reloaded into railway vans, or it is brought to '*The General Receiving Shed*' either of Messrs. Pickford, or of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne; and to prevent mis-

takes,

takes, all invoice-forms and truck-labels for the former firm are printed in black, those for the latter in red. In these enormous receptacles goods 'coming in' are arranged on one side, those 'going out' on the other. In Messrs. Pickford's receiving shed, which is 300 feet in length by 217 in breadth, there are in operation, for the purpose of rapidly loading and unloading goods—

24 steam-cranes, 1 steam-doller or lift,
21 wooden cranes, 1 travelling-crane on the roof,

1 steam-capstan for hauling trucks along rails to the various loading bays.—We observed also at work 4 steam hay-cutters, which cut 200 trusses in four hours, and 1 steam hay-cleaner. The above machines are worked simultaneously by an engine of 16-horse power, which also raises from an Artesian well, 380 feet deep, water, which is given warm to 222 horses in adjoining stables. These horses are all named, and branded with a number on their hoofs. In the general receiving-shed of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne there are also a series of cranes, with large stables full of horses that work about twelve hours a-day; the 'Weights of Goods allowed to be taken by them in each Vehicle' being as follows:—

From Camden.

	Tons.	cwts.		Tons.	cwts.
4 Horses	5	0	Not to exceed	6	0 waggons.
3 Do.	4	0	Do.	4	10 vans.
2 Do.	3	0	Do.	3	5 do.
1 Do.	1	10	Do.	1	15 carts.

By the very great powers committed by the Company to their two agents, 50 waggon-loads of merchandise, collected and brought by spring-waggons to Camden Station, have often, within two hours, been despatched by the superintendent to the manufacturing districts. During the day, as fast as the spring-waggons arrive their contents are unloaded, and either left on the covered platform of the building or ranged around the walls in large compartments, labelled 'Glasgow,' 'Birmingham,' 'Manchester,' 'Leicester,' 'Nottingham,' 'Coventry,' &c.; and as on the great square of Valetta at Malta one sees congregated the costumes of almost every merchant upon earth, so do these receiving-sheds display goods and chattels of almost every description. Here lies a waggon-load of beer from Chester,—there another of sugar-loaves, in blue paper, for Northampton,—of groceries for Buckingham,—cheeses, millinery, and gas-pipes for Peterborough,—a van load of empty hosiery skips (baskets) to return to Leicester,—empties for Glasgow,—filberts for Birmingham, &c.; and as the goods are coming in as fast as they are going out, the colours of this kaleidoscopic scene are constantly changing.

ing. Indeed, during the short time we were ruminating on the strange chance-medley of objects before us, fourteen truck-loads of goods were unladen, and eight spring-waggons loaded and despatched.

The amount of business transacted in each of these great receiving-sheds every evening, from seven till about ten o'clock, is quite astonishing. On Messrs. Pickford's great elevated platform, which at that time is laden with goods of all descriptions, several clerks, each protected by a sort of rough armour of iron rods, and lighted by gas, are seen, in various localities, sitting before little desks, towards which porters from all directions are wheeling, on trucks, different articles which have just been unloaded from a series of spring-vans, the bottoms of which are nearly on a level with the platform. The drivers of these carriages, entering the building at a large gate, twist, turn, and then back their horses with a dexterity which an unpractised person would think it impossible for men and horses to attain: '*Now then!*' and '*All right!*' being almost the only vociferations to be heard. As fast as the goods can be unladen from the spring-waggons to the platform, a porter lustily calls out the address on each bale or parcel, which is actively registered by a clerk. These invoices are then briskly sent across to the other side of the platform, in order that each article enumerated therein, when reloaded—as it almost immediately is, into railway waggons—may be ticketed off, to ascertain whether every package taken in at the receiving side of the platform has *bonâ fide* been safely despatched from the other.

Until the visitor has had some time first to recover his composure, and then to observe, analyse, and reflect on the various arrangements simultaneously in operation before him, the picture altogether is really astounding. For from one side of the platform a set of active porters are centripedally wheeling from different spring-waggons innumerable packages to the recording clerks, as eagerly as from these clerks (whose duty it is to record the weight of every article, and to affix to it the Company's printed charge for conveyance to its address) other porters, equally active, are centrifugally wheeling other packages to various railway vans, which, as fast as they can be filled, are drawn away from the despatching side of the platform, and immediately replaced by empty ones. One set of porters are wheeling to a recording clerk a waggon-load of raw silk, valued at 9000*l.*, from China, which, *viâ* the South-Western Railway, has just arrived from Southampton to go to Macclesfield to be manufactured; another set, Russia tallow, in casks; others, draperies; another set, yarns for Gloucester; one porter has on his truck a very small

small but heavy load of iron or lead; another, with comparative ease, is wheeling through the crowd a huge wool-bag, large enough to contain, if properly packed, a special jury. Here comes a truck of mustard, in small casks, followed by another full of coffee; there goes a barrow-load of drugs—preceding a cask of spirits, which, to prevent fraud, has just been weighed, tapped, gauged, and sampled; also several trucks full of household furniture; the family warming-pan being tacked round the body of the eight-day clock, &c. This extraordinary whirl of business, set to music by the various noises proceeding from the working of the steam-cranes, steam-doller, steam-capstan, ~~comm~~ cranes, and other machinery above the platform—from the arrival, turning, backing, and departure of spring-waggons ~~bepeal~~ it—from the rumbling of the porters' trucks crossing the platform, as also of the railway vans as, laden with goods, they are successively rolled away—forms altogether, we repeat, a scene which, though rarely visited, is astounding to witness, and which, we are sensible, we have but very faintly described. But, besides the amount of business above mentioned daily transacted in each of the agents' great 'receiving-sheds,' there are nine other sheds, in which, throughout the day, and especially at night, the same process on a smaller scale is going on. Close to these stores there is also a water-dock for iron and heavy goods to be shipped for the Thames. The carting establishments of Messrs. Pickford and Chaplin for the collection and delivery of their share only of the goods-traffic—for the Company have establishments of their own for loading and unloading at every station except London—would appear to any foreigner unacquainted with the modest and unassuming powers with which the mercantile business of England is quietly transacted, to be incomprehensible and almost incredible. For instance—

Messrs. Pickford's establishment, on account of the London and North-Western Railway, is as follows:—

Clerks.	Porters.	Horses.	Vans.	Waggons.	Drays.
234	538	396	82	57	25

The weights carted by Messrs. Pickford, on account of the Company, for the year ending the 30th of June last, amounted to—

	Tons.	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.
Collected	133,437	18	0	15
Delivered	139,898	19	0	5

Making a gross total of 273,336 17 0 20

Or rather more than 841 tons per day.

As

As soon as the two agents, at their respective receiving-sheds, have loaded their trucks, and have securely covered them with water-proof and fire-proof tarpaulins, they turn them out, labelled, into the open air, from which moment they are considered to be in the hands of the Company's superintendent of the goods-department. Accordingly, under his direction, they are immediately drawn by horses first over a weighbridge to receive their weigh-bills, and thence to a series of ten turn-tables, by which they are scattered among thirteen sets of rails, where they are marshalled into trains for their respective destinations. In this operation, it is alarming to see the superintendent's horses dragging the various luggage-vans, for not only are the rails as well as the pavement between them exceedingly slippery, but as the carriages have no shafts, the poor horse has not power to stop his load, and accordingly affixed to it by his traces he trots away before it, until it appears as if he must inevitably be smashed to a sandwich between it and the carriage at rest which he is approaching; however, just before the collision between the buffers of each vehicle takes place, the dull-looking animal jumps aside, and very dexterously saves himself from annihilation. The luggage-trains thus formed are composed sometimes of 90 or 100 waggons, weighing when empty about three tons each, and averaging when laden about six tons. At the rear of each of these trains there sits a guard. The Company's goods-waggons of all descriptions amount in number to 6236.

Engine Stable.—In order to prevent the locomotive engines which draw these luggage-trains from crossing, or otherwise perilling the main passenger-line at Camden Station, there has been constructed an immense rotunda, 160 feet in diameter, lighted from the top by plates of glass nine feet in length by half an inch thick, and capable of containing twenty-four of the largest-class engines. In the centre of this great brick building there is a turn-table 40 feet in diameter, from whence the engines radiate to their twenty-four stalls, which on a large scale much resemble those constructed in a stable for hunters. The majority of these locomotives are capable of drawing 600 tons at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Each, when supplied with coke and water, with steam up ready for its journey, weighs about 50 tons. At the entrance of this building there is a pit into which, after their journey, they may drop their fire; and between the rails in each of the twenty-four stalls we observed a smaller pit to enable artificers to work beneath any engine that may require repair. The drivers of these huge locomotives, after every journey, inspect and report in a book, as

in the passenger-trains, any repairs that may be required, and the engines are thoroughly cleaned every time they come in.

At a short distance from this rotunda we observed a platform about 300 yards long, constructed for the landing of cattle, which arrive there generally on Thursdays and Saturdays from 2 P.M. till midnight. Fifty waggon-loads of bullocks, sheep, or pigs can here be unloaded at a time, and then driven into strong pens or pounds, constructed in the rear. The Company's cattle and merchandise waggons are usually painted blue, their sheep-waggons green. On the arrival of a train of cattle it is interesting to see such a quantity of polished horns, bright eyes, streams of white breath, and healthy black wet noses projecting above the upper rail of their respective waggons, and fatal as is the object of their visit to John Bull's metropolis, it is some consolation to reflect that—poor things—they are, at all events, in ignorance of the fate that awaits them. In disembarking the cattle, in spite of every precaution, an infuriated Welsh or a wild Irish bullock, will occasionally escape from this platform, and by roaring, jumping, and galloping, with depressed head and upstretched tail—

‘Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,

Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!’

create no small consternation as well as confusion among the green-coated pointsmen, porters, and policemen in charge of the various sets of tributary rails which flow from the waggon department into the main line. Instead, however, of attempting, as in the case of Mr. Smith O'Brien, to capture the fugitive by force, this object is effected by the simple stratagem of instantly turning loose several other black-nosed bullocks, which he no sooner sees, than running and galloping towards the herd, he is quietly driven with them into a pen, where he appears quite to enjoy ‘the Union’ which a few minutes ago he had so violently and so vociferously attempted to ‘repale.’

Waggon Hospital.—Among the large establishments at Camden Station is one for the maintenance and repair of the luggage-trucks and goods-carriages of the Southern District, namely, from London to Birmingham—in which alone there are 2000 luggage waggons with a proportionate number of trucks. The construction-shop for this department, in which 129 men were at work, is 437 feet in length by 64 in breadth. With its sideways it is capable of containing and of repairing at one time 100 carriages; the average number in hospital being, however, from 60 to 70. In the smiths' shop we observed working at once 14 common forges blown by steam, also four portable ones. In locked-up vaulted stores adjoining there was lying, besides deals and Memel planks,

planks, 4000*l.* worth of oak timber in scantlings of the various sizes required, each lot ticketed with its dimensions. It is surprising to observe the quantity of iron and oak timber used in the construction of the Company's luggage-trucks. Nevertheless, although they are built infinitely stronger in proportion than any ship (for their oak stanchions, being straight instead of curved, when they come in collision strike end foremost), yet we witnessed results of accidents which were really appalling; in many cases the largest of these timbers had been splintered; indeed, in a railway smash the British oak usually either stands the shock without flinching, or, if it *does* give, shivers into atoms. Barring, however, accidents, a luggage-truck or waggon will last about twelve years.

Among the Company's goods-carriages we observed eight powder-magazines, constructed under a patent invention of the superintendent, Mr. Henson. They were covered outside with sheet iron, lined with wood, had leaden floors, and the axles were cased with hornbeam to prevent vibration. With these precautions they each safely convey $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of gunpowder through and over the sparks of fire and red-hot coals that are continually, during the progress of a train, flying from the funnel-pipe or dropping from the furnace of the engine.

As soon as a luggage-train has been unloaded at Camden Station all the wheels of the waggons are gauged to see that there are no bent axles, and that none of the 'journals,' or working ends of the axles, have been heated, for they sometimes get red-hot; and we may here remark, that under heavy loads the tremendous vibration of the axles of goods-carriages during their journeys materially alters the composition of the iron, and that when the axles have once been red-hot, although after cooling they are as strong as ever, they are always particularly liable to get red-hot again, and the brass boxes amalgamating with the iron, the ends of the largest axles are occasionally wrenched off as one would break a carrot. The luggage-waggons are minutely inspected on arriving and on departing from Camden, Wolverton, and Rugby; besides which the guard hastily examines them at every station, where they are also greased if required.

The Pointsman.—Among the servants of a railway company, or rather we should say of the public, there is no one who, in his secluded station, has more important duties to attend to than 'the pointsman,' in charge of the switches for diverting a train from one set of rails to another. As it is of course necessary that these switches should be carefully worked and guarded by night as well as by day, there are usually appointed to each station two pointsmen, each of whom remains on duty twelve hours at a time, taking

taking the night and day work week about. At Camden Station one of these men has fourteen switches to attend to, and at Wolverton thirteen pairs. At the latter place, to prevent intrusion and to increase precaution, the pointsman has always the signal of danger on, but on perceiving an up-train about a mile off, he shows a green flag to the Station signal-man, and does not avert that of danger until he has received answer that 'all is right.' In thick weather he himself works a subterranean auxiliary signal 500 yards off, showing lamps of different colours. In a fog, to prevent any train running into the Station, a man is sent down the line about a mile, to affix upon the rails, every 200 yards, one of Toy and Hansom's patent fog-signals, which, exploding under the engine with the report of a small cannon, warn the driver to stop and remain where he is, until some one comes to give him orders. At Crewe Station, from whence radiate three important lines of rails, namely, on the right to Manchester, straight on to Liverpool, and on the left to Chester, there are constantly on duty three pointsmen, one of whom has seventeen pairs of points to attend to, namely, five belonging to the Chester line, one to the Liverpool, eleven to the workshops. His box stands between the Liverpool and Chester lines.

Nothing can apparently be more cheerless than the existence of these poor fellows, who, cut off from society, in all weathers and in all seasons have, in solitude, to perform duties for which no passing traveller ever thanks them, and which he probably does not even know that they perform. It is, however, providentially decreed that the human heart warms under almost every description of responsibility; and, accordingly, we invariably found these pointsmen not only contented, but apparently intently interested in their important duties; indeed the flowers which we observed blooming around their little wooden habitations were not, we felt, inappropriate emblems of the happiness which naturally springs up in the heart of every man who will honestly perform the duties of his station. The Company's pointsmen have nominally not very high wages:—a gratuity, however, every twelve months is given to them, provided they cause no accident; but should one occur from their switches, no matter how small, they forfeit it—an arrangement, we think, very cleverly conceived.

WOLVERTON.—Flying by rail through green fields below Harrow Hill and thence to Watford,—stopping for a moment in a deep cutting to hear a man cry '*Tring!*' and a bell say '*Ring!*' until the passenger gets so confused with the paltry squabble that he scarcely knows which of the two competitors is vociferating the substantive and which the verb,—we will now conduct our readers to the Station and little town of Wolverton.

As

As every city, village, or hamlet on the surface of the globe is usually inhabited by people of peculiar opinions, professions, character, tastes, fashions, follies, whims, and oddities, so there is always to be witnessed a corresponding variety in the allinment and architecture of their dwellings—the forms and excrescences of each often giving to the passing traveller a sort of phrenological insight into the character of the inmates. One street, inhabited by poor people, is as crooked as if it had been traced out by the drunken Irishman who, on being kindly questioned, in a very narrow lane across which he was reeling, as to the length of road he had travelled, replied, ‘*Faith! it’s not so much the length of it as the BREADTH of it that has tired me!*’ Another—a rich street—is quite straight. Here is a palace—there are hovels. The hotel is of one shape—the stock-exchange of another. There are private houses of every form—shops of every colour—columns, steeples, fountains, obelisks *ad infinitum*. Conspicuous over one door there is to be seen a golden pestle and mortar—from another boldly projects a barber’s pole—a hatchment decorates a third—the Royal Arms a fourth—in short, it would be endless to enumerate the circumstantial evidence which in every direction proves the truth of the old saying, ‘*Many men, many minds.*’

To all general rules, however, there are exceptions; and certainly it would be impossible for our most popular auctioneer, if he wished ever so much to puff off the appearance of Wolverton, to say more of it than that it is a little red-brick town composed of 242 little red-brick houses—all running either this way or that way at right angles—two tall red-brick engine-chimneys, a number of very large red-brick workshops, six red houses for officers—one red beer-shop, two red public-houses, and, we are glad to add, a substantial red school-room and a neat red-brick church, the whole lately built by order of a Railway Board, at a railway station, by a railway contractor, for railway men, railway women, and railway children; in short, the round cast-iron plate over the door of every house, bearing the letters L. N. W. R., is the generic symbol of the town. The population is 1405, of whom 638 are below sixteen years of age. All look for support to ‘the Company,’ and not only their services and their thoughts but their parts of speech are more or less devoted to it:—for instance, the pronoun ‘*she*’ almost invariably alludes to some locomotive engine; ‘*he*’ to the chairman; ‘*it*’ to the London Board. At Wolverton the progress of time itself is marked by the hissing of the various arrival and departure trains. The driver’s wife, with a sleeping infant at her side, lies watchful in her bed until she has blessed the passing whistle of ‘the down mail.’ With equal anxiety her daughter long before daylight listens for the rumbling of ‘the

3½ A.M. goods up,' on the tender of which lives the ruddy but smutty-faced young fireman to whom she is engaged. The blacksmith as he plies at his anvil—the turner as he works at his lathe, as well as their children at school, listen with pleasure to certain well-known sounds on the rails which tell them of approaching rest.

The workshops at Wolverton, taken altogether, form, generally speaking, an immense hospital or 'Hôtel des Invalides' for the sick and wounded locomotive engines of the Southern District. We witnessed sixty of them undergoing various operations, more or less severe, at the same time. Among them was Crampton's new six-wheel engine, the hind wheels of which are eight feet high, weighing thirty-eight tons, and with its tender sixty tons. It is capable of drawing at the usual speed twelve carriages laden with passengers. The workshops at this station are so extensive, that it would be tedious and indeed almost impracticable to describe them in detail; we will therefore merely mention that in one of them we saw working at once by the power of an 18-horse steam-engine twelve turning-lathes, five planing-machines, three slotting-machines, two screw-bolt ditto—and, as a trifling example of the undeviating accuracy with which these contrivances work, we may state that from a turning-lathe a shaving from cold iron will sometimes continue to flow for forty feet without breaking. There are a large cast-iron foundry, a brass foundry, machines for grinding, and also for polishing; sheers for cutting, and stamps for punching cold iron as if it were pasteboard; an immense oven for heating tires of wheels; a smith's shop containing twenty-four forges, all of which were in operation at once. Two steam-engines—one for machinery, the other for pumping water for the town and offices only, for the Company's well-water here, as at Camden Station, disagrees with the locomotives. A large finishing store, in which were working by steam fifteen, turning-lathes, five slotting machines, five planing ditto, one screwing ditto, two drilling ditto, two shaving ditto. Beneath the above we entered another workshop containing sixteen turning-lathes, two drilling-machines, one slotting ditto, one screwing ditto, one nut ditto, one cylinder-boring ditto, one shaping ditto. In the great store-yard there is an hydraulic press of a power of 200 tons for squeezing wheels on to their axles, or wrenching them off. Another workshop is filled with engines undergoing repair, and adjoining it there is a large store or pharmacopœia, containing, in the form of oil, tallow, nuts, bars, bolts, &c., all the medicine which sick locomotives occasionally require.

At a short distance towards the south we entered a beautiful building,

building, lighted during the day by plate-glass in the roof, by gas at night, and warmed by steam. In its centre there stands a narrow elevated platform, whereon travels a small locomotive, which brings into the building, and deposits on thirteen sets of rails on each side, twenty-six locomotive engines for examination and repair. On the outside, in the open air, we found at work what is called 'a scrap drum,' which by revolving cleans scraps of old rusty iron, just as a public school improves awkward boys by hardly rubbing them one against another. The scrap iron, after having been by this discipline divested of its rust, is piled on a small wooden board for further schooling, and when sufficiently hot the glowing mass is placed under a steam-hammer alongside, whose blows, each equal to about ten tons, very shortly belabour to 'equality and fraternity' the broken bolts, bars, nuts, nails, screw-pins, bits of plate-iron, &c., which are thus economically welded into a solid mass or commonwealth. In another smelting-shop, 150 feet in length, we saw at work fourteen forges, six turning-lathes, one drilling-machine, and one iron-shaving machine. Lastly, there are gas-works for supplying the whole of the Company's establishment with about seventy or eighty thousand cubic feet of gas per day.

The above is but a faint outline of the Company's hospital at Wolverton for the repair and maintenance merely of their locomotive engines running between London and Birmingham.

The magnitude of the establishment will best speak for itself; but as our readers, like ourselves, are no doubt tired almost to death of the clanking of anvils—of the whizzing of machinery—of the disagreeable noises created by the cutting, shaving, turning and planing of iron—of the suffocating fumes in the brass-foundry, in the smelting-houses, in the gas-works—and lastly of the stunning blows of the great steam-hammer—we beg leave to offer them a cup of black tea at the Company's public refreshment-room, in order that, while they are blowing, sipping, and enjoying the beverage, we may briefly explain to them the nature of this beautiful little oasis in the desert.

Wolverton Refreshment-Room.—In dealing with the British nation, it is an axiom among those who have most deeply studied our noble character, that to keep John Bull in beaming good-humour it is absolutely necessary to keep him always quite full. The operation is very delicately called 'refreshing him;' and the London and North-Western Railway Company having, as in duty bound, made due arrangements for affording him, once in about every two hours, this support, their arrangements not only constitute a curious feature in the history of railway management, but the *dramatis personæ* we are about to introduce form, we think, rather

a strange contrast to the bare arms, muscular frames, heated brows, and begrimed faces of the sturdy workmen we have just left.

The refreshment establishment at Wolverton is composed of—

1. A matron or generallissima.
2. Seven very young ladies to wait upon the passengers.
3. Four men and three boys do. do.
4. One man-cook, his kitchen-maid, and his two scullery-maids.
5. Two housemaids.
6. One still-room-maid, employed solely in the liquid duty of making tea and coffee.
7. Two laundry-maids.
8. One baker and one baker's-boy.
9. One garden-boy.

And lastly, what is most significantly described in the books of the establishment—

10. 'An odd-man.'

'Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.'

There are also eighty-five pigs and piglings, of whom hereafter.

The manner in which the above list of persons, in the routine of their duty, diurnally revolve in 'the scrap-drum' of their worthy matron, is as follows:—Very early in the morning—in cold winter long before sunrise—'the odd-man' wakens the two housemaids, to one of whom is intrusted the confidential duty of awakening the seven young ladies exactly at seven o'clock, in order that their 'première toilette' may be concluded in time for them to receive the passengers of the first train, which reaches Wolverton at 7h. 30m. A.M. From that time until the departure of the passengers by the York Mail train, which arrives opposite to the refreshment-room at about eleven o'clock at night, these young persons remain on duty, continually vibrating, at the ringing of a bell, across the rails—(they have a covered passage high above them, but they never use it)—from the North refreshment-room for down passengers to the South refreshment-room constructed for hungry up-ones. By about midnight, after having philosophically divested themselves of the various little bustles of the day, they all are enabled once again to lay their heads on their pillows, with the exception of one, who in her turn, assisted by one man and one boy of the establishment, remains on duty receiving the money, &c. till four in the morning for the up-mail. The young person, however, who in her weekly turn performs this extra task, instead of rising with the others at seven, is allowed to sleep on till noon, when she is expected to take her place behind the long table with the rest.

The scene in the refreshment-room at Wolverton, on the arrival of every train, has so often been witnessed by our readers, that it need

need hardly be described. As these youthful handmaidens stand in a row behind bright silver urns, silver coffee-pots, silver tea-pots, cups, saucers, cakes, sugar, milk, with other delicacies over which they preside, the confused crowd of passengers simultaneously liberated from the train hurry towards them with a velocity exactly proportionate to their appetites. The hungriest face first enters the door, 'magna comitante catervâ,' followed by a crowd very much resembling in eagerness and joyous independence the rush at the prorogation of Parliament of a certain body following their leader from one House to the bar of what they mysteriously call 'another place.' Considering that the row of young persons have among them all only seven right hands, with but very little fingers at the end of each, it is really astonishing how, with such slender assistance, they can in the short space of a few minutes manage to extend and withdraw them so often—sometimes to give a cup of tea—sometimes to receive half-a-crown, of which they have to return two shillings—then to give an old gentleman a plate of warm soup—then to drop another lump of sugar into his nephew's coffee-cup—then to receive a penny for a bun, and then again threepence for four 'lady's fingers.' It is their rule as well as their desire never, if they can possibly prevent it, to speak to any one; and although sometimes, when thunder has turned the milk, or the kitchen-maid over-peppered the soup, it may occasionally be necessary to soothe the fastidious complaints of some beardless ensign by an infinitesimal appeal to the generous feelings of his nature—we mean, by the hundred-thousandth part of a smile—yet they endeavour on no account ever to exceed that harmless dose. But while they are thus occupied at the centre of the refreshment-table, at its two ends, each close to a warm stove, a very plain matter-of-fact business is going on, which consists of the rapid uncorking of, and then emptying into large tumblers, innumerable black bottles of what is not unappropriately called 'Stout,' inasmuch as all the persons who are drinking the dark foaming mixture wear heavy great-coats, with large wrappers round their necks—in fact, are *very stout*. We regret to have to add, that among these thirsty customers are to be seen, quite in the corner, several silently tossing off glasses of brandy, rum, and gin; and although the refreshment-room of the Wolverton Station is not adapted for a lecture, we cannot help submitting to the managers of the Company, that considering not only the serious accidents that may occur to individual passengers from intoxication, but the violence and insolence which drunken men may inflict upon travellers of both sexes, whose misfortune it may be to be shut up with them; considering moreover the ruin which a glass

glass or two of brandy may bring upon a young non-commissioned officer in the army, as also the heavy punishment it may entail upon an old soldier, it would be well for them peremptorily to forbid, at all their refreshment-rooms, the sale by any of their servants, to the public, of ardent spirits.

But the bell is violently calling the passengers to 'Come! come away!'—and as they have all paid their fares, and as the engine is loudly hissing—attracted by their pockets as well as by their engagements, they soon, like the swallows of summer, congregate together and then fly away.

It appears from the books that the annual consumption at the Wolverton refreshment-rooms averages—

182,500 Banbury cakes.	5,110 lbs. of moist sugar.
56,940 Queen cakes.	16,425 quarts of milk.
29,200 patés.	1,095 „ cream.
36,500 lbs. of flour.	17,520 bottles of lemonade.
13,140 „ butter.	35,040 „ soda-water.
2,920 „ coffee.	70,080 „ stout.
43,800 „ meat.	35,040 „ ale.
5,110 „ currants.	17,520 „ ginger-beer.
1,277 „ tea.	730 „ port.
5,840 „ loaf sugar.	3,650 „ sherry.

And, we regret to add,

730 bottles of gin.
731 „ rum.
3,660 „ brandy.

To the eatables are to be added, or driven, the 85 pigs, who after having been from their birth most kindly treated and most luxuriously fed, are impartially promoted, by seniority, one after another, into an infinite number of pork pies.

Having, in the refreshment sketch which we have just concluded, partially detailed, at some length, the duties of the seven young persons at Wolverton, we feel it due to them, as well as to those of our readers who, we perceive, have not yet quite finished their tea, by a very few words to complete their history. It is never considered quite fair to pry into the private conduct of any one who performs his duty to the public with zeal and assiduity. The warrior and the statesman are not always immaculate; and although at the Opera ladies certainly sing very high, and in the ballet kick very high, it is possible that their voices and feet may sometimes reach rather higher than their characters. Considering, then, the difficult duties which our seven young attendants have to perform—considering the temptations to which they are constantly exposed, in offering to the public attentions which are ever to simmer and yet never to boil—it might be expected that our inquiries

inquiries should considerably go no further than the arrival at 11 P.M. of 'the up York mail.' The excellent matron, however, who has charge of these young people—who always dine and live at her table—with honest pride declares, that the breath of slander has never ventured to sully the reputation of any of those who have been committed to her charge; and as this testimony is corroborated by persons residing in the neighbourhood and very capable of observation, we cannot take leave of the establishment without expressing our approbation of the good sense and attention with which it is conducted; and while we give credit to the young for the character they have maintained, we hope they will be gratefully sensible of the protection they have received.

Postscript.—We quite forgot to mention that, notwithstanding the everlasting hurry at this establishment, four of the young attendants have managed to make excellent marriages, and are now very well off in the world.

Gardens, Libraries, and Schools.—Before leaving Wolverton Station our readers will no doubt be desirous to ascertain what arrangements, if any, are made by the Company for the comfort, education, and religious instruction of the number of artificers and other servants whom we have lately seen hard at work. On the western boundary of the town we visited 130 plots of ground, containing about 324 square yards each, which are let by the Company at a very trifling rent to those who wish for a garden; and, accordingly, whenever one of these plots is given up, it is leased to him whose name stands first on the list of applicants. A reading-room and library lighted by gas are also supplied free of charge by the Company. In the latter there are about 700 volumes, which have mostly been given; and the list of papers, &c. in the reading-room was as follows:—Times, Daily News, Bell's Life, Illustrated News, Punch, Weekly Dispatch, Liverpool Albion, Glasgow Post, Railway Record, Ainslie's Birmingham Gazette, Bentley's Miscellany, Chambers' Information, Chambers' Journal, Chambers' Shilling Volume, Practical Mechanic's Journal, Mechanic's Magazine.

Besides the above there is a flying library of about 600 volumes for the clerks, porters, police, as also for their wives and families, residing at the various stations, consisting of books of all kinds, excepting on politics and on religious controversies. They are despatched to the various stations, carriage free, in nineteen boxes, given by the Company, each of which can contain from twenty to fifty volumes. For the education of the children of the Company's servants, a school-house, which we had much pleasure in visiting, has been constructed on a healthy eminence, surrounded by a small court and garden. In the centre there is a room for girls, who

who from nine till five are instructed by a governess in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and needlework. Engaged at these occupations we counted fifty-five clean, healthy faces. In the east wing we found about ninety fine, stout, athletic boys, of various ages, employed in the studies above mentioned (excepting the last), and learning, moreover, mathematics and drawing. One boy we saw solving a quadratic equation—another was engaged with Euclid—others were studying land-surveying, levelling, trigonometry, and one had reached conic sections.

At the western extremity of the building, on entering the infant-school, which is under the superintendence of an intelligent-looking young person of about nineteen years of age, we were struck by the regular segments in which the little creatures were standing in groups around a tiny monitor occupying the centre of each chord. We soon, however, detected that this regularity of their attitudes was caused by the insertion in the floor of various chords of hoop iron, the outer rims of which they all touched with their toes. A finer set of little children we have seldom beheld; but what particularly attracted our attention was three rows of beautiful babies sitting as solemn as judges on three steps one above another, the lowest being a step higher than the floor of the room. They were learning the first hard lesson of this world—namely, to sit still; and certainly the occupation seemed to be particularly well-adapted to their outlines; indeed their pinafores were so round, and their cheeks so red, that altogether they resembled three rows of white dumplings, with a rosy-faced apple on each. The picture was most interesting; and we studied their cheerful features until we almost fancied that we could analyze and distinguish which were little fire-flies—which small stokers—tiny pokers—infant artificers, &c.

On leaving the three rooms-full of children, to whom, whatever may be the religion of their parents, the Rector, the Rev. G. Weight, is apparently devoting very praiseworthy attention, we proceeded eastward about 100 yards to the church, the interior of which is appropriately fitted up with plain oak-coloured open seats, all alike. In the churchyard, which is of very considerable area, there are, under the north wall, a row of fraternal mounds side by side, with a solitary shrub or a few flowers at the foot of each, showing that those who had there reached their earthly terminus were kindly recollected by a few still travelling on the rails of life. With the exception, however, of the grave of one poor fellow, whose death under amputation, rendered necessary from severe fractures, has been commemorated on a tombstone by his comrades, there exists no other epitaph. Besides this church, a room in the library is used, when required, as a Wesleyan

leyan Chapel; at which on Sundays, there are regular preachers both morning and night—and on Tuesdays and Fridays about 100 of the Company's servants attend extempore prayers by one of their brother artificers.

Letters and Newspapers.—Among the manifold arrangements which characterise the interior of the British hive there is, we believe, no one which offers to an intelligent observer a more important moral than the respect which is everywhere paid by us to the correspondence of the nation. Prior to the introduction of railways our post-office establishment was the admiration of every foreigner who visited us. But although our light mail-coaches, high-bred horses, glittering harness, skilful coachmen, resolute guards, and macadamised roads were undeniably of the very best description, yet the moral basis on which the whole fabric rested, or rather the power which gave vitality to its movements, evidently was a patriotic desire indigenous in the minds of people of all classes to protect, as their common wealth, the correspondence of the country; and accordingly it mattered not whether on our public thoroughfares were to be seen a butcher's cart, a brewer's dray, a bishop's coach, a nobleman's landau, the squire's chariot or his tenant's waggon;—it mattered not what quantity of vehicles were assembled for purposes good, bad, or indifferent, for church, for race-course, or for theatre;—it mattered not for what party of pleasure or for what political purpose a crowd or a mob might have assembled; for at a single blast through a long tin horn people of all ranks and conditions, however they might be disposed to dispute on all other subjects, were ready from all quarters to join together in exclaiming, 'MAKE WAY FOR THE MAIL!'

At the magic whistle of the locomotive engine the whole of the extremely slow, dull, little-bag system we have just referred to suddenly fell to pieces. Nevertheless, the spirit that had animated it flew from the road to the rails, and although our penny-postal arrangements, notwithstanding their rapid growth, are less conspicuous, there exists throughout the country the same honest anxiety that our letter-bags should be circulated over the surface of the United Kingdom with the utmost possible care and despatch. In order, however, to fulfil this general desire the duties which our Postmaster-General is now required to perform are most extraordinary.

The difficulty of transmitting from London to every part of the United Kingdom, and *vice versâ*, the innumerable quantity of letters which, like mushrooms springing up from a bed of spawn, have arisen from our sudden adoption of a penny-postage, would alone require minute calculations, involving an infinity of details; but when it is considered that besides this circulation from and

to

to the heart of the metropolis—(the average weight of letters and newspapers carried daily by the London and North-Western Railway is seventeen tons)—there exists simultaneously a cross circulation, not only from and to every great city and town, but from every little post-office to every part of the United Kingdom and *vice versâ*, and moreover to every region on the globe, the eccentric zig-zag courses of all these letters to their respective destinations may justly be compared to the fiery tracks and sparks created by the sudden ignition of a sackful of fireworks of all descriptions; of rockets, Catherine wheels, Roman candles, squibs, stars, crackers, flower-pots, some flying straight away, while others are revolving, twisting, radiating, bouncing, exploding in every possible direction and in all ways at once.

To explain the mode in which all our postal arrangements are conducted would not only exceed our limits, but be foreign to our subject; we will therefore only attempt to supply our readers with a slight sketch of a very small portion of this business, namely, the transmission of letters from the metropolis by the London and North-Western Railway's night mail.

While the passengers by the Lancashire mail-train are taking their seats and making other preparations for their departure, two or three Post-office vans are seen to enter the main carriage-gate of the Euston Station, and then to drive close to their tenders on the railway, which form the last carriages of the train. The servants of the Post-office, rapidly unloading their vans, remove a portion of the bags they contained into the travelling-office and the remainder into two large tenders, which, as soon as they are filled, are locked up by the guard, who then takes his place in the flying office, in which we propose to leave him to his flight for 132½ miles—only observing, however, that no sooner has he started than another flying post-office, which had been lying in ambush, advances (with its tender), and, after being loaded in a similar manner, in a quarter of an hour they are despatched to Yorkshire and the East of Scotland.

* * * *

It had been raining for upwards of twenty-four hours, and it was still pouring when, at about half-past one o'clock of a dark, winter's night, we reached the railway platform at Stafford, to await there the arrival from Euston Station of the night-mail, whose loading and departure we have just described. At that lonely hour, excepting a scarlet-coated guard, who, watching over a pile of letter-bags just arrived from Birmingham by a branch-train, was also waiting for the down-mail, there were no other passengers on the platform; and save the unceasing pattering of the rain there appeared nothing to attract the attention

tion but the glaring lamps of three or four servants of the Company. One with his lantern in his left hand was writing in a small memorandum-book placed on a desk before him. Two others with lights suspended round their necks were greasing the axles of some carriage whose form could not be distinguished, while the station-man on duty with his lamp in his hand was pacing up and down the boarded platform. At this moment the signal-man had scarcely announced the approach of an up-train when there rapidly rushed by a very long, low, dark, solid mass protected by some sort of wet black-looking covering which here and there glistened as it rolled past the four lamps that were turned towards it; in short, it was a common luggage-train. The whole line of waggons, their various contents, as well as the powerful puffing engine that was dragging them through utter darkness, were all inanimate; and it was almost appalling to reflect that, in case of any accident to the drivers, the great train with two red eyes shining in front as well as in rear would proceed alone on its dark iron path—lifeless—senseless—reckless of human life—unconscious of the agonies it might cause or the mischief it might create. It was the work of man—and yet it was ignorant of his power, or even of his name. Devoid of reason or of instinct, it knew nothing—saw nothing—heard nothing—loved nothing—hated nothing—cared for nothing—had no pleasures—no pains—nothing to fear—nothing to hope for; it knew not whence it came,—it rushed forwards it knew not why,—to go it knew not where; it had substance, it had motion, it produced loud sounds, and yet it was as lonely and as destitute of life as the heavens and the earth when in chaos they were without form and void, and when darkness was upon the face of the deep! But these reflections were agreeably interrupted by the arrival of a down-train, swarming alive with passengers, whose busy feet were very shortly to be heard trampling in all directions along or across the platform. At the same time the conductor of the train was delivering over to the Post-office-guard, who had so patiently been awaiting their arrival, a quantity of leather bags of all sizes—white, brown, or black, according to their ages—and which remained in a large heap on the platform, until in about eight minutes the signal-bell announced first the approach and then the arrival of 'the down London mail.' As soon as this train, which we had been awaiting, stopped, the door of the Flying Post-office was opened, and the bags which had been lying on the platform were no sooner packed either into it or into its tender behind, than the engine-driver's whistle announcing the departure of the train, we without delay presented an order which we had obtained to travel in the post-office from Stafford to

• Crewe,

Crewe, and we were scarcely seated in a corner on some letter-bags to witness the operations of its inmates, when the train started and away we went!

The flying Post-office.—This office, which every evening flies away from London to Glasgow, and wherein Government clerks are busily employed in receiving, delivering, and sorting letters all the way, is a narrow carpeted room, twenty-one feet in length by about seven in breadth, lighted by four large reflecting lamps inserted in the roof, and by another in a corner for the guard. Along about two-thirds of the length of this chamber there is affixed to the side wall a narrow table, or counter, covered with green cloth, beneath which various letter-bags are stowed away and above which the space up to the roof is divided into six shelves fourteen feet in length, each containing thirty-five pigeon-holes of about the size of the little compartments in a dove-cote. At this table, and immediately fronting these pigeon-holes, there were standing as we flew along, three Post-office clerks intently occupied in snatching up from the green-cloth counter, and in dexterously inserting into the various pigeon-holes, a mass of letters which lay before them, and which, when exhausted, were instantly replaced from bags which the senior clerk cut open, and which the guard who had presented them then shook out for assortment. On the right of the chief clerk the remaining one-third of the carriage was filled nearly to the roof with letter-bags of all sorts and sizes, and which an able-bodied Post-office guard, dressed in his shirt-sleeves and laced waistcoat, was hauling at and adjusting according to their respective brass-labels. At this laborious occupation the clerks continue standing for about four hours and a half; that is to say, the first set sort letters from London to Tamworth, the second from Tamworth to Preston, the third from Preston to Carlisle, and the fourth letters from Carlisle to Glasgow. The clerks employed in this duty do not permanently reside at any of the above stations, but are usually removed from one to the other every three months.

As we sat reclining and ruminating in the corner, the scene was as interesting as it was extraordinary. In consequence of the rapid rate at which we were travelling, the bags which were hanging from the thirty brass pegs on the sides of the office had a tremulous motion, which at every jerk of the train was changed for a moment or two into a slight rolling or pendulous movement, like towels, &c. hanging in a cabin at sea. While the guard's face, besides glistening with perspiration, was—from the labour of stooping and hauling at large letter-bags—as red as his scarlet coat which was hanging before the wall on a little peg, until at last his cheeks appeared as if they were shining at the lamp

lamp immediately above them almost as suddenly as the lamp shone upon them—the three clerks were actively moving their right hands in all directions, working vertically with the same dexterity with which compositors in a printing-office horizontally restore their type into the various small compartments to which each letter belongs. Sometimes a clerk was seen to throw into various pigeon-holes a batch of mourning letters, all directed in the same handwriting, and evidently announcing some death; then one or two registered letters wrapped in green covers. For some time another clerk was solely employed in stuffing into bags newspapers for various destinations. Occasionally the guard, leaving his bags, was seen to poke his burly head out of a large window behind him into pitch darkness, enlivened by the occasional passage of bright sparks from the funnel-pipe of the engine, to ascertain by the flashing of the lamps as he passed them, the precise moment of the train clearing certain stations, in order that he might record it in his ‘time-bill.’ Then again a strong smell of burning sealing-wax announced that he was sealing up and stamping with the Post-office seal, bags three or four of which he then firmly strapped together for delivery. All of a sudden, the flying chamber received a hard sharp blow, which resounded exactly as if a cannon-shot had struck it. This noise, however, merely announced that a station-post we were at that moment passing, but which was already far behind us, had just been safely delivered of four leather letter-bags, which on putting our head out of the window we saw quietly lying in the far end of a large strong iron-bound sort of landing-net or cradle, which the guard a few minutes before had by a simple movement lowered on purpose to receive them. But not only had we received four bags, but at the same moment, and apparently by the same blow, we had, as we flew by, dropped at the same station three bags which a Post-office authority had been waiting there to receive. The blow that the pendent bag of letters, moving at the rate say of forty miles an hour, receives in being suddenly snatched away, must be rather greater than that which the flying one receives on being suddenly at that rate dropped on the road. Both operations, however, are effected by a projecting apparatus from the flying post-office coming suddenly into contact with that protruding from the post.

As fast as the clerks could fill the pigeon-holes before them, the letters were quickly taken therefrom, tied up into a bundle, and then by the guard deposited into the leather bag to which they belonged. On very closely observing the clerks as they worked, we discovered that instead of sorting their letters into the pigeon-holes according to their superscriptions, they placed them
into

into compartments of their own arrangement, and which were only correctly labelled in their own minds; but as every clerk is held answerable for the accuracy of his assortment, he is very properly allowed to execute it in whatever way may be most convenient to his mind or hand.

Besides lame writing and awkward spelling, it was curious to observe what a quantity of irrelevant nonsense is superscribed upon many letters, as if the writer's object was purposely to conceal from the sorting clerk the only fact he ever cares to ascertain, namely, *the post town*. Their patience and intelligence, however, are really beyond all praise; and although sometimes they stand for eight or ten seconds holding a letter close to their lamp, turning sometimes their head and then it, yet it rarely happens that they fail to decipher it. In opening one bag, a lady's paste-board work-box appeared all in shivers. It had been packed in the thinnest description of whitey-brown paper. The clerk spent nearly two minutes in searching among the fragments for the direction, which he at last discovered in very pale ink, written apparently through a microscope with the point of a needle. The letters sorted in the flying post-office are, excepting a few 'late letters,' principally cross-post letters, which, although packed into one bag, are for various localities. For instance, at Stafford, the mail takes up a bag made up for Birmingham, Wolverhampton and intermediate places, the letters for which, being intermixed, are sorted by the way, and left at the several stations.

The bags have also to be stowed away in compartments according to their respective destinations. One lot for Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin; one for Chester; a bundle of bags for Newcastle-under-Lyne, Market-Drayton, Eccleshall, Stone, Crewe, Rhuabon; a quantity of empty bags to be filled coming back; a lot for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Carlisle; and one great open bag contained all the letter-bags for Dublin taken upon the road.

The minute arrangements necessary for the transaction of all this important business at midnight, while the train is flying through the dark, it would be quite impossible to describe. The occupation is not only highly confidential, but it requires unceasing attention, exhausting to body and mind. Some time ago, while the three clerks, with their right elbows moving in all directions, were vigorously engaged in sorting their letters, and while the guard, with the light of his lamp shining on the gilt buttons and gold lace which emblazoned the pockets of his waistcoat, was busily sealing a letter-bag, a collision took place, which, besides killing four men, at the same moment chucked the sorting clerks from their pigeon-holes to the letter-bags in the guard's compartment.

ment. In due time the chief clerk recovered from the shock; but what had happened—why he was lying on the letter-bags—why nobody was sorting—until he recovered from his stupor he could not imagine!

CREWE.—We have now reached the most important station on the London and North-Western Railway; indeed the works here are on a scale which strikingly exemplifies the magnitude of the arrangements necessary for the maintenance of an arterial railway.

The Company's workshops at Crewe consist of a Locomotive and of a Coach department. In the manufactories of the former are constructed as well as repaired the whole of the engines and tenders required for the Northern Division, namely, from Birmingham to Liverpool; Rugby to Stafford; Crewe to Holyhead; Liverpool to Manchester; Liverpool, Manchester, and Warrington to Preston; Preston to Carlisle. The total number of miles is at present 360, but the distance of course increases with the completion of every new branch line. In this division there are 220 engines and tenders (each averaging in value nearly 2000*l.*), of which at least 100 are at work every day. Besides repairing all these, the establishment has turned out a new engine and tender on every Monday morning since the 1st of January, 1848. The number of workmen employed in the above department is 1600, their wages averaging 3800*l.* a fortnight. The accounts of these expenses, as also a book of 'casualties,' in which every accident to, as well as every delay of, a train is reported, are examined once a fortnight by a special committee of directors.

Without attempting to detail the various establishments, we will briefly describe a few of their most interesting features.

Close to the entrance of the Locomotive Department stands as its *primum mobile* the tall chimney of a steam-pump, which, besides supplying the engine that propels the machinery of the workshops, gives an abundance of water to the locomotives at the station, as also to the new railway town of Crewe, containing at present about 8000 inhabitants. This pump lifts about eighty or ninety thousand gallons of water per day from a brook below into filtering beds, whence it is again raised about forty feet into a large cistern, where it is a second time filtered through charcoal for the supply of the town. On entering the great gate of the department, the office of which is up a small staircase on the left hand, the first object of attention is the great engine-stable into which the hot dusty locomotives are conducted after their journeys to be cleaned, examined, repaired, or if sound to be greased and otherwise prepared for their departure—the last operation being to get up their steam, which is here effected by coal, instead of coke, in about two

two hours. After passing through a workshop containing thirty-four planing and slotting machines in busy but almost silent operation, we entered a smith's shop, 260 feet long, containing forty forges all at work. At several of the anvils there were three and sometimes four strikers, and the quantity of sparks that more or less were exploding from each,—the number of sledge-hammers revolving in the air, with the sinewy frames, bare throats and arms of the fine pale men who wielded them, formed altogether a scene well worthy of a few moments' contemplation. As the heavy work of the department is principally executed in this shop, in which iron is first enlisted and then rather roughly drilled into the service of the Company, it might be conceived that the music of the forty anvils at work would altogether be rather noisy in concert. The grave itself, however, could scarcely be more silent than this workshop, in comparison with the one that adjoins it, in which the boilers of the locomotives are constructed. As for asking questions of or receiving explanations from the guide, who with motionless lips conducts the stranger through this chamber, such an effort would be utterly hopeless, for the deafening noise proceeding from the riveting of the bolts and plates of so many boilers is distracting beyond description. We almost fancied that the workmen must be aware of this effect upon a stranger, and that on seeing us enter they therefore welcomed our visit by a charivari sufficient to awaken the dead. As we hurried through the din we could not, however, help pausing for a moment before a boiler of copper inside and iron outside, within which there sat crouched up—like a negro between the decks of a slave-ship—an intelligent-looking workman holding with both hands a hammer against a bolt, on the upper end of which, within a few inches of his ears, two lusty comrades on the outside were hammering with surprising strength and quickness. The noise which reverberated within this boiler, in addition to that which was resounding without, formed altogether a dose which it is astonishing the tympanum of the human ear can receive uninjured; at all events we could not help thinking that if there should happen to exist on earth any man ungallant enough to complain of the occasional admonition of a female tongue, if he will only go by rail to Crewe and sit in that boiler for half an hour, he will most surely never again complain of that 'cricket on his hearth'—the whispering curtain lectures of his *dulce domum*. The adjoining shop contains a brass and also an iron foundry, in which were at work seven brass-moulders and five iron-moulders. In the corner of this room we stood for a few moments looking over the head and shoulders of a fine little boy who was practically exemplifying the properties of the most wonderful of the mineral productions of nature—the loadstone.

loadstone. Among the mass brought into this workshop to be recast are occasionally a quantity of brass shavings and other sweepings, among which there is a small proportion of iron filings, &c. The little boy's occupation consisted in constantly stirring up the mass or mess before him with a magnet, which, as often as it came out bristling with resplendent particles of iron of various sizes, he swept clean, and then continued his work until the investigator came out of the heap as clear of iron as it went in. Close to this shop is one in which the models and patterns of the castings are constructed. From a spacious open yard covered with stacks of old scrap-iron, much of which was of the size of common buttons, a door opens into a large shop containing twelve forges solely used for the construction of engine-wheels, which are forced on as well as off their axles by an ingenious machine of extraordinary power. Adjoining the open yard we saw in operation Nasmyth's great steam-hammer, on the summit of which there sat perched up a man who could regulate its blow from say twenty-five tons to a little tap sufficient only to drive a common-sized nail. As soon as the furnace-door on one side of this hammer was opened, a large lump of scrap-iron at a white heat was lifted and then conducted by a crane on to the anvil beneath. At the same moment from an opposite furnace a long iron bar, heated only at one extremity, was by a gentle blow of the hammer no sooner welded to the mass than the head smith, using it as a handle, turned and re-turned the lump on the anvil so as to enable the steam-hammer to weld its contents into proper form. Of course there has been selected for this extremely heavy work the strongest man that could be obtained. He is of about the height and bulk of the celebrated Italian singer Signor Lablache, with apparently the strength of Hercules, or rather of Vulcan himself—and certainly nothing could be a finer display of muscular power than the various attitudes which this heavy man assumed, as, regardless of the sparks which flew at him, or of the white heat of the lump of iron he was forging, he turned it on one side and then on the other, until at a given signal a small smith in attendance placed a sort of heavy chisel on the iron handle, which by a single blow of the hammer was at once severed from it, in order that it might be piled away and another mass lifted from the fiery furnace to the anvil.

Close to this Cyclopean scene there is a shop solely for turning wheels and axles, which, brought here rough from the smiths' forges we have described, never leave this place until they are ready to go under the engine for which they have been made.

After passing through a grinding-shop and a coppersmith's shop, which we must leave without comment, we entered a most important and interesting workshop, 330 feet in length by 60 feet

in breadth, termed 'the fitting-shop,' because the work brought here in various states is all finally finished and fitted for its object. Besides 11 planing-machines, 36 shaping and slotting machines, and 30 turning-lathes, all working by steam-power, we observed, running nearly the whole length of the building, five sets of tables, at which were busily employed in filing, rasping, hammering, &c., eight rows of 'vice-men,' so called because they work at vices. The whole of the artificers in this room are of the best description, and the importance of their duties cannot perhaps be more briefly illustrated than by the simple fact that, besides all the requisite repairs of 200 locomotive engines, they were employed in finishing the innumerable details of 30 new ones in progress. Some were solely engaged in converting bolts into screws; some in fitting nuts; some in constructing brass whistles: in short, in this division of labour almost every 'vice-man' was employed in finishing some limb, joint, or other component part of a locomotive engine destined to draw trains either of goods or passengers.

After visiting a large storeroom, in which all things appertaining to engines, sorted and piled in innumerable compartments, are guarded by a storekeeper, who registers in a book each item that he receives and delivers, we will now introduce our readers to the climax of the establishment, commonly called '*the Erecting-shop*.' Hitherto we have been occupied in following in tedious detail from the foundry to the forge, and from the anvil to the vice, the various items, such as plates, rivets, bolts, nuts, rings, stays, tubes, ferrules, steam-pipes, exhausting-pipes, chimney-pipes, safety-valves, life-guards, axle-boxes, pistons, cylinders, connecting-rods, splashers, leading and trailing wheels, &c., amounting in number to 5416 pieces, of which a locomotive engine is composed. We have at last, however, reached that portion of the establishment in which all those joints, limbs, and boilers which have been separately forged, skaped, and finished in different localities are assembled together for the consummation of the especial object for which, with so much labour and at so great an expense, they have been prepared: indeed nothing, we believe, can be more true than Mr. Robert Stephenson's well-known maxim—'*A locomotive engine must be put together as carefully as a watch!*'

The Erecting-shop at Crewe is a room 300 feet long by 100 feet broad, containing five sets of rails, upon three of which are erected the new engines and tenders—the other two being usually occupied by those under heavy repair. The number of artificers we found employed was 220. In this magnificent building we saw in progress of erection 20 passenger-engines, also 10 luggage-engines; and as this shop has (as we have before stated) turned out

out a locomotive engine and tender complete on every Monday morning for very nearly a year, and is continuing to supply them at the same rate, we had before us in review locomotive engines in almost every stage of progress; and when we reflected on the innumerable benefits, and even blessings, which resulted to mankind from their power; it was most pleasing to be enabled at one view to see—as it were in rehearsal behind the scenes—performers who were so shortly to appear upon the stage of life.

At the further end of the line of rails close to the north wall there appeared a long low tortuous mass of black iron-work, without superstructure or wheels, in which the form of an engine-bed in embryo could but very faintly be traced; a little nearer was a similar mass, in which the outline appeared, from some cause or other, to be more distinctly marked; nearer still the same outline appeared upon wheels; to the next there had been added a boiler and fire-box, without dome, steam-escape, or funnel-pipe; nearer still the locomotive-engine in its naked state appeared, in point of form, complete:—and workmen were here busily engaged in covering the boiler with a garment about half an inch thick of hair-felt, upon which others were affixing a covering of inch deal-plank, over which was to be tightly bound a tarpaulin, the whole to be secured by iron hoops. In the next case the dome of the engine was undergoing a similar toilette, excepting that, instead of a wooden upper garment, it was receiving one of copper. Lastly—(it was on a Saturday that we chanced to visit the establishment)—there stood at the head of this list of recruits a splendid brand-new locomotive engine, completely finished, painted bright-green—the varnish was scarcely dry—and in every respect perfectly ready to be delivered over on Monday morning to run its gigantic course. On other rails within the building were tenders in similar states of progress; and, as the eye rapidly glanced down these iron rails, the finished engine and tender immediately before it seemed gradually and almost imperceptibly to dissolve, in proportion to its distance, until nothing was left of each but an indistinct and almost unintelligible dreamy vision of black iron-work. On one of the furthest rails, among a number of engines that were undergoing serious operations, we observed ‘*The Colonel*,’ which, by going off the rails at Newton Bridge, caused the death of General Baird.

Coach Department.—As our readers will no doubt feel some little selfish interest in the construction of the railway-carriages in which they travel, we shall conclude our rapid survey of the Company’s workshops at Crève by a short inspection of the coach establishment. This department constructs and maintains for the traffic on 393 miles of rails all the requisite passenger-carriages, luggage-vans, travelling post-offices and tenders, parcel-vans and

parcel-carts, milk-trucks (principally to supply Liverpool), and break-waggons.

At the Company's 'Waggon Department' at Manchester—which is about to be transferred to Liverpool—are constructed and maintained all the requisite goods-waggons, horse-boxes, coke-waggons, carriage-trucks for private carriages, cattle-waggons and timber-trucks.

The total number of carriages of all descriptions maintained at Crewe amounts to 670, of which about 100 at a time are usually in hospital. There are generally from 30 to 40 new carriages in progress: the number of workmen employed was 260. The establishment is divided into one set of workshops for the construction, and another for the repair of carriages.

1. In a large shop, 300 feet in length, warmed by steam, at night lighted by gas, and by day from lofty windows on each side, there is throughout the whole length of the building a wooden pavement containing eight sets of rails, upon which we beheld, like hackney-coaches on their stands, a variety of carriages in various stages of construction and of alteration, each surrounded by several intelligent artificers, who, instead of throwing away their time in dancing round a tree of liberty, to the tune, or, as it is poetically termed by M. Lamartine, 'the dogma' of liberty, fraternity, and *equality*, were sedulously occupied in framing different sorts of carriages to suit the various gradations of human society. For instance, one set, with beautiful colours, were painting the outside of a 'first-class;' while their comrades within were padding it, and petting it, and stuffing it, as if its object were to fit every bend and hollow in the human frame. Another set were strongly varnishing the wooden oak-painted interior of a 'second-class,' whose exterior had evidently received considerable attention; while another gang were 'finishing off' a covered 'third-class,' whose inside certainly appeared not only very hard, but what month-nurses term 'terribly troubled with wind.'

In another quarter, a set of workmen were economically converting an old first-class into a second-class—the transmutation being effected by taking out the lining, and then converting large, fashionable, oval windows into little vulgar square ones: But though comfort, like cheese, bacon, or any other description of merchandize, was thus doled out to each class of passengers according to the amount of it which they may desire to purchase, the materials of all the carriages appeared to be of good sound quality. The panels of first, second, and third-class carriages, as well as those even of luggage-vans, are invariably made of mahogany; 'the bottom-sides' of English oak; the rest of the framing of ash. The break-blocks are made of willow, and usually fast about ten weeks' work. Adjoining this congregation
of

of carriages is a smith's shop, containing twenty-eight forges and a tire-oven; above which we found a large store-room filled with lace-trimming, horse-hair, superfine cloth, varnished oil-cloth, nails, rugs, and, among a variety of other requirements, plate-glass for windows. We observed that those for the front glasses of coupés—in order to enable them to resist the occasional pelt-ing of hot cinders from the engine—were half an inch thick! There was also, in an adjoining store, a collection of old cushions, mercilessly indented and worn out by some description of dull heavy pressure.

2. The hospital of the Coach Department at Crewe is an enormous shed, 600 feet long by 180 broad. It is capable of holding 90 carriages, with ample room for working around them, but only 80 were under repair. Among them we observed several flying post-offices and tenders bearing the Royal arms. Adjoining is a large smith's shop, also a spacious yard containing a heavy stock of timber piled under sheds, with an office for recording the daily amount received and delivered. On entering '*the Grease House*,' which, contrary to expectation, we found to be as clean as a dairy, we perceived, standing against the walls, three huge casks of Russia tallow, a quantity of yellow palm-oil, several boxes of soda, and a water-cock. On the opposite side there was a small steam-boiler for heating two open cauldrons and two wooden cooling-vats. • This apparatus is constructed for the fabrication of that yellow mixture which our readers have seen bestowed so generously to the axles of the carriages of every train. We had often in vain endeavoured to ascertain its composition, which, from the grease-master, the highest possible authority on the subject, we at last discovered to be as follows:—

200 lbs. of Russia tallow.

20 lbs. of soda.

70 lbs. of palm-oil.

50 gallons of water.

Besides heating the two caldrons we have mentioned, large iron pipes pass from the steam-boiler to the immediate vicinity of two casks, each containing one ton of sperm-oil, which is thus kept constantly fluid, instead of crystallizing, as it is prone to do, during cold weather.

A Railway Town.—Having now concluded our rough sketch of the workshops of the locomotive and coach departments at Crewe,—in both of which the Company's artificers and workmen toil both winter and summer from six in the morning till half-past five in the evening, excepting on Saturdays, when they leave off at four,—our readers will, we hope, feel sufficiently interested in their welfare to inquire, as we anxiously did, a little into their domestic history and comforts. About a hundred yards from the two establishments we have just left there stands a plain neat building, erected by the Company, containing baths, hot, cold, and

and shower, for the workmen, as well as for their wives and daughters, the hours allotted for each sex being stated on a board, which bluntly enough explains that the women may wash while the men are working, and *vice versa*. For this wholesome luxury the charge for each person is $1\frac{1}{2}d.$; and although we do not just at present recollect the exact price of yellow soap per bar, of sharp white sand per bushel, of stout dowlas-towelling per yard, or the cost of warming a few hundred gallons of water, yet, as we stood gazing into one of these baths, we could not help thinking that, if that Hercules who works the steam-hammer can, on Saturday night after his week's toil, be scrubbed perfectly clean and white for three half-pence, he can have no very great reason to complain, for surely, except by machinery, the operation could scarcely be effected much cheaper! To a medical man the Company gives a house and a surgery, in addition to which he receives from every unmarried workman $1d.$ per week; if married, but with no family, $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per week; if married, and with a family, $2d.$ per week; for which he undertakes to give attendance and medicine to whatever men, women, children, or babies of the establishment may require them. A clergyman, with an adequate salary from the Company, superintends three large day-schools for about 300 boys, girls, and infants. There is also a library and mechanics' institute, supported by a subscription of about $10s.$ a-year, at which a number of very respectable artificers, whose education when young was neglected, attend at night to learn, *ab initio*, reading, writing, and arithmetic. There is likewise a vocal and instrumental class, attended by a number of workmen, with their wives and daughters.

The town of Crewe contains 514 houses, one church, three schools, and one town-hall, all belonging to the Company; and as the birth, growth, and progress of a railway town is of novel interest, our readers will, we think, be anxious to learn at what speed our railway stations are now turning into towns, just as many of our ancient post-houses formerly grew into post-towns. Although the new houses at Crewe were originally built solely for railway servants, yet it was soon found necessary to construct a considerable number for the many shopkeepers and others who were desirous to join the new settlement, and accordingly, of the present population of 8000, about one-half are strangers. Not only are the streets, which are well lighted by gas, much broader than those of Wolverton, but the houses are, generally speaking, of a superior description, and, although all are new, yet it is curious to observe how insidiously old customs, old fashions, old wants, and even old luxuries, have become domiciled. Many of the shops have large windows, which eagerly attempt to look like plate-glass. In the shoemakers' shops, contrasted with thick railway

railway boots and broad railway shoes, there hang narrow-soled Wellingtons and Bluchers as usual scarcely half the gauge or breadth of the human foot. The Company's workmen began by having a cheap stout dancing-master of their own; but, the aristocracy of Crewe very naturally requiring higher kicks, we found a superior and more elegant artist giving lessons in the town-hall—a splendid room capable of containing 1000 persons.

It would of course be quite irregular for 8000 persons to live together without the luxury of being enabled occasionally to bite and tickle each other with the sharp teeth and talons of the law, and accordingly we observed, appropriately inscribed in large letters on the door of a very respectable-looking house,

GRIFFIN, ATTORNEY.

Mankind are so prone to draw distinctions where no real differences exist, that among our readers there are probably many who conceive that although they themselves are fully competent to enjoy Fanny Kemble's readings from Shakspeare, such a mental luxury would be altogether out of character at *New Crewe!* In short, that shops full of smiths and other varieties of workmen (particularly him of the steam-hammer, and most especially the artificer we saw squatted in the boiler), although all exceedingly useful in their ways, could not possibly appreciate the delicate intonations of voice, or the poetical beauties to which we have alluded. Now, without the smallest desire to oppose this theory, we will simply state, that while, during the men's dinner-hour, we were strolling through the streets of Crewe, we observed on the walls of a temporary theatre, surrounded by a crowd of gaping mouths and eager unwashed faces, a very large placard, of which the following is a copy:—

BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.

MR. JONES WILL REPEAT

The Scene from Macbeth and Cato's Soliloquy:

LIKEWISE

**Imitations of Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean,
and Mr. Cooper.**

The town and shops of Crewe are well lighted by gas from the Company's works, which create about 30,000 cubic feet per day—the foot-paths of the streets being of asphalt, composed of the Company's coal-tar mixed up with gravel and ashes from the workshops. The town is governed by a council of fifteen members,

bers, two-thirds of whom are nominated by the workmen and inhabitants, and one-third by the directors. Their regulations are all duly promulgated 'by order of the council.'

Although our limits do not allow us to enter into many statistical details, we may mention that the number of persons employed on account of the London and North-Western Railway Company, including those occupied in the collection and delivery of goods, is as follows:—

2	Secretaries.
1	Manager.
2	Superintendents.
966	Clerks.
3054	Porters.
701	Police-constables.
738	Engine and Firemen.
3347	Artificers.
1452	Labourers.

Total number 10,263

The number of horses employed is . 612
 Ditto vans, &c. 253

Moral.—The few sketches which we have now concluded, small and trivial as they may appear in detail, form altogether a mass of circumstantial evidence demonstrating the vast difficulty as well as the magnitude of the arrangements necessary for the practical working of great railways; and yet we regret to add, in their general management there exist moral and political difficulties more perplexing than those which Science has overcome, or which order has arranged.—We allude to a variety of interests, falsely supposed to be conflicting, which it is our desire to conciliate, and from which we shall endeavour to derive an honest moral.

When the present system of railway travelling was about to be introduced into Europe, it of course became necessary for Parliament and for His Majesty's Government seriously to consider and eventually to determine whether these great national thoroughfares should be scientifically formed, regulated, and directed by the State, under a Board competently organized for the purpose (*vide Quart. Rev.* No. 125, p. 60), or whether the conveyance of the public should be committed to the inexperienced and self-interested management of an infinite number of Joint-stock Companies. Without referring to by-gone arguments in favour of each of these two systems, and, above all, without offering a word against the decision of Parliament on the subject, we have simply to state that the joint-stock system was adopted, and
 that

that accordingly capitalists and speculators of all descriptions—men of substance and men of straw—were authorized at their own cost to create and govern the iron thoroughfares of the greatest commercial country in the world. The first result was what might naturally have been expected, for no sooner was it ascertained that a railway connecting, or as it may be more properly termed, tapping immense masses of population, such, for instance, as are contained in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., was productive of profit, than just as when one lucky man finds a rich lode, hundreds of ignorant, foolish people immediately embark, or, as it is too truly termed, *sink* their capital in '*mining*;' so it was generally believed that any '*railway*'—whether it connected cities or villages it mattered not a straw—would be equally productive.

The competition thus first irrationally and then insanely created was productive of good and evil. The undertakings were commenced with great vigour. On the other hand, as engineering talent cannot all of a sudden be produced as easily as capital, many important works were constructed under very imperfect superintendence; and as iron, timber, and every article necessary for the construction of a railway simultaneously rose in value, the result was that the expense of these new thoroughfares, which by the exaction of fares proportionate to their outlay must, it is said, eventually be paid for by the public, very greatly exceeded what, under a calm, well-regulated system, would have been their cost. Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties and expenses, foreseen as well as unforeseen, our great arterial railways were very rapidly constructed.

Their managers, however, had scarcely concluded their '*song of triumph*,' when they found themselves seriously embarrassed by a demand on the part of the public for what had been rather indefinitely termed '*cheap travelling*;' and as this question involves most serious considerations, we will offer a very few observations on it.

There can be no doubt that inasmuch as it is the duty of Parliament to legislate for the interests of the public, so it is the duty of Her Majesty's Government to exercise their influence in legitimately obtaining for the community *cheap* travelling. But although money is valuable to every man, his life is infinitely more precious; and therefore without stopping to inquire whether by cheap travelling is meant travelling for nothing, for fares unremunerative, or for fares only slightly remunerative to the Company, we submit as a mere point of precedence, that the *first* object the legislature ought to obtain is, that every possible precaution shall be taken to ensure for the public *safe* travelling.

Now, casting aside all petty or local interests, we calmly ask
in

in what manner and by what means would Her Majesty's Government ensure for the public safe travelling, supposing our railways were the sole property of the state?

The answer is not only evident, but, we submit, undeniable.

The way, under Providence, to protect the public from avoidable accidents on railways is, utterly regardless of expense, to construct the rails, sleepers, locomotive-engines, and carriages of the very best materials, carefully put together by the best workmen; and then to intrust the maintenance of the line to engineers and other men of science of the highest attainments, assisted by a corps of able-bodied guards, pointsmen, and policemen, all sober, vigilant, active, intelligent, and honest.

Now it is highly satisfactory to reflect that every one of the above costly precautions, as well as all others of a similar nature which a paternal government could reasonably desire to enforce, are as conducive to the real interests of the proprietors of a railway as they are to the safety of those who travel on it; for even supposing that the Directors take no pride in maintaining the character of the national thoroughfare committed to their charge—that, reckless of human life, they care for nothing but their own pockets—a railway accident summarily inflicts upon their purses the same description of punishment instantaneously awarded to a man who carelessly runs his head against a post. For instance, only a few weeks ago a ballast-train on the London and North-Western Railway having stopped for a moment, a goods-train behind it ran into it. No one was hurt excepting the Company—who suffered a loss of 4000*l.* by the collision. Independent, therefore, of the heavy damages readily awarded by juries to any one hurt by a railway accident, the injuries self-inflicted by the Company on their own costly engines, carriages, &c. are most serious in amount, to say nothing of the almost incalculable embarrassment they may create: indeed, taking into fair consideration the costly results which have occurred to our railway companies by the dislocation of a bolt, the unscrewing of a little nut, or from a variety of other causes equally trifling, it may, we believe, be truly said that the punishments which railway companies have received from accidents have, generally speaking, exceeded rather than fallen short of their effences; and thus every intelligent board of directors is aware that safety in travelling is more emphatically for the interest of railway proprietors than any other consideration whatever: in short, that there is nothing more expensive to a railway Company than an accident.

It being evident, therefore, that it is as much for the interests of railway proprietors as of railway travellers that every possible precaution should be taken by the Company to prevent accidents, we have now to observe that to attain all the necessary securities

securities there is but one thing needful—namely, MONEY. With it Her Majesty's Government might conscientiously undertake the serious responsibility of prescribing all that Science could administer for the safety of the public. Without money, what government or what individual who had any character to lose could for a moment undertake that which his judgment would clearly admonish him to be utterly impracticable? Now, if this reasoning be correct, the managers of our arterial railways were certainly justified in expecting that, if the Government required them to take every possible precaution to ensure *safe* travelling, they would, as a matter of course, assist them in obtaining the same means which they themselves would require had they to effect the same object—namely, MONEY. But instead of endeavouring to obtain for railway companies these means—or rather, instead of enabling them to retain the means which under their respective Acts of Parliament they already legally possessed of purchasing security for the public, Parliament, in compliance with a popular outcry for *cheap* travelling, deemed it advisable to require from railways a reduction of the tolls necessary to ensure *SAFE* travelling. To any one who will carefully observe the practical working of a railway, it is not only alarming, but appalling, to reflect on the accidents which sooner or later *must* befall the public if the master-mind which directs the whole concern, but which cannot possibly illuminate the darkness of every one of its details, were suddenly to be deprived of the talisman by which alone he can govern a lineal territory four or five hundred miles in length—namely, an abundant supply of MONEY. Parliament may thunder—Government may threaten—juries may punish—the public may rave; but if the fustian-clad workmen who put together the 5416 pieces of which a locomotive engine is composed are insufficiently paid—if the wages of the pointsmen, enginemen, and police be reduced to that of common labourers—if cheap materials *are* connected together by scamped workmanship—the black eyes, bloody noses, fractured limbs, mangled corpses of the public, will emphatically proclaim, as clearly as the hopper of a mill, the emptiness of the exchequer. So long as the manager of a railway has ample funds he ought to be prepared, regardless of expense, to repair with the utmost possible despatch the falling-in of a tunnel or any other serious accident to the works—in short, the whole powers of his mind should be directed to the paramount interests of the public, which, in fact, are identical with those of the Company. But if he has no funds—or, what is infinitely more alarming, in case from want of funds the impoverished proprietors of the railway shall have angrily elected in his stead the representative of an ignorant, ruinous, and narrow-minded policy—how loudly would the

the public complain—how severely would our commercial interests suffer; if, on the occurrence to the works of any of the serious accidents to which we have alluded, the new Ruler were to be afraid even to commence any repairs until he should have been duly authorised by his newly-elected economical colleagues to haggle and extract from a number of contractors the cheapest tender!

But we fear it would not be difficult to show that, in reducing the established rates of our great railways before their works were completed, Parliament has unintentionally legislated upon erroneous principles. For instance, we have already explained that the profit of a railway depends upon the amount of the population and goods which flow upon it from the towns it taps. If, therefore, the traffic on an arterial line be but moderately remunerative, it must be evident that a branch line must be an unprofitable concern—unless, indeed, the company be authorized to levy upon it *higher* tolls than are sufficient on the trunk line. When, therefore, in the rapid development of our great national railway system it was found necessary for the accommodation of a fraction of the public to apply to Parliament for powers to make these unremunerating branch lines, the companies were certainly in theory entitled to expect the extra assistance we have explained;—instead of which they were practically informed that, unless they would consent to *LOWER* their tolls altogether, they would not be allowed to develop their system by the construction of any branch line; which is as if a tenant were to say to his landlord—‘If you incur the expense of making convenient bye-roads to my farm to enable me with facility to take my crops to market, *you must lower my rent.*’

As it is undeniable that exorbitant rates, besides being inconvenient to the public, are highly injurious to the real interests of railway proprietors—indeed we have shown how enormously the traffic of the country has been increased by low charges—we are fully disposed, not only most strongly to recommend, but as far as it may be legal to enforce, that salutary principle; but the insuperable difficulty of *at present* adjusting the proper tolls to be levied on the public is, that no arterial railway in Great Britain can either declare in figures, or even verbally explain, the real state of its ultimate expenditure and receipts, for the sole reason, namely, that the enterprise is not yet worked out, and that no man breathing can foretell what are to be its limits.

What has become, we ask, of the *old* London and Birmingham Railway (born only in 1836)—of the Grand Junction Railway—of the Manchester and Birmingham—the Liverpool and Manchester Railways—and of a score of others we could name?

What

What has become of the civil, or rather uncivil, war which all these Companies waged against each other; as well as against Messrs. Pickford, the most powerful carriers in the world? They have all lost the independence they respectively occupied; and, like the ingredients cast by Macbeth's witches 'i' th' charmed pot,' they have 'boiled,' or, as it is now-a-days termed, amalgamated, into one great stock; and while this long continuous arterial line has been drawing from the public for goods and passenger traffic considerable receipts, it has been, and at various localities still is, draining its own life-blood 'by the forced construction of a number of sucking branch-lines, which, as far as we can see, are not likely ever to be remunerative.

For some time railway companies deemed it their interest to compete against each other, but this ruinous system was gradually abandoned and is now reversed. The two lines from London to Peterborough, after competing for several months, now divide their profits. The two lines to Edinburgh will probably ere long do the same. But besides this transmutation of competition into combination, public notice was lately given that three of the large arterial lines, namely, the Great Western, the South-Western, and the London and North-Western, were meditating an amalgamation of their respective stocks into one vast concern. On this important project, which for the present has been abandoned, we will offer a very few observations.

We believe it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that the working details of a railway are invariably well executed in proportion to their magnitude:—that, for instance, in the management of the London and North-Western Railway the arrival and departure of trains are better regulated at their large stations than at their small;—that their great manufactories are better and more economically conducted than their little ones;—that the arrangements of Messrs. Pickford and of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne are better at Camden Town than at the small outlying stations;—in short, we most distinctly observed that wherever there was an enormous amount of important business to be transacted, there were invariably to be found assembled superior talents, superior workmen, superior materials; and that, on the other hand, at small and secluded localities, where little work was performed, inferior men, inferior waggons, horses, &c. were employed.

In the old system of travelling it was safer to drive along a lonely road than through crowded streets; old horses as well as old drivers were deemed safer than young ones; in fact the more the traveller was impeded, the less dangerous was his journey. But on our railways, when once a man has tied himself to the tail of a locomotive engine, it matters but little, especially in a fog, whether he flies at the pace of fifty miles an hour, or whether he
crawls,

crawls, as it is now termed, at the rate only of twenty; for, in either case, if there be anything faulty in the works, machinery, or management, accidents may occur to him which it is fearful to contemplate. Considering, therefore, that not only the ability necessary for the general management of a railway, but the intelligence and vigilance requisite at every station and on every portion of the line are found practically to increase according to the demand, and *vice versâ*, it is evident that nothing would prove more fatal to the public as well as ruinous to proprietors than to split an efficient remunerating great railway into two or more inefficient and unremunerating small ones. A little railway, like 'a little war,' is murderous to those engaged in it,—ruinous to those who pay for it; and we are therefore of opinion that it is for the interest of the public not only that traffic should be concentrated as much as possible on large lines, rich enough to purchase management, engineering, servants, and materials of the very best description, but that these great lines by uniting together should voluntarily force themselves to exchange all paltry considerations, mean exactions, and petty projects for those great principles which alone should guide the administration of a *national system* of railways. There can be no doubt that any description of monopoly is abstractedly an evil, but if it be equally true that every inch of railway throughout the country represents an integral portion of a vast legally constituted monopolizing system, the practical question to consider is, not whether monopoly is an evil, but whether, of two evils, it would be more or less convenient for Parliament and the public to deal with *one* monopoly than with *many*;—whether, for instance, it would be more or less easy for Government in recommending alterations of fares, &c. to correspond solely with the directors of the London and North-Western Railway than to communicate *seriatim* with the boards of the several companies to whom the present line originally belonged, each of which might possibly, in opposition to each other, be pursuing a different course of policy.

As the new system has created an enormous increase of traffic, so it has also, *pari passu*, developed talent proportionate to the extraordinary demand for it; and, therefore, whatever may be the imaginary dangers from a concentrated administration of our railways, we feel confident that the public have much greater reason to apprehend the inconveniences; to say the least, that must inevitably result to them from those sudden unreasonable changes of management, or rather of *mismanagement*, which are sure periodically to take place so long as every separate railway monopoly arbitrarily pursues not only its own system, but that which its restless shareholders from time to time may think proper to ordain. At all events, until the best plan of managing
our

our great railways shall have been finally ascertained, and most especially until the unknown liabilities, expenses, and receipts attendant upon the establishment over the surface of our country of a series of iron highways shall have been accurately developed, it must be utterly impossible for any practical man to decide to what extent, if any, the Parliamentary tolls originally levied on the public ought in equity to have been reduced.

The great truth, however, sooner or later must appear; and as the hurricane, however violently it may blow, in due time is invariably succeeded by a breathless calm;—as the ocean waves, although mountain high, shortly subside;—as the darkest night in a few hours turns into bright daylight;—so must the present mystified prospects of our great railways inevitably ere long become clear and transparent as those of any other mercantile firm; and when this moment shall have arrived, we believe a very short time will elapse before Parliament, the amalgamated Railway Boards, and the public, will come to a creditable and amicable adjustment; for while, on the one hand, it can never be the interest of the public to prefer *cheap* to *SAFE* travelling, so it can never be the serious and fixed purpose of any body of men competent to direct the affairs of our arterial railways to exact from the public an exorbitant dividend which must inevitably create condign punishment; for so sure as water finds its own level will British capital always be forthcoming to lower by legitimate competition anything like a continued usurious exaction from the public. But a moment's consideration of the following facts will show that as regards railway tolls the public have as yet no very great reason to complain.

In Herapath's Railway Journal of the 30th of September last it appears that the capital expended on railways now open for traffic, amounting to 148,400,000*l.*, gives a profit of 1·81 per cent. for the half-year, or 3*l.* 12*s.* 4½*d.* per cent. per annum. Deducting the non-paying dividend lines, the dividend on the remainder amounts to 2·09 per cent. for the half-year, or 4*l.* 3*s.* 7½*d.* per cent. per annum.

After ten years' competition with railways the dividends received by the Canal Companies between London and Manchester were in 1846 as follows:—

	Per Cent.
Grand Junction Canal	6
• Oxford	26
• Coventry	25
• Old Birmingham	16
Trent and Mersey	30
Duke of Bridgewater's (private property) say	30

The dividends received by the Grand Junction Canal for the last forty years have averaged 9*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* per cent. per annum.

Great

Great as have been and still are the advantages to the country of our inland navigation, it cannot be denied that the creation of railways was a more hazardous undertaking than the construction of canals. Without, however, offering any opinion as to the relative profits which it has been the fortune of the proprietors of each of these valuable undertakings to divide, we merely repeat that, considering the unknown difficulties which for some time must continue to obscure the future prospects of our railways, it is neither for their interest nor that of the public that the managers of these great national works should in the mean while be cramped by want of means in the development of the important system which it has pleased the Imperial Parliament to commit to their hands instead of to the paternal management of Her Majesty's Government.

If the present alarming depreciation of railway property continue, it is evident that decisive measures, good, bad, or indifferent, will be deemed necessary by the shareholders to prevent if possible further loss; and while, on the one hand, the public ought not to be alarmed at impracticable threats, it is only prudence to consider what will probably be the lamentable results of a civil or rather of an uncivilized warfare between the travelling public and the proprietors of the rails on which they travel. In case the present reduced fares should prove to be unremunerative, we have endeavoured to show that, unless the shareholders in anger elect incompetent managers, the public have no reason to entertain any extra apprehension from accidents;—for the engine-driver might as well desire to run his locomotive over an embankment as a company of proprietors—almost all of whom are railway travellers—become reckless of their property as well as of their lives. Indeed, if railway rates were to be further reduced to-morrow, the public would, we believe, travel as safely, and perhaps even more so, than at present. The result of inadequate rates is not danger, but inconvenience, amounting to deprivation of many of those advantages which the railway system is calculated to bestow upon the country. For instance, to every practical engineer it is well known that pace is just as expensive on rails as on the road. At present the public travel fast, and those who want to go long distances are accommodated with trains that seldom stop. If however it does not suit them to pay for speed, they cannot reasonably expect to have it. If railway companies as well as the public are forced to economise, both we believe would eventually be heavy losers by the transaction. The London and North-Western Company, by taking off their express trains, might at once save upwards of 40,000*l.* a-year, besides severe extra damage to their rails. The railways in general might reduce the number of their trains,—make them stop at every little station,—

station,—run very slow,—suppress the delivery of day-tickets,—curtail the expenses of their station accommodation,—and finally abandon a number of tributary lines upon which large sums of money have been expended. It must be for the public to determine whether, for the sake of a small saving in their fares, which after all are moderate as compared with other travelling charges, they desire not only to forego the accommodation and convenience to which they have lately become accustomed, but to arrest the development of the railway system to its utmost extent, and with its development its profits.

But, whether our railways be eventually governed by high-minded or by narrow-minded principles,—by one well-constituted amalgamated board, or by a series of small disjointed local authorities,—we trust our readers of all politics will cordially join with us in a desire not unappropriate to the commencement of a new year, that the wonderful discovery which it has pleased the Almighty to impart to us, instead of becoming among us a subject of angry dispute, may in every region of the globe bring the human family into friendly communion; that it may dispel national prejudices, assuage animosities; in short, that by creating a feeling of universal gratitude to the Power from which it has proceeded, it may produce on earth peace and good will towards men.

ART. II.—1. *Souvenirs d'un Séjour à Paris durant l'Hiver de 1802 à 1803.*

2. *Le Lac de Côme*, 1830.

3. *Munich et ses Monuments*, 1839.

4. *Souvenirs et Impressions de Voyage*, 1846.

5. *Feuilles détachées de l'Album d'un Homme retiré du Monde.*

(By Baron Wessenberg. Printed only for private circulation.)

BARON WESSENBERG is well remembered in England as special ambassador from Austria during the Belgian conferences of 1831 and 1832. On leaving us he bore away with him, as we believe, the esteem and good will of all parties. His liberal views and lively conversation—his activity and ability in hours of business, and his keen relish for society afterwards,—will not be easily forgotten by those who had the pleasure to know him. Few men contributed more to the life and spirit of any company in which he found himself, combining as he did in a remarkable degree the reserve which his official duty imposed with a most ready and intelligent frankness of communication on any other subject.

The long and busy life of this statesman appears to have been

fraught with many curious incidents. One of these is related by M. Fain in his 'Manuscrit de 1814.' At nearly the close of that campaign Baron Wessenberg was surprised and taken prisoner by a party of insurgent French peasantry between Nancy and Langres, and early on the morning of the 28th of March he was brought before Napoleon at his head-quarters of St. Dizier. He was, we believe, the last foreign minister whom the monarch of France, so lately conqueror and arbiter of Europe, had the opportunity of seeing before his abdication. Napoleon welcomed him with eager courtesies, received him at his own table to breakfast, gave him back his captured papers and portfolio, and finally, after a long and interesting conversation, despatched him on a confidential mission to the Emperor of Austria. But the chances of the war had compelled that sovereign to fall back as far as Dijon at the very time that the events at Paris were in rapid progress of consummation, so that the mission of Baron Wessenberg, never perhaps very hopeful for Napoleon's cause, was quickly nipped in the bud.

The embassy to England in 1831 and 1832 was the last of Baron Wessenberg's important diplomatic services. His principles were not in accordance on all points with the leading influences at Vienna; and the divergence was more strongly felt after the great political changes of 1830 had become established and matured. He retired to his country-seat near Freiburg in Brisgau, where he passed his green old age in the enjoyment of social and lettered ease. It was at that period that he committed to writing some recollections of his life, and some results of his experience; and of these (which we have just enumerated) he allowed a few copies to be printed for the entertainment of his personal friends. But at the age of seventy-four his tranquil retirement was to be suddenly, and strangely broken through. The revolution of this year at Paris was ere long followed by other revolutions at Milan and at Venice, at Presburg and at Prague, and above all at Vienna. Baron Wessenberg was called on to assume the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the leading part in the cabinet at a crisis more perilous for the Austrian monarchy than when the Turkish armies were battering the walls of its capital—more perilous than when Maria Theresa, a fugitive from her German dominions, held forth her infant son amidst the acclamations of the loyal states of Hungary—more perilous than when Napoleon could dictate his bulletins from Schönbrunn.

It is no easy task perhaps, amidst so many momentous changes passing all around—though thanks be to God not as yet amongst us—to direct public attention to any matters of lighter concern. Still, however, our readers may deem that we do them no unacceptable

ceptable service, if we introduce Baron Wessenberg to them on the field of literature. With that view we will first select some miscellaneous extracts from his *Recollections of Paris in 1802*. But considering the length and number of these extracts, we will, instead of inserting the French original, attempt an English version of them.

‘*General Aspect of Paris.*

‘Since the *dix-huit Brumaire*, and above all, since the Treaty of Luneville, which put a close to that fearful struggle from which France, notwithstanding all her victories, had suffered so greatly, Paris had begun to change its aspect. It was still indeed the city of mud and mire (*de boue et de fange*), as Rousseau called it; from its appearance one might have thought that there had been neither sweeping nor repairing since the public entry of Henri Quatre, so dirty were the streets, and so rickety the houses. There was still many a ruin to recal the recent period of havoc, but people thought themselves at the end of their hardest trials, and gave way to the gayest hopes. Everybody sought to blot out the traces of a time which was never to return. There was general joy at the prospect of being able to renew the former intercourse with foreign nations, and the Parisians above all were happy to see thronging in among them a crowd of strangers, whose long absence had been not a little hurtful to them. Industry seemed awakening from a long slumber; and Paris might be compared to an immense ant-hill, where each unit was darting forth to his own objects of activity.

‘Already might the effects of this change be perceived in the tone of society and the way of living. The great public reviews and solemn receptions at the Tuileries prepared the way for the establishment of a new Court. The Republican customs gradually yielded to the splendour of the Consular Government. The drawing-rooms (*salons*) of the Consuls Cambacérès and Le Brun attracted in great numbers all persons eager to take a part in the new order of things.

‘In the *salon* of the Consul Le Brun, the former Secretary of the Chancellor Maupéou, some trace was to be found of the old-fashioned manners. He was the first that made himself remarkable by a certain etiquette. The arm-chairs were ranged in a different line from the common chairs, and a line of demarcation between different orders in society was beginning to be shadowed forth. The wives of the generals and of the great public functionaries by degrees stood aloof from the wives of the Government contractors and brokers. Thus little by little the distinction of ranks came to be felt and seen. The First Consul favoured by all the means he could this transition to the customs of a Monarchy. He removed in succession from around him all *les Roués de la Révolution*. His wife did not venture to associate with any persons of doubtful conduct; it became necessary for her to show the utmost reserve. The anticipations of Napoleon were speedily fulfilled.

‘Ere long everybody became ambitious of the honour to be received

in the salons of the Tuileries. The Commonwealth-men seemed every day to lessen and dwindle before the great number of people that hungered after favours and places. The words *Liberté* and *Egalité* had become void of meaning; they had ceased to express a truth. Never perhaps was any people more inclined to bend before a strongly constituted Government, than was then the people of France; for they felt the absolute necessity of such a Government. The conspiracies that still broke forth from time to time served only to manifest how impotent was the feeble minority, and to supply the First Consul with new pretexts and new facilities to increase his power. Accordingly, I no longer doubted that the hero of the *dix-huit Brumaire* would shortly reach the highest point of dominion, seeing that he was irresistibly borne along to it by the force of circumstances, as much as by his own force of genius. After he was once named Consul for life, he had fewer obstacles to overcome than had the Emperor Augustus before the battle of Actium. The great majority saw in him *l'homme nécessaire*. Neither Moreau as a rival, nor Carnot as a patriot, could any longer be formidable to him.

‘ *The Influenza (La Grippe).*

‘ All Paris was devoted to pleasures and amusements; these were not even put to flight by a horrible influenza, which was accompanied by a malignant ophthalmia, and which during several months made frightful havoc. More than thirty thousand people fell victims to it. This illness, and especially the ophthalmia, its dangerous adjunct, had been imported from Egypt by the troops that returned after the assassination of General Kléber. At Paris it assumed at once an epidemic character, aided no doubt by the extreme humidity which prevailed throughout the winter. For my own part I did not escape. However, I had the good fortune to recover without the help of a physician, by merely following a regimen pointed out in the *Journal des Débats*, and which consisted in frequently applying to the eye affected some tendons of raw veal, and in avoiding all substantial food during the whole course of the illness.’

‘ *The Palais Royal.*

‘ The *Palais Royal* was the principal rendezvous for all idlers, home and foreign, and also for sharpers of every kind. There were the means of gratification ready for every want, every fancy, and every folly. There one might breakfast, dine, read the newspapers, eat ice, dress to the latest fashion, enjoy the pleasures of the theatre—for the *Théâtre Français* and the *Théâtre Montausier* were both within the circumference of the *Palais Royal*—there, in short, might one at one's pleasure, ruin oneself either in purse or in person. The best *restaurateurs*, coffee-houses, and shops of every variety were seen there in the greatest profusion; nor was there any lack of gaming-houses. That at No. 29 was the one which principally attracted foreigners. One day an Englishman lost at it, with the most stoic composure, a hundred thousand francs which he had staked upon one

one card; he withdrew without saying a single word, and never appeared again.

'Masséna one night carried away from it seven hundred thousand francs. The bankers, terrified at his run of luck, offered him next day fifty thousand francs if he would refrain from playing only that single day. He refused, and again was a considerable gainer. The exclusive privilege for these games of chance was farmed out as a branch of the revenue, bringing in not less than six millions yearly, for which the Government did not account to the public. The Ministry of Police and the Military Governor of Paris had each their share in it, as had also several benevolent and charitable institutions. I never entered but once any of those dens of despair. I was not a little surprised at meeting there a German of my acquaintance, once a merchant of credit, but who, after having failed in business, sunk so low as to accept from the farmers of the bank a sort of salary, on condition of bringing to their play-table new customers from among the foreigners at Paris.

'Fouché had just been reforming the police of the *Palais Royal*. When I first arrived at Paris, one used often to be assailed there in no seemly manner by a whole swarm of Houris, some of them of the lowest order, and one could not always get clear of them without leaving some money behind. At last, to avoid complaints, they had formed the plan of establishing a kind of police amongst themselves, by submitting to the authority of a chief, chosen in their own ranks. This chief had taken the title of *Madame Joséphine*, in allusion to the wife of the First Consul, and used to levy a moderate toll on the passers by, who after they had paid the toll were allowed to wander freely through the midst of this commonwealth of *grisettes*; their principal bazaar being the *Théâtre Montausier*. For this reason no respectable woman durst appear at that theatre; even its boxes were open to the humblest votaries of Venus. On one occasion a German lady of high birth ventured to step in from curiosity, and was on the point of becoming the victim of a brutal Englishman, who, more than half-drunk, only replied to her refusals by horrible God-damns! Fouché at last reduced all these wretched creatures to a severe discipline; and above all, limited the number of those who were permitted to frequent the theatres and the *Palais Royal*; notwithstanding which rule, they were still occasionally to be seen there in considerable crowds.'

' *Le Grand Monde.*

'The pleasures of the great world (as they are commonly called), namely, besides plays, great parties, routs, full-dress balls, and state dinners—all these had been set on foot again under the Consulate. The First Consul always invited to dinner a great number of foreigners on his days *de grande réception*. On such a day the first business was always a splendid military review in the court of the Tuileries. The *Corps Diplomatique* and the foreigners in its train had sometimes to wait for several hours before they were ushered into the hall of audience. The dinners of the First Consul never lasted

• beyond

beyond three-quarters of an hour, and were in general followed by a concert, where one sometimes heard excellent Italian music. But the dinners of the most renown were those given by the Second Consul, M. Cambacérès; they were directed by one M. d'Aigrefeuille, a gentleman of the ancient long robe, a friend of the master of the house, and one of the highest authorities on all questions of good cheer. Cambacérès, quite satisfied with filling the second place, thought only of maintaining a high position amidst the new order of things, and had frankly devoted himself to the future Emperor, who on his part had never any reason to regret the confidence which he granted him. Nothing could exceed his courtesy to all the foreigners who were introduced at his house.

'M. de Talleyrand lived *en grand Seigneur* and saw a great deal of company. His dinners were each a type of the most exquisite cheer. In the evening, the great diplomat was as it were lost to society, for he always concluded his day by a party at whist, that seemed to have no end. His play was very high—five *louis* the point, besides bets. Madame de Talleyrand, a very good kind of woman, very ignorant, and with only some remains of beauty, added little either to the brilliancy or to the pleasantness of the house. It has never been clearly understood what motives *Monseigneur* the ex-Bishop can have had for contracting such a marriage. It has been said that he began by spending the fair lady's fortune; but I do not think that he would have considered that a reason for making her his wife! On one occasion a friend of his addressed to him a question on the subject, expressing his surprise how he could have given his hand to so silly a woman (*une femme si nulle*). M. de Talleyrand answered, "Had I known any one sillier still, she should have been my choice!" The Pope, by a brief dated June 29, 1802, had absolved M. de Talleyrand from every excommunication, and authorised him to wear a layman's dress.*

' Murat,

* We must step aside here for a moment to observe that we found lately some to us new details concerning the early history of Madame de Talleyrand, in a volume from which no one could have anticipated fresh information on that subject, or even the slightest allusion to it. We refer to a biography of Charles Macintosh, F.R.S., printed by his son 'for private circulation,' in 1847. This little volume will not be overlooked by those curious as to the history of science; for the gentleman whose name is popularly known only in connexion with our water-proof capes and cloaks, was in fact a scientific chemist of great and varied accomplishment. But to our own point—Charles Macintosh had an elder brother, William, whose name survives as author of a book entitled 'Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.' This William Macintosh was a merchant, a planter, and also a chemist; and among many varieties of fortune and occupation, he was established in trade at Calcutta during the government of Warren Hastings. Not the least important incident of that period was the trial of Hastings' great enemy, Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Francis, for *crim. con.* With Mrs. Grand, a young lady of Scotch origin, wife of a practitioner at the Calcutta bar. This lady being deserted by Francis very soon after the exposure of their intercourse, found refuge, it seems, under the roof of Mr. William Macintosh. She lived for some time with him—accompanied him to Europe—and, his affairs making it convenient for him to take up his residence in France, was found at the opening of the Revolution an inmate in his house. He had claims on the government of France, which all the revolutionary administrations successively evaded; he seems to have been reduced to great straits, and in the course of his anxious negotiations,

'Murat, who was then Governor of Paris, likewise kept open house. His wife, afterwards Queen Caroline of Naples, although still rather a novice in the ways of fashionable life, pleased notwithstanding, from her cleverness, and from her agreeable manners, without any tinge of pride. The goodness of her heart was generally praised. Her husband was a true Hussar, and what they commonly call a good fellow (*bon diable*); he talked of nothing besides horses and hunting—but he showed great politeness to all strangers. The other generals troubled themselves little about society. Moreau, who lived almost wholly in the country, at his château of Gros-bois, would have been willing enough to receive foreigners at his house, but he was on ill terms with the First Consul, notwithstanding the advances which the latter had made to him—and his mother-in-law Madame Hulot, a great dabbler at intrigue, was ever busy in adding fresh fuel to his jealousy. Thus it was necessary to be very circumspect in any intercourse with him. Moreau was even ostentatious in displaying his angry displeasure, and never appeared dressed in uniform. Bernadotte belonged to the same party, but was much more reserved and more afraid of committing himself. Besides, he had some family ties with the First Consul through his wife, who was the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's. I watched pretty closely all the underhand dealings of this party, and soon became convinced that they had not among them a single mind so strong as ever to be formidable to him who had dared attempt the *Dix-huit Brumaire*.

'Among the Nabobs of the *Chaussée d'Antin* there was none but M. Recamier who kept open house. His balls every Monday were frequented by all the most distinguished and fashionable people, both French and foreign.

'In general the foreigners at Paris did not contribute much to the charms of its society. Some ladies used to receive some of their acquaintance; such as the Princess Dolgorouki, the Countess Zamoiska, who was then beautiful as an angel, and the Duchess de Riario, but that was all; the ambassadors did not go beyond a state dinner at long intervals, or a tiresome rout. The wife of the Prussian Minister,

negotiations, Mrs. Grand was often employed by him when not in Paris to wait on persons in power on his behalf. On one occasion she thus attended the levee of Citizen Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun; who, being smitten with her nullity, invited her to remain under his roof. Thus ended her connexion with the Calcutta friend—who subsequently, in some manner still mysterious, attracted the suspicion of Buonaparte, as supposed to be in correspondence with the exiled Louis XVIII.—was arrested at Eisenach, and held in a tedious imprisonment, from the effects of which his health never recovered. On the Restoration—by which time he was dead—his only daughter, the Countess de Collville, received some part of the property to which his claims had referred. Madame de Talleyrand's subsequent history is also sketched:—her husband, we are told, being weary of her, she was appointed to receive Ferdinand VII. of Spain at Valençay—where the Châtelaine (no longer young, but skilfully preserved) spared nothing to alleviate her royal guest's captivity. She was at Paris when Napoleon escaped from Elba—but instantly took the alarm, and arrived in London before he reached the Tuileries. It must be inferred from this narrative, if we are to accept its authority, that the lady's money could have had no share in elevating her to the position of Talleyrand's wife any more than to that of Ferdinand's mistress.

Madame

Madame de Luchesini, had a small circle of her own. This lady took great pains to disguise the fact of her having passed for some time the limit-line of forty, and used, it is said, to go to bed every afternoon, in the hope that when she appeared at parties, a few hours later, her complexion might be restored to all its morning freshness. She doted on Paris, and feared nothing so much as to see her husband recalled. Madame de Staël used to say of him, that he was a man whose eminent abilities were always under the direction of a peculiarly supple character.'

*
'Josephine.

'The First Consul's wife had no political importance; all her lustre came from her exalted position. Perhaps it may be said that her negative qualities formed her principal claim to the affections of her husband, who would have been sorely perplexed had his wife attempted to shine as he did by genius, or to mix in business. Madame Josephine thought only of shining by her toilet; this was her grand affair, her grand passion, and of this the milliners and mantuamakers did not fail to make their harvest. It appeared that in the very first year of the Consulate her debts already amounted to twelve hundred thousand *livres*, which was on the point of producing a serious matrimonial quarrel. Talleyrand and Ouvrard undertook to settle the affair, and make up the deficit. I really think that her gewgaws and millinery had something to do with her divorce. To make millions of debt for millinery! such an idea could scarcely enter the head of a man more zealous perhaps than any that ever lived for administrative precision and good order. The only wedding present which Bonaparte had ever made his wife was a plain necklace, in which bands of hair were fastened to an enamelled plate of gold, and on this were inscribed the words "To destiny" (*Au destin*).

'Napoleon, in speaking of his two wives, said, the first never asked for anything, but she owed money everywhere; the second did not hesitate to ask when she had no money left, but this very seldom happened; she would not have thought it right to make any purchase without immediate payment. The *secrétaire des commandements* of the Empress Josephine was the most miserable of men; since he saw himself constantly on the brink either of losing the favour of his mistress, when he attempted to check her lavish expenses, or of having to bribe her creditors to patience and quiet; or else, on discovery, of undergoing the wrath of the master, and it is well known what terror that wrath inspired. Madame Josephine used to shed tears readily at the slightest annoyance or mischance, but no sooner was a new gown brought in, than all her sorrows seemed to vanish from her mind. Bourrienne declared, that if one were to retrench from her life the time which she passed in either crying or dressing, her mortal span would be very considerably lessened!

'Nevertheless Madame Bonaparte combined several very estimable qualities. It was her misfortune not to have given a son to her illustrious husband. She was sincerely attached to his person, and perhaps even more to his glory and his fortune. For this she ought
not

not surely to be censured. She was the best of mothers, most kind also to all her kindred, and there has only been one voice as to her boundless charity and good-nature.

'The First Consul, who at the first period of his marriage was devotedly fond of his wife, extended his attachment in no slight degree to her children. The son, Eugène Beauharnais, at the time of which I am speaking, was an officer in the *Guides de la Garde Consulaire*. He was of promising abilities, and, considering his age, had a remarkable *aplomb*. The daughter, Hortense, had been spoiled by her mother, but in other respects was very well educated, thanks to the care of Madame Campan. She looked to a throne, and Louis Bonaparte had to give her his hand. Never were husband and wife worse suited to each other; a divorce took place between them on the very day of their marriage.'

From Paris we will now pass to Munich, where our author's recollections are thirty-seven years later—of 1839, instead of 1802. Our readers will best appreciate the immense architectural exertions of King Louis when they hear Baron Wessenberg's opinion that had his Majesty chosen another site for them—Ratisbon especially—the new city would in twenty years have not only rivalled but surpassed every city in Germany, not excepting even Venice or Berlin:—

'Munich made on me the impression of an oasis—a fine one, I admit—in the midst of a desert. No other name can be given to the melancholy plain, destitute of every charm, which surrounds it. In every direction the eye can only discern gloomy fir-woods and arid fields. I am doubtful whether the town has really gained much by its prodigious increase. The old town, the streets especially of Kaufingen and Sendlingen, have preserved the aspect of a time the memory of which is dear to the Bavarians. The new town, built far beyond the limits of the old, is better planned and with larger open spaces; it is adorned with stately buildings, and aims at rivalling the classic ages. Even now, however, the old town has most of business and stir in it, because it comprises the *bourgeoisie*, properly so called, the real tradespeople, the shops and the workshops of every kind; while the new town with its wide deserted streets has an air of majestic melancholy, in spite of all the grandeur of its palaces. By dint of vast expense one may make any city look fine, but it can never be rendered permanently populous or wealthy, if not favoured in its geographical position and its political bearings.

'Munich, placed as it is out of reach of the main lines of communication, on a barren soil, and to the north of the Alps which divide Bavaria and Austria—can never become a central point or mart of riches.

'The vital principle of all prosperity—I mean commerce on a large scale—is wanting to Munich, and can never be supplied. In this respect Bavaria has only one spot eminently favoured by nature, and that spot is Ratisbon. That ancient town, once a free city of the
• Empire,

Empire, placed in the centre of the Bavarian kingdom, and seated on the most splendid and most navigable stream of Europe, in the midst of a rich and fertile country—Ratisbon, I say, once transformed into a capital, might in less than twenty years have become the first city in Germany. King Louis resolved to preserve the ancient residence of his fathers: he did not wish to consign to gloom and mourning all the good honest men and all the pretty women of Munich; he did not wish to part with or to sever from the abodes of his own earliest years; he has wished to embellish and improve a place so full of historic and personal recollections;—and who is there that could blame him for that feeling?

From Munich our author naturally deviates to the progress of architecture among *les bons citoyens de Vienne*:—

'In Austria, the progress of architecture has certainly of late been remarkable, as is proved by a large number of handsome and well-constructed houses at Vienna and at Prague, and in the neighbourhood of both these capitals. Nay, I venture to think, that as to all points of internal distribution, and the best means of combining comfort with elegance, people are here fully as skilful as in France. But the *Style Grandiose* is as yet but little seen. I am speaking of the German states, for the Italian provinces of the Empire abound in architects of the highest merit. The most celebrated now at Vienna are, MM. Nobile, Moreau, Kornhäusel, and Schemerl. The first has built the pretty villa of Prince Metternich in the suburbs. It was Kornhäusel who drew the plans of another still more splendid, belonging to the Archduke Charles, near Baden, and called Weilburg. Among all the new public buildings, the most remarkable beyond all question is the Mint, of which Professor Springer was the architect. It is distinguished above all the other edifices by its lofty and fine proportions. One building of great beauty is the new Cathedral of Erlau, constructed at the expense of the learned and venerable Archbishop Ladislaus Pyrker, in the Greco-Roman style, by an Hungarian architect, M. Hild, who studied at Rome. The Temple of Theseus and the new gate between the Imperial Palace and the suburb, both after the designs of M. Nobile, are faulty in their site. The gate especially, constructed in a good style, but a little flattened, forms too striking a contrast with the old architectural rubbish near it. However, the inscription placed on the architrave in front of the palace is alone equal in value to the noblest of monuments. The words "JUSTITIA REGNORUM FUNDAMENTUM," words which contain the highest lesson that can be taught to sovereigns, and which comprise the whole science of government, will celebrate, more worthily than could any masterpiece of art, the memory of the enlightened Prince who has caused this gate to be erected.'

The *Souvenirs de Voyage* refer chiefly to Switzerland and its society, as will be seen by the following fragments of a journal:—

' *Genève* in 1829.

' *October 22*.—This evening I had an invitation from M. Sismondi
to

to his country-house. To do me honour he had asked a crowd of other people, but they were prevented from coming by the bad weather. My friend Bonstetten was the only one that did not fail. M. Sismondi is quite a storehouse of knowledge. What that man must have read and studied in the course of his life is really immense. Excepting only his antipathy and prejudice whenever the House of Austria is in question, I look upon him as one of the most profound and exact of modern historians. His conversation is very lively and instructive. Madame Sismondi is sister-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh in London.

‘I ended my day at the house of Madame B., the wife of the celebrated physician. This good woman, bending under the weight of more than seventy years, boasted to me at great length of the high reputation which the ladies of Geneva enjoy, assuring me that all the attempts of the most practised rakes and seducers entirely failed, whenever they came to be applied to her dear countrywomen. I do not know whether, notwithstanding my more than fifty years, she was pleased to consider me still a dangerous man. On my part I assured her, whilst scanning with my eye her figure of mere skin and bone, that the renown of Genevese virtue had spread throughout all Europe, and that there was only one voice as to the purity of morals at Geneva; a purity which, no doubt, must have driven to despair many a Lovelace on his travels. Bonstetten was very much amused at this conversation. This same Madame B. said to the Empress Josephine, who after her divorce from Napoleon came to pass some time in the neighbourhood of Geneva, that now Her Majesty was released from the pomps of the world, she ought to employ her leisure in writing her memoirs, where, no doubt, added Madame B., “one would find some scenes very high, and some very low!”

‘October 23.—I received this morning a visit from Sir Francis d’Ivernois, who involved me in several arguments on points of political economy. October 24.—I dined with Sir Francis d’Ivernois at his country-house, meeting there my friend Bonstetten and some others. Our party was very pleasant; the dinner and wines were excellent. Sir Francis happily was more sparing than usual of his arithmetical figures. He talked a great deal of the late Mr. Pitt, who had been his protector, and had granted him a considerable pension, in reward of the publications which he had put forth against the new order of things in France. I suspect that the great financier William Pitt may have been a little jealous of the great administrator Napoleon.’

We may say in passing that we cannot at all concur in the suspicion which Baron Wessenberg has here expressed.

But perhaps the most interesting and valuable of Baron Wessenberg’s productions are his *Pensées*, composed as they are by no imaginative theorist, by no secluded student, but by a man both experienced and eminent in the practical business of life. He has divided his reflections into classes, from which we shall now proceed to make several extracts. But their close and epigrammatic

matic turn would suffer so greatly in a translation (at least from our hands) that we shall prefer to transcribe them from the French original.

Théorie du Bonheur.

‘Toute la science du bonheur est renfermée dans un seul mot, et ce mot est OCCUPATION. Tout dépend de savoir remplir le vide de la vie.

‘La vie la plus occupée sera la moins malheureuse.

‘On ne peut vivre qu’avec des illusions, et dès qu’on a un peu vécu toutes les illusions s’envolent. Il n’y a de bon qu’une occupation dont on soit toujours sûr, et qui nous mène jusqu’au bout en nous empêchant de nous ronger nous-mêmes.

‘Il faut savoir aimer sa destinée. Il ne dépend pas de nous de la changer, mais il dépend de nous de nous attacher à une occupation qui préserve, comme disait le grand Bossuet, de cet inexorable ennui qui fait le fond de la vie humaine.

‘On n’échappe toutefois à l’ennui que moyennant une occupation habituelle qui se répète chaque jour, ayant un but déterminé. Les occupations sérieuses sont celles qui répandent le plus de calme dans notre âme. Les occupations frivoles et de pur amusement distraient momentanément, mais ne désennuient pas ; au lieu de remplir le vide qu’on sent en soi, elles en ouvrent toujours un nouveau.’

Expériences.

‘On va plus loin avec les idées des autres qu’avec les siennes.

‘Ce n’est pas le zèle qui est récompensé—c’est le savoir faire.

‘Pour savoir vivre il faut avoir souffert. Celui qui n’a pas souffert que sait-il ?

‘Il manque quelque chose à l’homme qui n’a pas éprouvé le malheur.

‘Le succès est presque toujours une affaire d’apropos.

‘On ne va pas à la gloire par le bonheur.

‘On peut mépriser le monde, mais on ne peut pas s’en passer.

‘Savoir attendre est le grand moyen de parvenir.

‘On n’est souvent mécontent des autres que parcequ’on l’est de soi-même.

‘Rien de plus hautain qu’un homme médiocre devenu puissant.

‘Les hommes promettent selon leurs espérances et tiennent leurs promesses selon leurs craintes.

‘L’indifférence blesse souvent plus profondément que l’injustice.

‘Souvent il faut se garder plus de ses amis que de ses ennemis ; du moins ces derniers ne donnent pas de conseils !

‘Notre secret est rarement trahi par ceux qui le savent, mais le plus souvent par ceux qui le devinent.’

Observations.

‘Ce qui empêche la plupart des hommes de faire grand’ chose, c’est qu’il leur faut un temps incroyable pour ne rien faire.

‘Il n’est pas donné à l’homme de s’arrêter sur une pente.

‘La

‘La raison de l’homme ressemble au globe qu’il habite; la moitié en est plongée dans les ténèbres quand l’autre est éclairée (*mot attribué à Robespierre*).

‘Les désœuvrés n’aiment pas les gens qui s’occupent; ils ne comprennent pas la volupté du travail.

‘Les médiocrités utiles ont plus de chance que les grands talents; ceux-ci veulent se faire valoir pour eux-mêmes, tandis que les autres se contentent de faire valoir ceux qui les protègent.

‘La grande vanité des hommes en place est d’avoir tout prévu.

‘La renommée est une fumée qu’il faut renouveler sans cesse, si l’on veut qu’elle dure.

‘L’affection est toujours l’ennemie de la médiocrité.

‘Il y a, disait Monsieur de Talleyrand, quelqu’un qui a plus d’esprit que personne, c’est tout le monde.

‘Il faut être bien dépourvu de science pour se croire très-savant.

‘Combien de soi-disant grands hommes ont besoin, pour faire effet, du prestige de l’éloignement, et d’un costume de théâtre!

‘Il y a cent bonnes têtes pour une âme ferme.

‘Les têtes qui passent pour profondes ne sont souvent que des têtes creuses.

‘La supériorité d’un homme en place, qui ne s’entoure que de médiocrités, est toujours suspecte.

‘*Les Hommes et la Société.*

‘Montesquieu distingue dans la société deux sortes d’hommes—“ceux qui amusent par opposition avec ceux qui pensent.” Ah Montesquieu! pourquoi oubliez-vous la troisième, et non la moins nombreuse espèce, celle des hommes qui ne pensent ni amusent?

‘Que sont devenues ces bonnes manières qui faisaient la réputation de la société d’autrefois? J’ai encore entendu les lamentations de M. de Talleyrand à ce sujet; “On se piquait,” disait-il, “jadis d’avoir de grandes manières, de belles manières, de manières nobles, élégantes, distinguées; aujourd’hui on se pique de n’en avoir pas du tout. Les femmes ne savent plus occuper le sofa, faire les honneurs d’un salon, animer et diriger une conversation; de leur côté les hommes ne savent plus quoi faire de leurs bras et de leurs jambes: ils affectent un laissez-aller, souvent peu décent, et ne font aucun frais d’aimabilité. Etre prévenant, poli, affable, c’est à leurs yeux porter préjudice à l’indépendance, la seule chose à laquelle on vise aujourd’hui.”

‘*Règles de Politique.*

‘La politique est le discernement de ce qui mène au but.

‘Aujourd’hui la politique ne consiste plus dans la finesse; l’art en est usé; elle consiste selon les situations, ou dans la franchise, ou dans le silence.

‘Le grand point est de savoir garder les mains libres pour pouvoir agir selon les circonstances.

‘Pour rester indépendant il faut éviter tout engagement inutile, et n’en prendre jamais qui ne soit nécessaire.

‘La religion en politique consiste à savoir faire un sacrifice à temps.

Prendre

Prendre l'initiative d'une concession devenue inévitable est le seul moyen d'en atténuer le poids et d'en éviter un plus grand.

‘En général il vaut mieux aborder le malheur en front que de l'attendre dans l'inaction. En l'envisageant dans toute son étendue on s'aperçoit plus facilement comment il est encore possible d'échapper à toutes ses conséquences.’

We have no desire to connect with these specimens of Baron Wessenberg's literary lucubrations any remarks or speculations concerning the extraordinary events that have recalled him to a foremost place in the anxieties of public life. A subject so grave and complex requires separate treatment.

ART. III.—*Presbytery examined: an Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation.* By the Duke of Argyll. London. Post 8vo. 1848.

IT is scarcely possible to exaggerate the social and political importance which, in the present state of human affairs, attaches to the individual characters of the members of the British aristocracy. Europe leads the world; England is the sheet-anchor of Europe; the British throne is the centre of those institutions, which both represent and determine the conditions of our social existence; with the destinies of the throne those of the aristocracy are inseparably bound up; the illustrious order of our nobles is at least one of the massive pillars, all of which are absolutely essential to its support. But on what foundation, in this time of trouble and of universal concussion, is that order itself to rest? Partly on its wealth, partly on ‘that great aid of government, more powerful than either law or reason, the respect for ancient rights and the deference to prescriptive authority;’* but along with and even more than these, on its strength in personal character, on the union of intellectual energy and appreciation of the times with sterling pre-eminence in virtue; on combining the qualities which stamp the aristocracy of nature with those ‘*quæ non fecimus ipsi*,’ with station, property, birth, and the splendid associations of earlier times. Every weak, or thoughtless, or profligate peer, is, in the present day, nothing less than a national scandal and misfortune. But every peer who employs the opportunities furnished by his high position, together with his natural gifts; in conscientious labour for the public good, is now more than ever an ornament and a bulwark to the State, and a blessing to the people.

* Sir R. Peel's Address to the Electors of Tamworth, January, 1835.

It is therefore with unfeigned satisfaction that we find another of our nobles—one of the highest in rank, and not the least wealthy in traditional fame—adding himself to the number of those who are pledged in the face of the world, by early efforts, to a life of continued labour. The Duke of Argyll has not entered the field of ostensible authorship with any light or frivolous aim, nor has he incurred the heavier responsibility of handling subjects of deep moment to human destiny for the purpose of displaying his intellectual gifts. The theme he has chosen is one of universal Scottish interest, and has points of contact with a wider sphere: while his pages bear throughout the marks of an earnestness not to be mistaken, besides that they present specimens of acuteness and of eloquence full of promise for his literary fame.

Let him now describe for himself the motives which have induced him to compose the work.

‘Its great object is to give a comprehensive sketch of the principles and tendencies of the Scottish Reformation; to distinguish those which are primary and essential from those which, being the growth of accidental circumstances, are local in their origin, and as local in their meaning; and especially to point out the value of the former in the existing controversies of the Christian Church.’—*Preface*, p. v.

We will endeavour to exhibit in a summary form the mode in which this purpose is developed; and we should do little justice to the spirit of unceremonious freedom which the Duke himself displays, if we refrained from as freely canvassing the points in which we presume to hope, that a prolonged experience and continued study will lead to some modification, and likewise to some extension of his views.

His subject is, indeed, one which requires only to be named in order to produce in the mind a vague sense of turmoil and embarrassment: ‘the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation,’ with its entangled facts and its hot and enduring passions, has an infelicity both ways: by the first it repels the general reader, and by the second it puts the Scotsman beside himself. In a case of so much difficulty, it is at least refreshing to find that the Duke of Argyll does not merely repeat or reproduce the statements and opinions of any former writer or school. Yet for the problems of the Church History of Scotland the solution which he has found is more original, to our view, than satisfactory. But this we must add in common justice: in lifting himself above the dogmatic narrowness of stereotyped Calvinism, he has in no jot abated from the fixedness and warmth that honourably distinguish his countrymen in matters of religion.

It is very good and just to separate ‘primary and essential’ principles from those which are ‘local’ and ‘accidental;’ but it is

an astounding result of that process in the present case, and at once inspires misgivings as to the mode in which it has been conducted, that the true principles of Scottish Presbytery on the nature of 'the Church,' including its essential relations to the State, were in fact those (Preface, p. vii.) of Dr. Arnold! There are few, we believe, among us, who opine that the hyper-Erastian theories of that distinguished person are destined to be realized any where in time or space; fewer, still who think that they have already received within the bounds of Christendom an actual and historical development; fewest of all, and by far fewest—indeed we question whether a second could be found to act with the Duke of Argyll as teller in the division on the question—who would hold that that development is exhibited in the not unfamiliar and seemingly very different features of 'Scottish Presbytery.'

According to the general, and as we believe the correct view, both in their merits and in their faults, the principles of Presbytery were the farthest possible from those of Dr. Arnold. *His*, largely tolerant, rather loosely dogmatic, most of all accommodating to the State, of which they made the whole Church organization a department, and regarded the Church in its essence as one side or aspect; whereas we take it to be undeniable that, of all reformed communions, if not of all Christian communions, the Presbyterian has been the last and most reluctant to admit the principles of toleration, the tightest and most rigid in respect to its dogmas, but above all, the most jealous in asserting, and the most resolute in realizing the separation, not only in their origin, but in their whole course and movement, between secular and ecclesiastical power. Now it is plain that on all these points, which are the main distinguishing features of the system, Dr. Arnold and Presbytery are not only not in unison, but are absolutely the symbols of contradictory ideas; and it seems strange that a person who, like the Duke of Argyll, thoroughly sympathises in opinion with one of the extremes, should, not simply mediate between them, but actually undertake to prove their identity. Upon this enterprise, however, the Duke of Argyll has entered, armed as he says with no other weapon than a test which enables him to separate between local or accidental, and primary or essential tendencies. Those deeply ingrained and broadly expanded characteristics, which we have enumerated, of the religion thrice after national convulsion established in Scotland, the Duke of Argyll quietly shells off and flings aside as 'local' and 'accidental' peculiarities. They are however properties, out of which the whole tissue of its distinctive history is woven, and which have recently proved their enduring juvenescence,

nescence, by an event perhaps the most remarkable even in that history, the secession of 1843, and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland. The truth is, as this book appears to us to tell it, that the noble writer has a laudable admiration for the traditions of his country and of his distinguished house, together with a warm and passionate attachment to the views of Dr. Arnold; and, like many other men of energetic temper, he is determined that those whom he loves so well shall, perforce if need be, agree together; therefore he joins in compulsory wedlock the hands of two worthy persons, who never saw one another before, and never will again.

But let us proceed to examine what are the peculiarities which remain behind as 'primary and essential,' after these local and accidental qualities have been riddled away. We have abstracted, be it recollected, from the ancient Scottish Presbyterianism that element which guided the pen of Rutherford when he led the forlorn hope for the broad undisguised principle of religious persecution, and which prompted the 'Pilgrim Fathers' of America to banish Quakers, as such, under pain of death, while the Roman Catholics in Maryland and (a little later) the Churchmen of Carolina founded their respective polities upon the basis of general toleration; we have abstracted that element of dogmatic narrowness which led the Scottish parliament of 1567 to declare by law that the adherents of the Reformation alone constituted the Church of Christ in that nation, and which gave such concentration and intensity to the religious energies of their party through many generations; we have likewise abstracted that celebrated idea, expressed, with however little of technical accuracy, under the phrase of 'the sole headship of the Lord Jesus,' which, even within the last five years, has, by a conspicuous act of self-sacrifice, given for the first time to Scottish Presbyterianism an European fame. Having thus put away the local and accidental, the Duke of Argyll promises to serve up the primary and essential; not, however, that which, like the Apostles' creed, being common to all Christendom, was simply retained in Scotland, but that in respect of which she claims either the honours of discovery or, at least, those of peculiar and distinctive development.

And this promise, we must say, is but ill kept. We are told of certain 'great fundamental maxims' (pp. 32, 33) which the Scotch Reformers raised against their opponents: first, 'of the ultimate authority of Scripture as interpreted, and interpreted only, by itself;' secondly, 'of the powerlessness of *realms and councils* to render obligatory on their belief positions which could be proved to be dissonant therewith.' But as to the second of these

maxims, *quis vituperavit?*—who has questioned it? To say that realms and councils cannot oblige us to believe what can be proved to be dissonant from Scripture, was not so much, the Pope himself would have told us, to declare a truth as to vent a truism: Then, with respect to the first of these ‘great fundamental maxims,’ with what semblance or shadow of truth are we to be taught that Scripture according to the Reformers of any country, most of all those of Scotland, was to be ‘interpreted only by itself?’ That is indeed a maxim great enough, and fundamental enough, among those persons who in this or other countries have adopted it, and have consequently rejected the use of creeds and formularies. Such are the English Dissenters, the vast majority of whom are Trinitarian; such are the Irish Arian Remonstrants; such are the prevailing parties in Northern Germany and in Geneva, who either reject subscription or declare *à haute voix* that they are not bound by what they subscribe. But it was far otherwise with the Reformers. It was not the dogma of private judgment, says Mr. Hallam,* that Luther proclaimed. If, while he denounced it, he acted upon it, of course unawares, for himself, it is at least open to argument whether he is not to be judged and appreciated more by his deliberate convictions than by his unconscious tendencies. But of all Reformers the Scotch were certainly those who most rigidly excluded the private judgment of all men other than themselves. It is true, indeed, that the ‘Westminster Confession’ declares that the people ought to read and search the Scriptures (chap. i. sec. viii.). But in this Henry VIII. was beforehand with the framers of that document. Again, it declares that the Holy Spirit is the Supreme Judge, and that the infallible rule of interpretation is the Scripture itself (sec. x.; sec. ix.). But these declarations do not touch the question. It is not, who is the Judge, or by what rule does He proceed? It is, by what organ does He communicate the sense of Scripture to the private person? The answer is found in the ‘National Covenant or Confession of Faith,’ which, not as in England, the clergy and the learned, but all the King’s subjects, ‘of what rank and quality soever,’† were bound ‘under all civil pains’ to subscribe, and by which they declared as follows:—

‘We, *all and every one of us under written*, protest that after long and due examination of our own consciences in matters of true and false religion, we are now thoroughly resolved in the truth by the word and Spirit of God; and therefore we believe with our hearts, confess with our mouths, subscribe with our hands, and constantly affirm, before God and the whole world, that’—

* Literature of Europe, iv. 60, 61.

† Charles I., Parl. ii. Act 5.

That what?—that Scripture is to be interpreted, and interpreted only, by itself? No: that—

‘this only is the true Christian faith and religion which *now* is, by the mercy of God, revealed to the world by the preaching of the blessed Evangel, and is received . . . by the Kirk of Scotland . . . as more particularly is expressed in the CONFESSION OF OUR FAITH.’

Such is the opening clause of the ‘National Covenant or Confession of Faith’ subscribed at various dates by persons of all ranks between 1580 and 1651; and having reference originally to the Confession set forth in 1560, subsequently to that of 1643. Far, then, from thinking that Holy Scripture was to be interpreted by, and only by, itself, they themselves supplied a singularly detailed and an authoritative interpretation for it. And, moreover, they differed from the Reformers of England, and, so far as we are aware, from those of Germany, in requiring that the documents in which they embodied their interpretation of Scripture—which, as they did not scruple to declare, they had received by ‘revelation’—should, in perfect consistency with that astounding assumption, be subscribed and adopted not only by the clergy and the learned, but in every detail, by every peasant and artisan throughout the country. Nor is it possible to escape by saying that *ultimate* authority was reserved to Holy Scripture. No appeal was allowed from the ‘Confession of Faith;’ and therefore in this case the distinction between ultimate and any other authority had no existence in the mind of the Scotch theologians.

The Duke of Argyll has sufficiently emancipated himself from prejudice to denounce the inconsistency of Protestant persecutions (p. 31); nay, he rises to the very heaven of philosophic and rather scornful impartiality, when he says:—

‘As regards the spirit of intolerance, the historian may smile at the mutual recriminations of rival Churchmen.’—p. 24.

But we have read with some surprise what he has written of the opinions of the Reformers respecting toleration, and this, we must add, in a passage worthy of all commendation for its literary merit. He is describing Geneva at the time when Melvill resided there:—

‘The society to be met with at Geneva was at that time, and had been for many years before, of no common interest. From the first moment that persecution had begun its work, that city, with some other towns of Switzerland, had been the refuge of the proscribed of Europe. Her streets and shores were thronged by men who had been chief actors in some of the most remarkable scenes of the world’s history. There were there those who, in the heart of Italy and Spain, had been reached by the light which the Inquisition so fatally, so diabolically, quenched—

quenched—men who, in reference to their own countries, were as “the gleanings of grapes when the vintage is done,” and with whose exile the sceptre departed from the one, and the revival of national life was postponed (how long?) amongst the other, people. There were there those who, in the convent of San Isidro, under the walls of Seville, had heard and accepted the great doctrines of the Reformed, and from the haven of whose new convictions there had been promise that even the monks of Spain would have been blessings to their country. There were those who from almost every academy and city of Italy had gathered round Renée, duchess of Ferrara, and had enjoyed among themselves and in her society the converse of awakened mind. Nor were there wanting others, the interest of whose character was not dependent only on their new beliefs. There were there—the honoured guests or cherished teachers of that city-state—some of the greatest intellects of the time, in all the various departments of science and philosophy. It was as a great focus of the mental world to which every month, every week, almost every day, was bringing some new visit from some distinguished name. There was therefore large experience to be gathered from that narrow spot. The history of almost each individual there was connected, more or less, with the deepest interests of the day; each had his own narrative to give of when and how he had been awakened to the sense of truths which the tramp of ages had been treading deeper and deeper under foot; whilst not a few could also add to graver matters the stirring incidents of personal adventure—could tell how narrowly they had escaped the horrid deaths to which their friends or relations had fallen victims—the fires of Seville or the canals of Venice.

‘Such was the society (and most powerful was its influence, not on him only, but through him upon his countrymen) of which our young Scotchman had now become a member: and in this society he soon took a distinguished place. He became the intimate friend of Beza, and the sphere of his acquaintance was still farther widened by the dreadful events of St. Bartholomew’s eve. Through the passes of the Jura and up the valley of the Rhone the fugitives came flocking into the city of the Reformed, secure of shelter and encouragement by the blue waters of the Lemane Lake. In this crowded intellectual company thought was as free as the winds which flew over them from the glaciers of Mont Blanc; and the horrid scenes from which many had just escaped, increased the eagerness with which they sought out and discussed the principles of mental freedom and of civil liberty.’—pp. 73–75.

No apology can be necessary for extracting at length a passage which gives so favourable a picture of the declamatory and descriptive powers of the Duke of Argyll; but we have also to do with ‘the historian’—and when he tells us that thought was as free in Geneva as the winds which flew over it from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, not even the fascinations of his eloquence can restrain us from asking whether those winds, if they happened to blow

blow over Geneva on the 27th of October, 1553, did not fan the flames in which Michael Servetus, perhaps the most distinguished of those very Spanish exiles, was consumed, with the solemn and universal assent of the divines of Switzerland, for no other offence than that of having employed 'the principles of mental freedom' by finding his way to conclusions different from theirs? The Duke of Argyll has done great, though unconscious, injustice to the Reformers, when he says that they were capable of at once clearly realising the principle of freedom in religious thought, and cruelly tyrannising over those who practised it. The forced marches of intellect through which he would put them, they had not really made; had they done so, their intolerance would have branded them with a moral baseness from which we may now gladly pronounce them free.

This 'great and fundamental maxim,' then, was not a maxim at all of the Reformation generally, and least of all in Scotland: but it was a latent tendency and a remote result of the Reformations of different countries in different degrees, and of the Scotch in the least degree of all, since the very virtues and earnestness of the Scotch Reformers on their own peculiar basis made them extend the most widely of all, and rivet the most firmly of all, the dogmatic yoke, be it a light or a heavy one, of interpretations of Scripture, made by the faculties of one set of men, and enforced on the consciences of others.

But let us continue our search for those 'primary and essential' principles of universal application which it is the distinctive office of the Scottish ecclesiastical system to illustrate by its history.

We learn, then, that the first great fundamental idea 'of the Scots Reformers regarded the Church.' (p. 29.) They discarded the ancient and historically descended idea of it as a body politic continuously instinct with those powers which Christ had given to his Apostles; which they committed to faithful men who should be able to teach others also (2 Tim. ii. 2); which had resided for fifteen hundred years in a governing order forming the centre of the Church, and having the rest of her members aggregated around it. This lineal descent of the ministry, with the alleged transmission of governing powers from the Saviour, they regarded as the master evil, as the 'heresy from which all other heresies had sprung.' They defined the criterion of a Christian Church to be the purity of its doctrines, sacraments, and discipline; a definition, of which the terms, indeed, might have been accepted by all Christendom, but in spirit it was both plain and pungent: it was intended to imply that the Church of Rome was not properly a corrupt Church, but had ceased by her corruptions to be a Church at all: and, without entering into distinctions

distinctions then either not at all or very imperfectly exposed, to offer the hand of fraternity to those who had in common the all-important incident that they were alike engaged in the most determined resistance to her claims.

But this was not all. There was one other fundamental idea (p. 34), never, indeed, formally expressed, but this only because it was taken for granted as indisputable and elementary. This was the full association of the laity with all their notions of the powers and duties of the Church.* Clergymen and laymen were from the first practically amalgamated together in the exercise of ruling power (p. 35). A rite of institution was at the outset not recognised at all (p. 36); and in the Second Book of Discipline (p. 44), at a later period, it was recognised, not, however, as a principle drawn from Scripture, but as a conventional and prudential precaution necessary for defence against secular influences in a distracted period.

We are glad to be upon ground where we can, partially at least, assent to the propositions of the noble historian. It is, we think, true, that in Scotland more than anywhere else, the conflict of the Reformation was a conflict between church and church, or between one party and another. It took its first occasion neither, as in England, from a question lying beyond the sphere of religion, nor, as in Germany, from a particular ecclesiastical abuse. The Reformers of Scotland were banded together as a body, and held the main parts of their creed as a whole, for many years before they acquired ascendancy. There were two hostile armies in the field, and without middle men whose chief thought was peace, such as Contarini in Italy, Erasmus in Holland, Tunstal in England. Nor were these armies contending for the possession of one and the same fortress, as had been the case south of the border. Knox and his brethren were as intent upon destroying the castle, as upon dislodging the garrison. Hence there is a breadth and amplitude of development in those ideas of the Scottish Reformation which belong to the Church, and an effort at reducing them to system, if not so theoretically elaborate as in Geneva, yet fuller by far of heart and energy, and more instinct in proportion with the breath of life and all the elements of permanence.

But we conceive it an error to suppose that the association of laymen with presbyters in Church-government—useful as within due bounds and under given conditions it may be—was the principle, primary, essential, and distinctive, which gives its character and its importance to the Scottish Reformation. Gioberti says—*‘L’idea madre del protestantismo . . . consiste nel dare ai laici l’amministrazione e l’esercizio delle cose e degli uffici religiosi.’**

* Gesuita Moderno, iv. 424.

In every country the Reformation was a great effort to vindicate the rights of individual conscience, well nigh overborne by the prevailing system, in which the ritual and the sacerdotal elements had obtained such undue and excessive sway, that a violent reaction was necessary to save the Western Church from perishing in its corruptions. By much the deeper and more important part of its work was the restoration of inward personal responsibility and freedom; and this was effected mainly by the abolition of the rule which made auricular confession a condition of communion, and by opening free access to the Scriptures. As to lay participation in the control of the Church as a society, it was developed in different forms, according to the genius of different nations and schemes of opinion. In Germany, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction passed formally to the prince: and the clergy became his servants. In England, the Parliament did not determine the details of Ecclesiastical legislation; but its vote, as it was then constituted, was a free and effective form of lay assent to Church-law. And surely it was not one of the defects of this system that details of such a character were practically withheld by it from such a body. Undoubtedly it was a very different scheme from that adopted in Scotland, where ruling elders sat side by side with their pastors in the ecclesiastical assemblies; but it contained as complete a recognition of the title of the laity to full Church-membership and to a share in Church-power. The mode in which that principle should take effect has been variously regulated in various times and countries. The names of great laymen are subscribed along with those of prelates to the acts of Saxon Councils. Even at Trent the ambassadors of the different sovereigns sat and took part in the proceedings. They did not, indeed, vote—neither did any order except that of bishops—but they exercised an avowed and direct, and also a most powerful, influence. In the Episcopal Church of the United States at this moment lay deputies from the congregations compose one of the three houses which together make up the legislative body. But the Scotch reformers were neither alone, nor original, nor eminent beyond others, in combining the laity with the clergy for the direct purposes of Church-government: not to mention that their first association seems to have had reference much more to the necessities of the moment, and the purposes of actual offence and defence, than to any theory or abstract conviction. It was from Geneva that their constitution was copied. It was there that they learned to place chosen members of the congregation side by side with its ministers in their Church courts. Nay, further, it appears that, in adopting the Swiss principle, they restrained it: for in Geneva the lay deputies were twice as many

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as the pastors,* whereas in Scotland the clergy constitute by much the larger part of the General Assembly. Therefore, we may observe, first, that the virtue of the lay element has not sufficed, apparently has not even tended, to prevent that abandonment of the faith which so sadly distinguishes modern Geneva. Secondly, the introduction of this element was not the distinctive mark of the Scots Reformation, nor can it be the principle which that Reformation peculiarly illustrates.*

But, indeed, if the development of a direct lay power over Church Assemblies is to be the measure of excellence in their constitution, the Duke of Argyll should repair to England for a lesson, should prefer Puritanism to Presbytery, and should chant the praises of the Westminster Assembly. It was constituted by an Ordinance of Lords and Commons dated June 12, 1643. It consisted of Divines and members of Parliament, all of them named in the Ordinance. It was required not to legislate, but to deliver their opinion and advice upon the matters submitted for debate by the Houses, and no other. It was to print or otherwise divulge nothing, without leave. The prolocutor was named in the ordinance; and it was provided that, in case of his incapacity by sickness or otherwise, or of vacancies in the Assembly, substitutes and successors should be appointed by the two Houses. It was to be dissolved by them; and in case of any difference of opinion, it was not to decide by a majority, but to report the difference and the reasons to 'both or either the said Houses,' and receive their directions. And, lastly, this document, unique in the history of the Church, concludes by declaring that none of the Assembly shall assume any power other than what was 'particularly' given them by its provisions. Here surely, and not in the Assemblies of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, is to be sought the fully realised and embodied ideal of lay power in the affairs of religion.

In short it appears to us, that throughout his work the Duke of Argyll has, to a great extent, confounded two things which are entirely distinct—a disposition to admit laymen to a large share of power in the government of the Church, and a tendency to draw but slightly, or even to efface, the demarcating lines between Church power and State power. To the first, the Scotch Reformers were well inclined; the last they vehemently eschewed. It is from this latter tendency that their system took its historical character. It may, indeed, be true, that, without admitting the laity as colleagues in their Church courts, they never would have been able to resist with any success the royal claim of jurisdiction.

* Hooker, Eccl. Pol., Preface, sect. 2.

But although the introduction of laymen into their courts, was essentially conducive to the establishment of the independence of their Church, expressed by them under the form of the 'alone headship,' the latter, and not the former, was really their main principle and their governing passion, as it has also been the most remarkable result of their labours. But it is undoubtedly a great feat which the Duke of Argyll has attempted: no less than to show that all Scottish Church history has, by all former historians of all opinions, been turned inside out and upside down: and that the broad theory of Erastianism—developed as it has been, beyond the conceptions of its author, by the ingenuity and the caprice of modern speculation—derives its most signal illustration and most emphatic support from the principles of those, whom a blinded world has hitherto supposed to have spent their best energies in resisting every approach to it. If bravery were the prime virtue of an historical essayist, we should say none has ever made a better title to be Field Marshal. But, in truth, he is labouring to overcome nature, to lord it over fact; he deals with hopelessly stubborn and impracticable materials; and as he more and more vigorously applies the hammer, another and another chisel snaps upon the stone.

There can be no mistake about what we have described as the Duke's own opinion. He conceives that 'a separation between Christians met to legislate for the visible society of Christ, and Christians met to legislate for the society of the world,' (p. 228) is necessary now, and may perhaps be necessary until the end of time: but that it is a necessary evil. 'It is a division which, so far from flowing from the Will of God, would be utterly done away were His Will even tolerably fulfilled.' (*ibid.*) The normal state of man, in his view, is that in which all the concerns of the spiritual kingdom—all that appertains to the discipline of the soul of man—shall be regulated by (doubtless devout) Secretaries of State. To this condition only our corruptions prevent us from attaining; but it is to it that we are always to endeavour to approximate: and of course for this purpose we must strive to elevate the character of the State nearer and nearer to the Christian standard, that it may be fitted at length to undertake the whole extent of its proper functions.

We will not stop to discuss the merits of a theory, opposed, we conceive, to the universal sense of Christendom, though reproduced from time to time during the last two centuries in the brains of ingenious but visionary students. We will not ask how it is that the Duke of Argyll, who follows Dr. Arnold in contending that all Church power should be wielded by the State, abandons him in the first corollary which he himself drew from his proposition,

position, namely, that the Legislature should be composed of Christians only, and, by speech and vote, endeavours to secure the admission of Jews to the administration of a power as much spiritual as civil. But we must protest against that extreme of speculative wilfulness into which talent and facility often bewilder their possessor, and which alone can coerce the history of Scottish Presbytery into speaking the language that, of all others, it most abhors. Let us, if we wish to find instances of approximations, more or less marked, to the Erastian theory, repair to Henry VIII. and his Episcopal Commissions—to which, however, the Duke of Argyll can never have referred, or he could not have written as he has done (p. 285) that ‘all the authority of the Bishops was vice-regal’—for the terms of the Commissions themselves make an express reference to the distinct spiritual authority of the Bishops:—to the Ordinance that constituted the Westminster convention, in 1643:—to Cromwell, who suppressed the General Assembly:—to the history of Germany and the peace of Westphalia:—to the Emperor Nicholas and his nominated Synod of select Prelates;—let us go back with him, if he so much desires it, to the undoubted precedent and respectable authority of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel, chap. iii.)—let us go anywhere rather than to the abode of Scottish Presbytery. It has made for itself a name and a place in the history of Protestantism almost wholly by means of a very strong, continuous, practical assertion of a real spiritual power in the world; given by our Lord, though not given to a priesthood nor by ministerial succession; and—though totally distinct from the power of order in the hands of the civil magistrate, and to be exercised through the medium of a different organization—given in fact to the body of Christians at large, and to be developed and exercised in such a manner as shall accord with their conscientious judgment, and shall own their free will for its origin; and no sophism will suffice to cheat it out of an identity ascertained by nearly three centuries of chequered and searching experience.

We need not follow the Duke of Argyll through his condensed narrative of the principal crises in the history, from the first outbreak of 1560 to the settlement at the Revolution. He is entirely above misrepresentation; and he gets rid of the facts, to which Presbyterians appeal as their continuous testimony in favour of the ‘alone headship’ of our Saviour in the Church—not by artifice or suppression, but by his comprehensive doctrine that all these things were ‘local and accidental.’ What they knew, they felt, they said, they wrote, they did, was nothing to the purpose: there was inconsistency here, or confusion there; and the most unfortunate mistake of all was, that they omitted the

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negative in their leading proposition (Confession, chap. 30), which should run thus—‘The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of His Church, hath’—NOT—‘therein appointed a government in the hand of Church Officers distinct from the Civil Magistrate.’

We are far from meaning to assert that the dogmatic development of the principle as it stands has been uniform and consistent; on the contrary, it has been much otherwise. The Confession of Faith, while it asserts the distinctness of the ecclesiastical from the civil power, defines so largely (chap. 33) the functions of the magistrate *in sacris*, that if we estimate Scottish Presbytery only by what it is on paper, there is some partial colour, for the propositions of the work before us. The Confession of 1560 may, as the Duke of Argyll contends, verge towards an identification of the ideas of Church and Commonwealth. Knox thought, no doubt, much more of binding together those who were engaged in a common cause—a cause for life and death, as they viewed it, both spiritually and temporally—than about determining by anticipation the relations which should be established by them among themselves when the battle was at an end, and when victory would have opened to them the perspective of a new world. But we hold these two canons to be sound and indisputable:—*First*, that when we are endeavouring to appreciate the ‘primary and essential,’ as distinguished from the ‘local and accidental’ tendencies of a system, we should view them not in their crude, irreflective, and almost anarchical beginnings, when the first weapon that offers itself is seized for the purpose of the moment; but when they have acquired some degree of development, and have become conscious, deliberative, and mature. *Secondly*, that as we must not estimate the Church of Rome by the Tridentine Canons alone, we must not estimate Scottish Presbytery by the mere words of its Confession, but admit its whole life and action as a commentary upon them. In the Duke’s own language, ‘the history of a Church is no bad exponent of its dogmas.’ (p. 163.) On these principles he himself proceeds when his foregone conclusions will profit by them. For the institution of Superintendency, adopted by Knox but not by Melvill, is explained away as belonging to the crude period of transition and its peculiar exigencies. But then, when Knox identifies the Church and State, and Melvill divides them, and even lets us hear the clank of ‘the keys,’ the later phenomenon is the local and accidental one, and the earlier the primary and essential. Now we ask, why are second thoughts to be preferred in the one case, and first thoughts in the other—and either Knox or Melvill to be ratified or repudiated, according as each may serve that alternating process of compression and expansion, of elongation and curtailment, by which the stout progenitors of
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the Free Kirk are to be metamorphosed into sickly patients of Erastus?

By the 'alone headship,' says the Duke of Argyll, the Scotch Reformers meant to express 'a principle of the greatest value and importance—the right of the visible Church to the principle of self-government' (p. 166); though he subjoins that this is rather a natural right than a scriptural one. (p. 171.) What is meant by the right of the Church to self-government, if it be predetermined that in the best condition of human things the whole affairs of the Church are to be managed by those whom the voice of the nation may have intrusted with civil rule? It would be a much simpler way of expressing this doctrine to say—the Church is not properly a society at all, except while the nation refuses to be Christian. When the nation has become Christian, its religious affairs become a portion of the public interests, which are managed by its government; and its religious liberties, like its commercial or its judicial liberties, are only a portion of its political rights. The word *Church* is a word intended for a crude and incipient state of things anterior to that in which the Gospel has penetrated the mass. When the community has been thus pervaded, that word serves no purpose but to confuse the uninstructed mind, or to afford an opening for the assumptions of priestcraft. National unity requires that the governing power should be one, and as Parliament is still Parliament, whether it legislate for trade or finance, or art, or war, so let it still be Parliament when it receives petitions upon the Homoeousion, or passes a bill to prevent misapprehensions upon the efficacy of Baptism.

We again, and finally, protest against this mode of dealing with history. It is not in these pages that the religious principles of Presbyterianism, Scottish or other, are to be vindicated. But let us, at least, take them as they are: let us not tamper with the records of the past; either they were right, as some say they were, or at least they had their own lesson to teach, and their own warnings to convey. Whatever may be said or thought of it, at least it is definite, masculine, and positive. It has a character of its own—a countenance of lines deep drawn and ineffaceable. It has shown a tenacity of life, a substantiveness of view, an earnestness of purpose, which give it a place exalted and alone among its sisters of the Continental Reformation. With art, with philosophy, with literature, with refined and polished life, it has had little or no connexion. Where these have grown up within the domain of Scottish Presbyterianism, it has not been by her aid—it has often been under her frown; and they have uniformly lived and worked in open or concealed hostility to her. Take the contemporary lights of nearly an hundred years back—
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Hume, Smith, Fergusson, Thomson, Home, Robertson. Some of them were in open, in deadly war with her; not one represented in any degree the really distinctive features of her character. The last led her Assembly: but if we ask the oracles of the 'popular sentiment,' he was as Faliero among the Doges or Ganganelli among the Popes. Her spirit may have been intolerant—her theology narrow as the glen and barren as the hill-top—her relations with civil society uneasy: yet the question is, what she was, not what we think she should have been. And that question was answered, with tones clear and loud at least, if not melodious—as we Southerners esteem melody—in all the great epochs of her history: in 1560, in 1580, in 1638, in 1689; and last, not least, in 1843. We mean no aspersion upon the more moderate and most justly respected body who now form the Established Church of Scotland. But speaking with regard to matter of fact only, not to praise or blame, it is among the ranks of those who have seceded from them that we must seek the descendants of Knox and Melvill, of Henderson and Rutherford; to say nothing of Cameron or Cargill. Let us frankly accept all men and all systems when we travel back into the Past, in their own sense and their own spirit. If we attempt to make them the exponent of ours—if we are resolved that history shall be a mirror in which we are only to see ourselves reflected, instead of a telescope to enable us to bring near, to scan, and to realize, the thoughts, words, and deeds of those now distant from us, we shall have our reward in losing all fruit from our ingenious toil—we shall find ourselves returned upon ourselves, and that, too, not as our natural selves, such as God has made us and fitted us for our own time and place, but ourselves travestied and distorted—trees transplanted without their earth, their foliage thin and discoloured, their roots having no grasp upon the soil. Such are the results of Eclecticism; of a determination to teach facts what they shall be instead of learning what they are; to pick historic order in pieces, and reconstruct it according to the newest fashions.

We should think it a cause for uneasiness if we could believe that a person so distinguished as the Duke of Argyll by varied gifts could remain under the dominion of a system of thought so capricious as that to which he has fitted his view of Scottish ecclesiastical history. But we feel a perfect certainty that with his honesty, his energy, and his acumen, he must burst his bonds and emerge into some more free and unconstrained position.

There is another characteristic of this book which we cannot remark without regret. It is distinguished by an uncommonly severe and trenchant character in its censures upon those whom
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the author neither finds speaking nor compels to speak his own sentiments. He has certainly made efforts in several cases—we wish we could say in all—to attain to an impartial view of systems. But it is one thing to aim at impartiality in judging systems; it is quite a distinct one, by a severe self-denial, to maintain a tone of gentleness in judging of men; and the latter is less difficult, more amiable, and even much more important than the former. We must add, that one who takes such extraordinary liberties with Presbyterianism himself, and will only let it speak in his own key—who finds it more or less fanatical in all times, but most of all, fanatical in the Free Church, and who on paper has found himself obliged to metamorphose before he could commend it, might well have more indulgence towards those who have had to deal with it, not on paper but in practice. He is as decisive and as vehement in the condemnation of Charles the First's ill-judged attempt to introduce a Liturgy into Scotland, as any writer whom we have known: frantic bigotry (p. 111), pretended patriotism (p. 112), aggravated oppression (*ibid.*), are phrases which cannot easily be exceeded. Yet in a passage which we have read with wonder as well as pain, he stigmatizes the Government of 1842 even by comparison with that of 1637. It was hardly less ignorant, we are told, of the elements with which it had to deal (p. 230); it permitted the most fatal blow to Scottish Presbytery for the sake of a statute 'undeniably' unconstitutional—and it had not the excuse of bigotry which its predecessor had (p. 231). Is this a just or a becoming representation of the part played by that Government? The statute 'undeniably unconstitutional' was the law of Anne, more than one hundred and thirty years old. To those one hundred and thirty years, and to those years alone, must the advocates of Presbytery appeal when they undertake to show its compatibility with our civil institutions. To them alone can the Duke himself refer when he says 'it has flourished long and peacefully under the settled government and limited monarchy of Britain.' (p. 4.) Without raising any question whether the terms of the Act of Union, in all their detail, were placed beyond the reach, as the Duke of Argyll seems to suppose, of warrantable alteration by any power whatever, we presume that the Government of 1842 may have viewed that statute as having a character independent of its original relation to the terms of the Union; as a long established and a vital part of the existing system of Church and State in Scotland. To say nothing of any other member of that Government, the name of Lord Aberdeen alone affords a sufficient pledge that everything was done which the truest, we will say (and all who know the character of that distinguished person will understand the epithet)

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the tenderest, anxiety could do, to meet the wishes of the 'popular' or 'orthodox' party in the Church of Scotland, short of the virtual abandonment of that Act.* It is a little hard, then, that they should be placed in studied and disadvantageous comparison with men guilty of 'frantic bigotry,' of 'pretended patriotism,' and of 'aggravated oppression,' because they were not ready to risk reverting to the state of things which prevailed in Scotland before the Act of Anne. It is rather hard that this sentence should be pronounced by one who in the course of a single page (p. 225) finds the Free Kirk guilty of 'inconceivable extravagance,' of 'the most unseemly and irrational identification of sacred truths with the most trivial and provincial notions:' which notions proceeded '*perhaps*!' from conviction; but if so, from a conviction which, with the aid of Mr. Carlyle, is described to be 'as *scraggy* as the most scraggy ever conceived by Laud'—and more of the like. We cannot but think that in these and other cases the judicial office is too early assumed, and by far too summarily and sharply exercised. We are disposed to surmise that with both edges of his sword the Duke does too much execution: that the Government of 1843 may have been right in thinking the concession of the full claims of the Free Church party incompatible with civil establishment, and yet the Free Kirk right in believing anything less than those full claims incompatible with the free development of the principles of Presbyterianism. But at any rate, when we find the ducal weapon wielded right and left with such fell swoop against those who offend this way or that, we are involuntarily reminded of the reference to Henry VIII. (p. 284), who burned those who strayed on the one side from the narrow way he had marked out, and beheaded those who deviated on the other; probably hugging himself, we will add, all the time, upon the notion that double severity was the same thing with perfect impartiality.

The Duke of Argyll has undertaken, with evident sincerity, and with ability no less evident, the task of aiding his countrymen to form enlightened judgment on the many difficult and yet interesting questions involved in their Church history; and he cannot but assist them incidentally by the light that every earnest and able inquirer throws upon his subject, independently of the merits of his own particular conclusions. But he will write far more usefully when he shall have trained his mind to one description of effort the most necessary of all for the student of

* The Rev. Mr. Sydow of Potsdam, though an advocate of the Free Church, while the Duke of Argyll condemns it, declares ('Scottish Church Question,' p. 183) that Lord Aberdeen deserves 'the most grateful acknowledgments' for his proceedings in the controversy.

history, who would make his labours profitable to mankind—the effort to place himself in the position of those from whom he differs, and to estimate their principles from their own point of view. When this effort is not constantly and resolutely made, charity and truth must be equal sufferers.

We are particularly struck with the necessity of such efforts, when we read the passages in which the Duke of Argyll refers to the character and doctrines of the Church of England. Not that we have any right to expect quarter at the hands of one who deals so drastically with his ‘ain fouk;’ but perhaps we may have a greater facility in estimating the sheer error to which the omission of this effort leads, when the institutions and principles to which the key has been lost, are our own. Not that the Duke has the true, genuine, Covenanting, or Cameronian horror of the Church of England. He has not what, in speaking of the Government of 1842, he himself calls ‘the excuse of bigotry.’ He can tolerate and even respect the Church of England, on the same terms on which he respects Presbytery; that is, when the heart and life have been taken from out of its system, and when it too has thus acquired a capacity of witnessing to the great and final truth, that the *euthanasia* of the Church is absorption in the State. But he abhors what he terms the exclusive claims of the Church of England, the principles of Archbishops Laud and Spottiswoode, in whom he can see nothing but miserable bigots and sticklers for matters of ceremonial, without insight, life, or depth. It seems sufficiently plain that he has been content to view these men through the mere statements of their adversaries, coloured with passion excusable enough in them, but less excusable in us, who judge those matters after the world has had two centuries to grow cool upon them. Clarendon, who (whatever may have been his devotion to the Church) could canvass as freely as others the conduct of the clergy, describes Archbishop Spottiswoode in these few but emphatic words: ‘a learned, wise, and pious man, and of long experience’ (vol. i. p. 154). The Duke of Argyll favours us with the following account of him:—

‘The name is that of a man who was first a Presbyterian minister; who was next—a thing for which there is no name except in Scotland, where it was called a *tulchan*; who was, thirdly, a duly consecrated archbishop (of St. Andrew’s); who was, fourthly, an agent of Charles I. in his famous follies in Scotland about a liturgy; and who, lastly, was expelled from his native country, amidst the shouts of its people, as one of the chief of its oppressors.’—*Preface*, p. xiii.

Contemptuous summaries like these are not difficult for acute men to frame, and when framed there is a peculiar satisfaction in surveying

surveying their point and sweep. They stir up passion alike in author and in reader; but when their meaning comes to be examined by patient study, it melts away like a snow-wreath in the sun. For us it is enough to point out that the very Prelate, who is thus gibbeted by the Duke of Argyll as an oppressor of the Presbyterians, is censured by Skinner,* the historian of the Episcopal party, for his 'glaring partiality' to John Knox. With this remark, we pass to the more important historical character of Laud, which no English Churchman ought ever to allow, without entering his determined protest, to be surrendered to the reviling and contempt which the Duke of Argyll seems to think his due. It is needless to quote passages relating to him: his name is the type and impersonation, in the volume before us, of all that is narrow, harsh, dry, shallow, formal and repulsive, and of nothing else. But let this dry and shallow and formal man be measured by his results; by the yet visible and palpable work he did in the world—a vulgar test, but one to which it is fair and obvious to challenge those who repudiate his principles. If it be true, as is generally admitted, that the Church of England has been, until the present day, a cardinal and determining element in the fortunes of the nation, then we aver, without doubt, that no great number of men can be named who have exercised a more powerful influence upon our history than Laud. For it is to him, more by far than to any other man or even body of men, that the specific character of the English Church, and the fixedness of that character, are due. Until his time, it was more or less a question which of the two contending principles that governed the minds of those within her should bear ultimate sway. On the one side was the doctrine of the Lambeth Articles, and the discipline of the Puritans in their first fervour: on the other hand, the principle professed by Cranmer at the stake, by Ridley throughout his learned and valuable writings, by Jewell in his Apology, by Hooker in his immortal treatise, by the established divines of our Church with one consenting voice—that the just rule of all reformation and of all doctrine was to be that which has been sometimes termed the rule of Vincentius, or which may be described as Holy Scripture interpreted by the doctrine and the practice of the early Church, with no pragmatismal definition of the time to which that description may be applied, but with pointed reference to the period when she fixed her creed, when she spoke by her great doctors, such as Athanasius, Augustine, Gregory, and when throughout all Christendom there was but one communion, one fold under one Shepherd in heaven. In the reign of

* Eccles. History of Scotland, ii. 124, note.

Edward VI., had it been prolonged, and again under the primacy of Abbott, it would have been difficult to forecast the ultimate form of the English Church. There was a vital difference between those who regarded the Reformation as the entry of new principles of religion, to be subsequently developed, and those who thought it a great statute, intended by the abscission of palpable abuses to bring back the Church to a model not ideal only, but historical. And Laud was the man who, as the instrument of Providence, settled this great controversy, so far as the Church of England was concerned. There cannot be a greater error than to confound him with those who in our day may have shown a superstitious regard to ritual observances, and may have believed, or acted as if they believed, that by such means as these the decay of religious sentiment could be repaired. To put a stop to a great convulsive change like the Reformation was as necessary as it had been to commence it. The liberty which was sought by the subscribers to the Millenary petition was a liberty which, as they said, and as we do not doubt they thought, was to touch only matters of ceremonial; but, in point of fact, it involved the ultimate admission of the deepest principles—the denial of any ruling authority in the Church—the supremacy of the private spirit over historical and objective Christianity—over the certainty and permanence of the faith once committed, once delivered in definite form and feature, to the saints. This liberty began by questioning the cross in baptism and the use of the surplice; it next attacked the efficacy of the sacraments and the authority of bishops; before the Revolution of 1688 it had, in the course of a perfectly consistent and logical development, denied the necessity and the legitimacy of creeds; within an hundred years, the whole descendants of those who claimed it had lapsed into Socinianism; and four years ago, appearing before Parliament as a body in that character, they obtained from it a statutory recognition of their right to occupy the bequests of their forefathers. It is because Laud divined the fatal tendencies of the movement,—because he regarded not only the thing asked, but the spirit and the grounds of the request, and the effect of the concession,—because a deep instinct aiding a profound learning and an acute intelligence, gave him a prophetic sense of what was to come, that his name has been for two hundred years the favourite symbol of regard and veneration among those who have appreciated the constitution of the Church, of natural and consistent aversion among those who have rejected or compromised her principles. He stamped upon the mind of his own generation in the Church, and upon the institutions of his own University (the need of Cambridge was not so glaring), a character positive and determined as the

Covenanting

Covenanting type itself, but having, what this had not, its immovable basis, and its living connexion with our Lord, in the continuous history of the Church. Within the course of only half a century that character was thrice subjected to searching trial. First, when the flood of the Great Rebellion swept over the land, the mass of the clergy, and every one of the bishops, true as steel, kept their unsullied faith in disgrace, poverty, and exile. Secondly, at the Restoration, when, with an acumen not often surpassed in controversy, they detected under the plausible, and, we must add, on Puritanical principles, the moderate demands of the Puritans, the signs of endless and fatal innovation, and determined rather to defend and consolidate what they had than to delude the world with a false and hollow peace, and tempt the lottery of change. Thirdly, at the Revolution, when again it was attempted to promote the very desirable purpose of 'comprehension,' by a virtual surrender of that principle of lineal descent or succession in the Church, which still proves so indigestible to its opponents. On all these occasions, without delay or doubt, her part was taken; but is it not historically clear that Laud was the man who thus fixed and organized the feeling of the Church—who gave it the discernment to discover, and the vigour to eject opposing elements—who built up the bulwarks that have done their work for two hundred years, and that remain to do it still? Either he saw much farther into the future than other men, or if he did not, he was but the more signally an instrument in the hand of God to make provision for that which he did not see.

Not that we propose to set him up as an idol. In the first place, as a statesman and magistrate we must altogether give him over. Excused he may be for the errors of his age; but God forbid that he should be imitated. As a theologian, we are far from saying that he or any other man should now be taken for a model. His notions of prerogative and the peculiarities of his time gave a narrow, stiff, and, so to speak, insular character to his expressions upon some very important subjects. There was truth in the scoffing remark of Voltaire—

'Les saints Anglais ont dans leur caractère
Je ne sais quoi de dur et d'insulaire.'

But he had a firm grasp and a comprehensive view of principles, and those who suppose that he had the rigour of some more recent writers in respect to non-episcopal Protestants, can never have taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with his works. Living in days when, as he thought, they had not repudiated the Church, but had been unlawfully ejected from it, he made much the same allowances and mitigations of general rules in regard to them which are so well known in the cases of Hooker,

Andrewes, and Bramhall. In 1628, when Charles I. was aiding the Protestants of France, he prays :

‘O Lord, Thou gracious Governour of all the kingdoms of the earth, look down, we beseech Thee, in mercy upon this realm, and upon all other Reformed Churches.’ *

Again, when on the scaffold he says—with evident reference to that and other like cases—

‘The third particular is the poor Church of England. It hath flourished, and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them.’ †

But what then? Why do not these just and liberal sentiments propitiate the wrath of opponents? Because Laud refused to acknowledge as being normal what he was prepared to allow as exceptional; because he thought that what the Reformers abroad had done on the score of necessity, must be limited by the bounds of that necessity; and he refused, therefore, to sanction any disparagement to the principles of the constitution of the English Church. It was one thing to avoid raising any question as to the warrantableness of the Huguenot assembly at Charenton for those who composed it. It was another, to say those who are in the line of the Apostolic Ministry may lawfully depart from that line. This was no novel or fanciful distinction, but one recognized in the established theology of the Church at large. It was simply an application of the rule well known in respect to baptism, that the intention and desire of a Divine ordinance, though intercepted by circumstances, raised the presumption that its blessings had been received. But this was quite compatible with maintaining the proposition that baptism was obligatory upon all; there being no express exception, nor any understood except that which is understood in all obligations, *nemo tenetur ad impossibile*.

The belief that our Saviour founded the Church in the persons of His apostles; that He gave it a charter in rites and laws to be administered by them, and a life in the agency of the Spirit annexed to that administration; that He provided for the delivery of these powers in adequate degree to those who were to succeed them, and that by such delivery alone could the title to minister in the Church be completed, or the revealed conditions of its constitution satisfied—is a belief which was unquestioned throughout Christendom for fifteen hundred years, and which, until the present day, has been maintained and expressed in the symbolic books, and constantly applied in the practice of seven-eighths of the Christian world.

Whether such belief be true or false, it is an entire mistake to

* Devotions, p. 292, Ed. 1667.

† Ibid. p. 321.

suppose that it only touches a matter of external order. • It touches the vital union between the Church as a society and its head : and is a question respecting no less than a great article of the Christian faith as expressed in its earliest summary, the Apostles' Creed. It places the witness of that union upon a basis altogether independent of the fluctuations of the individual mind. The conviction of one man, derived through secret channels, however sincere and firm it be, is not a witness available for another ; but continuous, external, historical testimony is a witness to all : and enables a man intelligibly to answer the solemn question, ' By what title do I minister to Christian souls ? ' Not by virtue of my own mere persuasion, however earnest, nor by that of those who immediately, or who three centuries ago preceded me ; but under a warrant transmitted in fixed forms by man to man, from Christ himself, along an outward and historical channel, open, like the text of our sacred books, to the criticism, and palpable to the common perceptions of mankind.

A religion thus transmitted, and thus authenticated, by a body commissioned for the purpose, bears a relation to the mind and conscience of individual men quite distinct from that in which any system can stand, which has no other seal and stamp than that of inward impressions necessarily separate in each case, and having no common standard of reference. It is not simply as a matter of order, as conducive to uniformity, as a guarantee of permanence, but it is within the very precinct of the personal being of a man also, that the wide difference is felt between that which has been brought to him and that which he has as it were fetched for himself ; that which challenges his submission because it is already established as divine—while free inquiry and assent are only regarded as conditions necessary for his healthful co-operation—and that which allows him to regard the fiat of his own judgment as if it were a real criterion of objective truth. It is in truth a great ethical and spiritual question which is involved in the controversy respecting Succession in the Church ; to say nothing of that scarcely inferior ecclesiastical one, whether there be any other sufficient guarantee for the permanence of the Divine Revelation, or of the direct obligation which, if it be a part of the truth of Scripture, it entails. • It is no less than an organic and consistent part of that profound scheme whereby the sublime truths of Christianity, to give them a home and a basis in this shifting world, are tied to a body of external facts, and thus placed in durable contact with the sphere of our experience.

We do not say that if the Duke had been at the pains to examine *why* it was that this principle had been so earnestly maintained, he would necessarily have changed his view of it ; but we are convinced he would have seen that its defenders were entitled,

titled, at the hands of a modest inquirer, to something better than his contempt.

We must not go further into the discussion, which reaches to the very root and fountain head of revealed truth. But considering how deep are the principles involved, how widely they ever have been and yet are accepted and believed, and who are the men that have lived and died in them, what martyrs, what sages, and what saints; we regret, for the Duke of Argyll's own sake, to find that he has no more lenient or discriminating sentence to pronounce upon them than that he believes them to be 'the growth of egotism and passion.' This is much for man to say of man, even when the sentence is sustained by strong testimony, by solemn examination, and by formal and authorised judgment: where there are none of these, it is surely too much.

It may be true that the theologians of the Church of England are and have ever been open to criticism, because they have apparently steered a mean course between two conflicting systems; but that criticism should be gently exercised by a writer who has to keep clear of *three*; for neither with Popery, Prelacy, nor Presbytery, as their authors and organs define them, is the Duke of Argyll at all content to symbolise: and—as it oddly enough happens—he himself remarks that

'unless this disputable, this most disputable principle [of Succession] be assumed, there is not much left in the outward history of the English Church, before which other Protestant bodies can feel disposed to bow their heads in deference. Quite the contrary.'—p. 287.

The real secret, we fear, of the religious animosity against Laud, was not his exclusion of non-episcopal Protestants (whom he did not exclude) from the pale of the Church, but his admission of Roman Catholics within it. Had he denied that those who fear God and work righteousness, under whatever title they may be ranged, are accepted of Him, we should have left to others the care of his defence. And yet even had he declared the non-episcopal Protestants not to be within the pale of the historical and sacramental Church, though it might have detracted from his wisdom, ought those to complain of such a declaration who emphatically deny the existence of such a Church and regard a belief in it as superstition? There is no virtue in a word apart from its idea: and if the visible Church of Christ be no more than the sum total of the professed believers in Christianity (p. 30), there is neither much room left for controversy on the subject, nor much reason for caring which way the controversy is determined.

It is also, as we conceive, an historical error to suppose that the principles which assert in the polity of the Church an 'inner life,' as well as an outward decency of form and convenience of operation, 'covered Scotland with passion, extravagance, and crime.'

(*Preface,*

(*Preface*, p. ix.) Had they been the real matter in dispute between the Covenanters and the later Stuarts, it would have been open to argument whether these principles of the opposing ones were really chargeable with the calamities of the time. But they were *not* the matter in dispute. The real parties in the great conflict which agitated Scotland between the Restoration and the Revolution were absolutism on the one hand, and the spirit of the Covenant on the other. The sovereign was intent upon undermining the liberties of his subjects. Those of his subjects, who formed the resisting party in Scotland, would acknowledge none but a Covenanting king. True it is that Charles and James could use the name of Episcopacy in pursuit of their great political object, but neither of them did it consistently, neither of them with a religious end. They preferred it to Presbytery because of its principles of civil obedience; but were perfectly ready to persecute, when it served their turn, the Scottish bishops by the Test Act, and to thwart, and as was then supposed weaken, the English Church by proclaiming Indulgences to non-conformity. But no one holds that English Dissent was really responsible for the imprisonment of the seven Bishops. Again, the Episcopal system was rigidly proscribed in Scotland after 1745, and we have never heard that the General Assembly disapproved of that proscription; but it is unjust to lay the blame of it on Presbyterianism. In their cruelties to the Covenanters the later Stuarts thought as much and no more of Prelacy for its own sake, than they thought of the interests of Puritanism when they favoured religious liberty in England, or than George II. thought of the interests of Presbytery when he passed laws against Episcopacy. Each was used in turn as a mere pretext, and had no more of connexion, for its own sake, with the real motives of the policy whose watchword it was made, than have the colours at an election with the principles of the contending parties. In both cases they deserve censure, though on different grounds—in England for the insidiousness of their purpose, in Scotland for their cruelty and tyranny (and, we may add, for their stupidity)—but even that cruelty and tyranny should not be condemned without inquiring whether those who suffered thereby were not themselves in a degree to blame. Still less should a religious system be made responsible for those evils, which was not valued one whit by the persons who for their own ends committed them. Indeed, if there was any religious opinion whatever among the motives of that wicked policy, it was the opinion, which the Duke of Argyll regards with so much favour while he holds its enforcement premature, that the civil power ought to govern in matters of conscience.

Above and apart from the painful recollections of that period and of the foregoing one, stands the name of Laud as a prelate and

and a doctor, not of course without its specks, but yet bright to all after times. He was among the first to introduce a tone of some gentleness and charity into the views then usually taken of the Roman Church—a tone which implied no abatement of the protest against her abuses. He first checked the sway of that narrow and perilous view of the Gospel which now goes by the name of Calvinism, and which, in most of the countries where it has prevailed, has brought about its natural result, in a violent reaction against the whole scheme of its distinctive truths. He first arrested the downward course, upon which the Universities had been descending* for near three centuries from the freshness and vigour of their prime. His exaggerated notion of prerogative he shared with full half England; his severity as a magistrate was the fault of his age. His virtues were conspicuously his own. The names of Ussher, Hall, Chillingworth, and Hales, and of many more whose cases Neal † has had the candour to record, bear witness to the fact that he was no slave to religious party, but sought to unite in the active service of the Church all who could be anywise content to remain within the precinct of her laws. The weariness of his dungeon, the insults of his trial, the terrors of the scaffold, did not abate his heart or hope. It is truly sung of him in his captivity, that he

‘hath relied

On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot, wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined, yet triumphant wheels,
Which thou preparest full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?’ ‡

Nor is it by a party that his due praise should be rendered: his claim for reverence is upon every one of those who believe that the English Church, *as she is*, has shown a marked and providential adaptation to the character of the English nation; that she is the associate and in no small degree the guide of its destinies, and has along with it a great part assigned to her in acting, for good we trust and for peace, upon the future fortunes of Christendom and of the world.

In conclusion, it is not without surprise that we find the Duke of Argyll recommending to his countrymen and co-religionists

* Huber, ‘Geschichte der Englischen Universitäten,’ vol. ii.

† We may point to the cases of Dr. Downing, Vicar of Hackney, and Mr. Palmer, Vicar of Ashtwell: names little known to us, but great in Neal’s estimation. He also states that the Archbishop offered preferments to Selden.—(Part ii. ch. 3, of Toulmin’s abridgment.)

‡ Wordsworth, *Eccl. Sonnets*.

the observance of Saints' days, the commemoration of particular periods of our Lord's career at periodical times, and the partial use of a Liturgy. Of course we concur in his æsthetic view of these subjects, and honour his freedom from the common prejudices regarding them : we also admire the language in which he has expressed his manful protest. But we wonder he should suggest, or allow it to be supposed that he suggests, measures like these as fit for practical adoption in Scotland. The supposed offence of Laud was, that he checked with so much tenacity the dilapidation of an ancient ritual system. It would surely have been a real one if, instead of keeping in their places the props which sustained the building, he had laboured to place them where there was no building to sustain. The observance of holy seasons, the application of art in music, or in architecture, or otherwise, to the service of religion, the employment of liturgical forms, if they are to produce any good, imply and require the very system of Christian teaching which the Duke of Argyll honestly but, as we think erroneously, repudiates, and under which men view the Church as a mother, her history as their school, her definitions as the great bulwarks of the faith revealed in Scripture, her continuous life as the peculiar witness, and her ordinances as the main channel, of communion with their Lord, her discipline over soul and body as the needful counterpart of those condescensions whereby, in the various forms of art, she uses the power of pleasure over the natural sense, and, even in the awful acts of worship, gives free scope to joy. Not to mention that the very discussion of these changes would put Scotland in a fury, their introduction, in a view which we may term utilitarian, would do nothing for the true religious life that undoubtedly and warmly breathes in Scottish Presbyterianism, but would tend to formality, dryness, and corruption. They would be as a fable without its moral, as a lock without its key, as the bright colours of the kaleidoscope which present no meaning ; nay, they would exhibit a positive and repulsive incongruity, as pointed architecture for a factory, or as a crown upon the head of President Cass. They would give us a travestied, not an enlarged, Presbyterianism. But we need have no quarrel on this subject. These are prescriptions which the patient will certainly throw out of window, perhaps before the doctor has turned his back. We shall not for some considerable time see *Knox* added to St. John nor *Melville* to St. Andrew in the Calendar, nor will the three-legged stool of Janet Geddes (p. 306)—which the Duke of Argyll seems likely to bring again into requisition—emulate, during our day or his, the wheel of St. Catherine or the gridiron of St. Lawrence.

ART. IV.—*Nineveh and its Remains.* By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. London, 1848.

WE opened Mr. Layard's volumes, eager to resume our researches into the antiquities of those almost pre-historic cities, Nineveh and her vassals, which seem to have surrounded her on nearly every side; to assist in the disinterment of the palaces of the mythic Nimrod, Niqus, and Semiramis, which had perished from the face of the earth before the days of the later Hebrew prophets, and which, after a slumber of between 2000 and 3000 years, are for the first time brought again to light in the nineteenth century. Our interest had been deepened by the sight of the few specimens of Mr. Layard's treasures which had then been placed in the British Museum; still more by the Khorsabad sculptures sent to Paris by Monsieur Botta. Till within the last two months only the smaller bas-reliefs from Nimroud had reached England. Since that time a second portion has arrived, including the black marble obelisk. These articles, by the negligence or unwarrantable curiosity (we are unwilling to use stronger terms) of persons at Bombay, have suffered considerable damage, though by no means to the extent represented in the public journals. Some of the smaller ones, particularly those of glass, having been carelessly repacked, were found broken to atoms; some, 'including the most valuable specimens' (these are Mr. Layard's words), were missing, it is to be hoped not purloined by some over-tempted collector. Meantime the larger and more massive pieces are still reposing on the mud-beach of Bassora. We trust that, even in these economic days, means will be found to transport them immediately to England, with positive orders to treat them with greater respect at Bombay. These (the huge lion and bull) we expect to turn out by far the most remarkable and characteristic specimens of Assyrian art. We judge by those at Paris, where there are some, especially one colossal figure, which, though temporarily stowed away in a small room on the ground-floor in the Louvre, impressed us with a strange gigantic majesty, a daringness of conception, which was in no way debased by the barbaric rudeness of the execution, and on the other hand enhanced by its singular symbolic attributes. It is that kind of statue which it takes away one's breath to gaze on.

We found, therefore, not without some slight feeling of disappointment, or rather of impatience, that although we were speedily to commence our operations in disinterring these mysterious palaces, we were to be interrupted by the negotiations, and intrigues, and difficulties, which embarrassed all Mr. Layard's proceedings;

proceedings; and then, before much had been accomplished, carried away to accompany Mr. Layard in excursions in the neighbourhood, and indeed to some distance from the scene of his labours; we were to wander among the wild tribes of various manners, and still more various creeds, which people the districts to the west and north-west of the Tigris. But our impatience rapidly disappeared in such stirring and amusing companionship. We found in Mr. Layard not merely an industrious and persevering discoverer in this new field of antiquities, but an eastern traveller, distinguished we may say beyond almost all others, by the freshness, vigour, and simplicity of his narrative; by an extraordinary familiarity with the habits and manners of these wild tribes, which might seem almost intuitive, but is, we soon perceive, the result of long and intimate acquaintance, and perfect command of the language. No one has shown in an equal degree the power of adapting himself at once and completely, without surrendering the acknowledged superiority of the Frank, to the ordinary life of the Asiatic. Mr. Layard, without effort, teaches us more, and in a more light and picturesque manner, even than D'Arvieux; he seems as trustworthy, though far more lively and dramatic than Burckhardt. It is hardly too much to say that the history of the excavations and revelations, of his management of the Turkish rulers, of the wild chiefs whom the intelligence of his strange proceedings brought around him, of the labouring Arabs and Chaldeans whom he employed in his works, and the removal of the sculptures, with their embarkation on the Tigris, is as interesting as the discoveries themselves; while during the necessary suspension of his toil among the ruins, we are content to follow him into the villages of Mohammedans, Nestorian Christians, and Devil-worshippers, as if these were the sole or primary objects of his travels.

Mr. Layard must excuse us if we acknowledge that he has irresistibly awakened our curiosity as to his own early history. How is it that a young Englishman has gained this peculiar power of ruling and wielding for his own purposes the intractable Asiatic mind; how has he learned to be firm and resolute, yielding and conciliatory, always at the right time; to be liberal where he should be, and to withhold his bounty when demanded by a powerful marauder under the civil name of a gift; to resist the temptation of courting mistimed or misplaced popularity, yet to attach to himself all whose attachment could be valuable or useful; to parry deceit by courteous phrases, to out-hyperbolise oriental flattery—without any of the meanness of falsehood; to show that he fully understood these trickeries of oriental adulation—without giving offence; quietly to maintain and to enforce respect for
European,

European, for English truth, honesty, and justice; to be the friend of the oppressed without being the declared enemy of the oppressor? All this implies a large experience, as well as a happy aptitude for assuming foreign habits—long usage as well as intuitive sagacity. We are inclined therefore to think that if Mr. Layard had chosen to begin the history of his adventures some time before the first notion of making researches on the Assyrian plains had dawned upon his mind (in 1839-40), at all events before he commenced his actual operations in 1845, he might have given us some features of Asiatic life in other quarters, not less curious, original, and instructive than those which transpire in the course of his present proceedings. His papers on the sites of certain ancient cities in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, show that he has travelled far and seen much beyond the course of the Tigris; and passages in the present work occasionally betray that the wandering tribes now introduced to our knowledge, are not the first with whom Mr. Layard has lived on intimate terms, with whom he has thrown off all but the open and honourable character of the Frank, and kept up that acknowledged intellectual superiority, which, when not insolently or arbitrarily proclaimed, is sure to meet with its proper homage. We read, for instance (p. 89), after the description of a large tribe breaking up when migrating to new pastures:—‘The scene caused in me feelings of melancholy, for it recalled many hours, perhaps unprofitably, though certainly happily spent; and many friends, some who now sighed in captivity for the joyous freedom which those wandering hordes enjoyed; others who had perished in its defence.’ In another place (p. 168) we find old habits, either of throwing the jerid, or of mingling in more serious frays, ‘making him forget his dignity, and join in this mimic war with his own attendants and some Kurdish horsemen.’ We notice these things as explaining as well as guaranteeing the truth, and so justifying our perfect reliance on the account of the mastery which Mr. Layard acquired over the Arab mind. These hours, if our readers are disposed to appreciate as highly as we do the value of his Assyrian discoveries, were not spent unprofitably, because, by the experience which they gave, by the skill thus acquired, Mr. Layard has been able to achieve what few Europeans under the same circumstances could have achieved—to persuade these unruly children of the desert to labour hard and with the utmost cheerfulness in his and in our service, and all for their own good. He made them feel at once that they were engaged in the service of an employer, whose object was not to wring the utmost toil out of their weary frames, and then wrest away the price of their labours: that it was his purpose, besides the fair payment of
their

their wages, to promote in every manner their happiness and improvement.

We must, however, wait patiently for whatever Mr. Layard may by and by be encouraged to give us of the details of his own earlier life in the East, content, meantime, with taking him up at the period to which these volumes distinctly refer. A former journey into the regions about the Tigris had awakened in his mind the strongest desire to make researches among the vast and mysterious mounds, those barrows it might seem of great cities, which rose in so many quarters, and which appeared not to have been violated by the scrutinizing hand of man for centuries beyond centuries. He had already surveyed the remains of more modern nations, on whom nevertheless we are accustomed to look as of remote antiquity. The emotions kindled by the strong contrast between the aspect of Grecian ruins and that of the shapeless sepulchres of the eastern cities, are described in the following impressive passage:—

‘Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldæa as he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay; the richly-carved cornice or capital half hidden by the luxuriant herbage; are replaced by the stern shapeless mound rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind’s eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilisation, or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating; desolation meets desolation: a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection than the temples of Balbec or the theatres of Ionia.’—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

The success of M. Botta in his researches at Khorsabad, detailed in the 138th Number of our journal, roused still further the generous emulation of Mr. Layard. But he must have continued to brood over the vain yearnings of his antiquarian ambition, and to suppress his baffled curiosity, had it not happened that

that the English ambassador at Constantinople observed and apprehended the energetic character and abilities of his young countryman, and entirely at his own hazard placed funds at his disposal which would enable him at least to carry on to some extent these tempting researches. Mr. Layard gratefully and properly recalls to the remembrance of the country, the great debt of gratitude which it owes to that accomplished minister, for proceeding in many instances far beyond the bounds of his commission—for being ever ready to risk his private resources, in order to secure for England such treasures as the marbles of Halicarnassus,—and now the remains of a city which had perished perhaps long before Halicarnassus was in being. The whole affair attests strongly the generosity, influence, and prudence of Sir Stratford Canning—and shows how well the British Court is represented at the Ottoman Porte.

Thus unexpectedly furnished with funds, but, through the jealousy of certain parties, whose proceedings he contrasts with the enlightened and liberal spirit of M. Botta, obliged to act with great caution and secrecy, Mr. Layard lost no time in setting forth on his coveted mission. He arrived on the banks of the Tigris in October, 1845. We do not propose to follow him in every step of his progress. Our design is to notice briefly the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the opponents with whom he had to deal, to set him fairly to work, and then follow him for a time as the Eastern traveller, rather than as the discoverer of ancient Nineveh; and in the later portion of our article to give a summary account of the extent and value of his discoveries, with some examination of his theories as to the ancient Assyrian history, its successive empires and dynasties; to inquire what we have actually gained for Asiatic history and for the progress of mankind; how far a way is opened to still further investigations into the language, character, habits, civilisation of the race of Assur; of the great people who preceded the rise and fall of Babylon; who were the first traditional conquerors of Western Asia; who appear at the height of power, probably under one of their later dynasties, in the biblical histories; are denounced in the fulness of their pride and glory by two at least of the ancient seers of Israel, Isaiah and Nahum; and described as utterly razed from the earth by another (Ezekiel), probably an eye-witness of their total desolation.

The first question with Mr. Layard was the place of his operations; of this he seems to have entertained little doubt. The vast plain of level débris broken by huge mounds, which spreads from the bank of the Tigris opposite Mosul, had long been called by tradition the site of Nineveh. But all excavations there
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had been nearly unproductive—the objects discovered from time to time, neither valuable nor exciting to further toil. M. Botta had totally failed in his attempts in that quarter. But Mr. Layard's interest had been already powerfully directed to another quarter, to Nimroud, at about five hours' distance by the winding river.

As I descended the Tigris on a raft, I again saw the ruins of Nimroud, and had a better opportunity of examining them. It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows, which stretched around it, were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them: its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier, built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to ensure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like net-work over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connexion between the dam and the city built by Athur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fite of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad.—pp. 7-9. •

Still there seems no doubt from Mr. Layard's subsequent and successful excavation in the mound of Kouyunjik—one of the mounds opposite to Mosul—as well as those made by him at Nimroud, and by M. Botta at Khorsabad, that each
• • • or

or all of these places, and others adjacent or intermediate, where the same great mounds appear, were, if not parts of one vast city, the successive localities occupied or comprehended by *Nineveh* under its successive dynasties. As (though unquestionably in a very much more extensive period of time) Babylon, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Bagdad, succeeded each other on sites at no considerable distance, so as to be loosely described as the same city; in like manner, from that imperial caprice which seems almost to be a characteristic of great eastern sovereigns, each proud of being the founder of his own capital, the temples or palaces which it is manifest stood on every one of these sites, differing as they apparently do in age, and to a certain extent in the character of their art, may each have been *the Nineveh* of its day, the chief dwelling-place and centre of worship of the kings and of the gods of Assyria; and so no one of these being absolutely destroyed, but deserted only, and, if we may so speak, gone out of fashion, this aggregate of cities—this cluster of almost conterminous capitals—may have then gone by the proverbial name, the City of Three Days' Journey, just like Thebes of the Hundred Gates; or the poetic hyperbole of the Book of Jonah may be taken to the strict letter; and the Prophet's first day's slow and interrupted pilgrimage through the streets may not have led him to the palace of the king. In this conjecture, which occurred to us on reading the earlier part of this work, we rejoice to find that we have anticipated the conclusion of Mr. Layard. The hypothesis in fact seems to us the only one that can account for the vast number of magnificent edifices which unquestionably existed within a circuit too extensive for a single city, but not for a capital, which had thus grown up out of many cities.

But from the old Assyrian monarchs—the Nimrods or the Sardanapali—we must descend at once to modern Pashas. Mr. Layard broke ground at Nimroud under unfavourable auspices. The ruling representative of the Sublime Porte required his most dexterous management. This worthy personage, Mohammed Pasha, was commonly known as Keritli Oglu, that is, the son of the Cretan; he seems fully to have answered to the description of that race by the old Greek poet, to whom St. Paul has given the sanction of his authority:—

Κρήτες κελ ψεύσται, κάκα θήρια, γάστερες ἄργοι.

This last phrase has, as will appear, its peculiar force—it expresses admirably 'tooth money':—

'The appearance of his Excellency was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice.

voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and "impositions" which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parhssi*—or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the *wear and tear of his teeth* in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants. On entering Mosul he had induced several of the principal aghas, who had fled from the town on his approach to return to their homes; and, having made a formal display of oaths and protestations, cut their throats, to show how much his word could be depended upon.—pp. 19, 20.

Mr. Layard was too prudent to demand permission at once to commence his operations, for other reasons rather than any anticipated difficulties on the part of the governor. The Cretan, no doubt, would have hugged himself with delight at the facility with which he should possess himself of the gold and precious marketable treasures which the cunning Frank, pretending to be seized with an unaccountable passion for disinterring old stones, no doubt hoped to discover and to carry off. This view of Mr. Layard's object was shared by others—indeed we may say by all. Awad, the Sheik of the Jehesh, who inhabited the village near Nimroud, and was the first, and, from his familiarity with the ruins, the most useful of Mr. Layard's fellow-labourers—

'could scarcely persuade himself that the researches were limited to mere stones. He carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold-leaf he could find in the rubbish; and, calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper. "O, Bey," said he, "Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The Sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He left me, muttering "Yia Rubbi!" and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings.'—p. 30.

No sooner had Mr. Layard succeeded in organizing and bringing into discipline the labourers of different races and religions, all of whom willingly enlisted in his service, than other important personages of Mosul—the Cadi and the Ulemas, the magistrates and the clergy—who were not disposed to surrender their share in the treasure-trove—their tribute and their tithe—and were besides full of orthodox Mussulman hatred and jealousy of the Frank, began their intrigues to stop his proceedings. With his usual promptitude, Mr. Layard galloped off to Mosul. His Excellency the Cretan expressed the most sovereign contempt for

for the cadi. 'Does that ill-conditioned fellow think that he has Sheriff Pasha' (his immediate predecessor) 'to deal with, that he must be planning a riot in the town?' When I was at Sivas the Ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached upon a burying-ground. But I made them eat dust, Wallah! I took every grave-stone, and built up the castle walls with them!' The Pasha pretended to know nothing of the excavations; but subsequently thinking to detect the astute Frank, 'he pulled out of his writing-tray a scrap of paper, as dingy as that produced by Awad, in which was also preserved an almost invisible particle of gold-leaf.' This had been sent him by an officer set to watch the proceedings at Nimroud. Mr. Layard at once suggested that an agent should be appointed to receive all the precious metals discovered, on behalf of his Excellency. Affairs upon this went on smoothly for some days—chamber after chamber, sculpture after sculpture was coming to light—when orders arrived to stop further work. Again Mr. Layard rode off to Mosul. The Cretan disclaimed all his own orders—professed the utmost goodwill. Mr. Layard returned—and at night arrived more stringent orders to Daoud Agha, then 'Commander of the Irregulars' encamped in the neighbourhood:—

'Surprised at this inconsistency, I returned to Mosul early next day, and again called upon the Pasha. "It was with deep regret," said he, "I learnt, after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves; now you are aware that by the law it is forbidden to disturb a tomb, and the cadi and mufti have already made representations to me on the subject." "In the first place," replied I, "being pretty well acquainted with the mound, I can state that no graves have been disturbed; in the second, after the wise and firm *politica* which your Excellency exhibited at Sivas, grave-stones would present no difficulty. Please God, the cadi and mufti have profited by the lesson which your Excellency gave to the ill-mannered ulema of that city." "In Sivas," returned he, immediately understanding my meaning, "I had Mussulmans to deal with, and there was *tanzimat*, but here we have only Kurds and Arabs, and, Wallah! they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend; if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! your life is more valuable than old stones; besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head." Finding that the Pasha had resolved to interrupt my proceedings, I pretended to acquiesce in his answer, and requested that a cawass of his own might be sent with me to Nimroud, as I wished to draw the sculptures and copy the inscriptions which had already been uncovered. To this he consented, and ordered an officer to accompany me. Before leaving Mosul, I learnt with regret from what quarter the opposition to my proceedings chiefly came.—pp. 44, 45.

But how came the tombstones there?—

'Daoud

‘Daoud Agha confessed to me on our way that he had received orders to make graves on the mound, and that his troops had been employed for two nights in bringing stones from distant villages for that purpose. “We have destroyed more real tombs of the true Believers,” said he, “in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Salamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying those accursed stones.”’—p. 46.

Mr. Layard afterwards, during his excavations, did come on some real graves; but as he was enabled to convince the Arabs, by an elaborate argument, that, since the feet were not turned to Mecca, they could not be the tombs of true believers, their removal, which was conducted with great care, gave no offence to the pious Mussulmen. By and bye—fortunately for Mr. Layard and for his researches, no less than for the inhabitants of Mosul and its neighbourhood—Keritli Oglu was recalled, and the province was committed to the more equitable rule of Ismail Pasha. But even Ismail, though of the new school, was at first so beset by the ulema and the other Frank-haters, that he requested Mr. Layard to suspend his operations for a time.

The next disturbance, after he had resumed his work, was caused by a great event in the discovery. We cannot lay this before our readers in other words than those of Mr. Layard:—

‘On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. “Hasten, O Bey,” exclaimed one of them—“hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;” and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

‘On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

‘I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure

up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

‘Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, “There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!” It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. “This is not the work of men’s hands,” exclaimed he, “but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.” In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.’—pp. 65–67.

The commotion excited by this apparition, which gave rise to still more active opposition from the religious authorities of Mosul, induced Ismail Pasha to advise Mr. Layard to proceed with greater caution. Other reasons concurred with this friendly admonition. Mr. Layard, therefore, gradually discontinued his operations, and having carefully earthed up the discoveries already made, and leaving only two men to proceed on work marked out for them, determined to await an answer to a communication which he had addressed to Constantinople, and in the mean time to extend his acquaintance with the dominant Arab tribes in the vicinity, and to pursue his antiquarian researches by visiting, for the second time, the celebrated ruins of Al Hather.

This first excursion of Mr. Layard led him only among the Kurdish tribes. This we pass over, though it describes many amusing and characteristic points in their manners. On his return to resume his labours under more favourable auspices, he ventured to give an entertainment—a ball and supper—close by the ruins of Nimroud, to the various Arab chiefs of the district, with their followers, male and female, and the Christian gentlemen and ladies of Mosul, who were all eager to see these wonderful discoveries. The ladies were glad for once to be without the walls of their houses, where, it seems, they are generally cooped up with Mohammedan jealousy. Mr. Rassam the English consul—
 . . . who

who was throughout the faithful and intelligent friend of Mr. Layard, his assistant in his researches, and the companion of some of his excursions—Mrs. Rassam, the French consul and his wife, were of the party. ‘White pavilions, borrowed from the pasha, had been pitched near the river on a broad lawn still carpeted with flowers. These were for the ladies and for the reception of the sheikhs. Black tents were provided for some of the guests, the attendants, and the kitchen.’ Arabs watched the horses; an open space was left for dancing and other amusements. The great man of the feast was Abd-ur-rahman, sheikh of the Abu-Salman, who appeared in his most magnificent dress, and was received with befitting solemnity and noise. Then came the other sheikhs with their ladies humbly on foot; then the wife and daughter of Abd-ur-rahman on mares, surrounded by their slaves and handmaidens. They were entertained with a repast, ladylike and cooling, of sweetmeats, halwa, parched peas, and lettuces. The more vigorous appetites of the men, and of the less exclusive ladies, were stayed by fourteen sheep, roasted and boiled; from which, we are sorry to say, that the men first most ungallantly helped themselves, and then passed on the fragments to the females. The influence of Mr. Rassam persuaded some of the women to join in the Arab dance; but these figurantes preserved somewhat too rigid propriety; though their motions were not without grace, they persisted in wrapping themselves in their coarse cloaks. Sword-dances followed, which wound up the performers to such a pitch of excitement that it was necessary to replace their swords by stout staves, wherewith they were allowed full Irish licence of belabouring each other till they were tired. Then came the buffoons, the constant amusement of Eastern and of all half-civilized tribes. All passed off, it would seem, with exemplary decorum; the grave old Arab chief was the only one whose tender feelings were noticeably awakened. At the banquet which he gave in return the next day, the women, uncontrolled by the presence of another tribe, entered more fully into the amusement, and danced with greater animation. The sheikh challenged Mr. Layard to join in the dance, which he was too courtly to refuse; and went whirling round, in a *corps de ballet*, consisting of 600 warriors and Arab women. But that was probably a device of the sheikh to drown his rising passion. ‘The conqueror of his heart was the wife of the French consul.’ His admiration of her beauty exceeded all bounds;

‘and when he had ceased dancing, he sat gazing upon her from a corner of the tent—“Wallah,” he whispered to me, “she is the sister of the Sun! what would you have more beautiful than that? Had I a thousand purses, I would give them all for such a wife. See!—her eyes

eyes are like the eyes of my mare, her hair is as bitumen, and her complexion resembles the finest Busrah dates. Any one would die for a Houri like that." The Sheikh was almost justified in his admiration.' —p. 121.

A still more favourable revolution in the government of Mosul had in the mean time taken place. Hafiz Pasha, who succeeded Ismail, being promoted, the province had been sold to Tahyar Pasha, 'a venerable old man, bland and polished in his manners, courteous to Europeans, and well informed on subjects connected with the literature and history of the country. He was a perfect specimen of the Turkish gentleman of the old school, of whom few are now left in Turkey.' Few indeed there are who have not been corrupted by Frank intercourse, and have not dwindled in demeanour and manners by adopting European habits, as they have in personal appearance by the European garb. How is the whole race dwarfed down from the tall, broad, magnificent, terrible, and turbaned Turks,—who affrighted Christendom with their strength and prowess, and of yore enforced our youthful awe in the cuts to Sir Paul Rycaut's edition of old Knolles,—into the shabby, short, slim, shuffling, Jew-pedlar-like, and most unalarming Moslemin, who now appear in our streets and, we regret to hear, in Constantinople, in half Frankish and half Oriental costume? Tahyar Pasha took up Mr. Layard with the utmost zeal, and only appointed an officer to protect and assist, rather than to watch, his proceedings. Of this cawass, Ibrahim by name, Mr. Layard speaks in high terms as to his intelligence and even his honesty. Besides this, our indefatigable ambassador had forwarded an imperial rescript from Constantinople, which not merely gave the full sanction of the Sultan for the prosecution of the researches, but allowed Mr. Layard to secure for his country the possession of all these remarkable monuments of ancient Assyria.

His proceedings were, however, again interrupted for a time by a more unmitigable adversary than the untractable pasha or the bigot ulemâ—the heat. He was first driven for refuge into the underground chambers, where the inhabitants of Mosul screen themselves from the summer sun; his health then forced him to seek a cooler climate, and he set forth on his second expedition, to the mountains of Tiyari, inhabited by the Chaldean or Nestorian Christians. This second expedition, though the interest is of a very melancholy cast, introduces us to scenes of much greater natural beauty, and to a much more remarkable people than the Kurdish clans, among which he travelled during his first ride from the Tigris.

The Chaldean Christians (the appellation Nestorians, though sometimes

sometimes used in their intercourse with Europeans, is disclaimed both by priests and people) are the remnant of that great Oriental Church which, driven away by the persecution of the Byzantine emperors after the triumph of Cyril and the condemnation of Nestorius, took refuge under the protection of the Persian kings, and maintained its ground under the early Mohammedan sovereigns. Instead of continuing the controversial war, in which it had been worsted, it turned its face eastward, and undertook the nobler office of disseminating Christianity to the uttermost parts of the world. Mr. Layard has dwelt at somewhat disproportionate length on the early history of the Nestorians. His account is highly creditable to his research and accuracy, but is more diffuse than necessary for a book of travels, not full enough for a chapter of ecclesiastical history. The oriental bishops had in fact a strong predisposition to Nestorianism, in that widespread aversion to Matter, as the Evil principle, which characterized all their Christian conceptions. Hence their jealous reluctance to acknowledge that the manhood (the material manhood) could be admitted into God; their preference of the tenet that the Godhead, in its pure and unmingled essence, dwelt in the manhood: hence their rejection, that which made them more especially odious to the orthodox, of the term 'Mother of God;' as implying that a mortal and material being had given birth to more than the material and mortal part of the divine Redeemer. The 'mother of the Christ' was the utmost term which they would use. The great teachers of the Syrian school, Diodorus of Tarsus and Theodore of Mopsuestia, were in truth the parents of Nestorianism; and when their opinions were proclaimed by a prelate of the high station of the patriarch of Constantinople, it might be expected that large numbers would enlist under his banner. The proceedings of the Council of Ephesus—in which the armed soldiery and the turbulent populace had as much to do with the decisions as the arguments of Cyril and his theologians—and the harsh and violent character of Cyril himself, were unhappily less calculated to persuade or conciliate or overawe, than to harden opposition into stubborn and persevering fanaticism. While then it was expelled, or oppressed, or persecuted throughout the Byzantine empire, Nestorianism was the dominant creed beyond the pale of the Roman dominion. The patriarch of Baghdad, to which city the metropolitan throne was removed under the Mohammedan dynasty, counted as his suffragans bishops in every province of the East, with congregations more or less numerous and flourishing, from the Euphrates and Tigris to India, Tartary, and China. The history of these spiritual conquests (this is a subject of regret rather than wonder) is extremely obscure; but there seems no doubt that they had made strong and, to a certain extent,

extent; successful efforts to Christianize some of the great Mongol sovereigns in the vast steppes of Upper Asia; and, had their success been more complete, might thus have somewhat mitigated the terrors of those terrible irruptions which century after century desolated the civilized world. It was the conquest of Tamerlane which gave the fatal blow to those outposts of Christianity in great part of the remoter East. In China we have no knowledge that any survivors of those converts who set up the well-known inscription at Siganfu, still maintain their Christian creed. The St. Thomas Christians of India have become mostly Jacobites or Monophysites.

The Chaldean Christians therefore of these regions are almost the only representatives of those once flourishing and widely disseminated Churches. They are singularly interesting, not merely from their antiquity, but as faithful representatives of the creed (they admit that of Nicea in all its fullness), of the popular worship, and Church government of the Eastern Churches at the time of the Nestorian schism. Of the worship of images, of purgatory, of extreme Mariolatry, of the supremacy of the pope, of the absolute celibacy of the whole clergy, these more primitive Christians knew nothing. These doctrines were yet, as Mr. Newman might say, undeveloped; in fact, formed no part of the common Christianity. Even here the Chaldeans of the plains have mostly yielded to the incessant, busy, and, it must be added, unscrupulous attempts of the Roman Catholics, who set up a rival patriarch in connexion with the Church of Rome. The end, and, in many cases, the means adopted to work these conversions are equally lamentable. The end appears to be the lining the walls of the churches with wretched prints, more particularly such as represent the 'Iddio Bambino,' the article most obnoxious to the old Nestorian creed; and the introduction of that ceremonial which, when splendid with genuine pomp and gold, is doubtless solemn and impressive, but, when poor and shabby and tinsel, contrasts still more unfavourably with the simpler, more earnest, less ambitious worship of the old Nestorians. The means to enforce proselytism are still less creditable to the persuasive powers of the teachers. They scruple not to call in the civil power to their aid—that civil power being the Mohammedan *cadi*, or any other unbelieving officer whose intervention may be procured by money or intrigue. Dr. Grant, of whom we shall presently speak, mentions of his own knowledge one man whom the impartial Moslem attempted to bastinado into a Catholic. Mr. Layard, on whose judgment and impartiality we have more reliance, confirms the melancholy truth as to this system of enforcing the unity of the Church.

Mr. Layard was present at the Chaldean service in the mountains—

tains—where he witnessed the administration, by two priests in white surplices, of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, of which all partook, children as well as men and women. The impression on his mind was very favourable.

‘I could not but contrast these simple and primitive rites with the senseless mummary and degrading forms adopted by the converted Chaldeans of the plains—the unadorned, and imageless walls, with the hideous pictures and monstrous deformities which disfigure the churches at Mosul.’—p. 201.

The genuine type, in short, of the Chaldean Christians was now only to be seen among the mountaineers; a people of simple manners, great industry, inhabiting villages environed with fruit trees of many kinds, cultivating the mountain side in terraces; extremely devout, but without fanaticism; fondly attached to their churches and to their priests. The latter seemed quite worthy of the general respect and love—blameless and affectionate men; some of them not without learning, though of course, as the priesthood of a rude people, with only the refinement which springs from Christian gentleness and oriental courtesy.

But alas! this faithful few has, within these last three or four years, been reduced to a still more scanty remnant! All their villages, except one, Zaweetha, whose smiling and highly cultivated domain sadly showed the desolation of the rest, have been wasted by a ruthless chieftain, Beder Khan Beg. The inhabitants—some unresisting, some having made a brave resistance—have been massacred by thousands, their children carried off and sold as slaves. There is something connected with this melancholy history of the desolation of these valleys, which Mr. Layard, with praiseworthy tenderness, is anxious to conceal: it is, he acknowledges, a subject too painful to contemplate. Some of our readers may have read a publication on these Nestorian Chaldeans by Dr. Grant, an American Missionary physician. The main object of Dr. Grant’s book was to prove these Christians the lost ten tribes of Israel. This notion might be so far grounded, that many families among these races may be descended from those Jews whom we know, from the Epistle of St. James, and from other good authorities, to have been settled in all these regions from the borders of Armenia as far as the Propontia; Jews of all tribes and families; some no doubt lineally sprung from those transported by the kings of Assyria to these regions. We know from the New Testament—as well as from the famous Epistle of Pliny and from other quarters—how widely Christianity was disseminated from the earliest times throughout this whole range of country; and doubtless Israelites of all tribes may have been numbered among these first converts. This concession, however, we fear, would not have satisfied Dr.

Dr. Grant—or his Believers, if he has left any Believers. Dr. Grant had fully made up his mind that they are the genuine, unmingled lost Ten Tribes, which, he it observed, were only supposed, by late tradition, to be kept together, shut up, and secluded in some remote quarter of the world. But enough of this. From several incidental hints we are forced into the melancholy conclusion that this American mission, was in some degree connected with the fatal end of these happy communities, for whose welfare these zealous men had devoted themselves in the most self-denying spirit of love. That they were excellent men, with the purest and best intentions, no one can doubt; self-expatriated from their homes, perhaps on the peaceful shores of the Hudson or the Delaware, and from all the freedom and comforts of their native land; of most of them the remains are at rest in the cemeteries of Mosul. Dr. Grant himself fell a victim to a fever, caught during his kind and unintermitting care of some of the victims who escaped the massacre. But it is too probable that the very Christian zeal which brought these missionaries into this remote field of labour, mingled with the jealousy of everything foreign and Frank among these fierce tribes, aroused the dormant fanaticism of the Mohammedans. Mr. Layard acknowledges the want of judgment with which the missionaries chose a strong and commanding hill-top for the position of their buildings and school-house. It looked as designed for a fortress, hereafter to enslave the land; it was so well placed and of such natural strength, as to become by and by such a fortress in the hands of a predatory chieftain. Beder Khan Beg was urged, not only by his own fierce and rapacious character, but by a fanatic sheikh, to carry out the principles of the Korân (and quotations strong and emphatic enough abound in certain chapters of that book), by exterminating the unbelievers. He had shown his religious sincerity by massacring, in 1843, in cold blood, nearly 10,000 persons, and had carried away as slaves a great number of girls and children. One of these murder-preaching sheikhs, we should not forget to notice, was seen by Mr. Layard at Kuremi; he enjoyed a great reputation for miracles and sanctity throughout Kurdistan.

• ‘He was seated in the Iwan, or open chamber, of a very neat house; built, kept in repair, and continually whitewashed by the inhabitants of the place. A beard, white as snow, fell almost to his waist; and he wore a turban and a long gown of spotless white linen. He is almost blind, and sat rocking himself to and fro, fngering his rosary. He keeps a perpetual Ramazan, never eating between dawn and sunset. On a slab, near him, was a row of water-jugs of every form, ready for use when the sun went down.’—p. 227.

His son, Sheikh Tahar, was the legitimate heir of his fame
for

for holiness, wonder-working, and ferocious fanaticism. He was accustomed when he entered Mosul to throw a veil over his face that his sight might not be polluted by Christians and other impurities in the city. This man was at the ear of Beder Khan, urging him to resume his inhuman devastations.

Mr. Layard arrived in the country after the first dreadful invasion which had wasted the villages of the Tyari; everywhere he was received with the fondest enthusiasm; the notion of his high rank only saved him, or rather, as we gather from his sly language, prevented him, to his disappointment, from sharing in the pleasing peril of being smothered in the embraces of the grateful girls. This they only ventured to do to his companion, the brother of the consul. For even here, it is gratifying to find, that English influence had been exerted in the better cause of humanity, as it had been before in the cause of knowledge. Sir Stratford Canning had prevailed on the Porte to send a Commissioner to Kurdistan to persuade Beder Khan to give up his prisoners; he had himself advanced even more potent arguments for their release, large sums of ransom-money from his own pocket. Mr. Rassam, too, the English Consul, had clothed and maintained at his own expense not only the Nestorian Patriarch, who had taken refuge in Mosul, but many hundred Chaldeans who had escaped from the mountains. Mr. Layard therefore was welcomed with universal joy; his own kind treatment of the Chaldeans, whom he had employed in his works, had no doubt increased his popularity. The whole account of his intercourse with the priests and with the people is of singular interest; though with one fatal drawback, the presentiment which we cannot but feel while we read his pages, a presentiment sadly realised at the close of this chapter, that even then their cup of misery was not full. The cruel Mohammedan was only waiting to wreak his fanatic fury on Tkhoma, a wild but romantic district, which he had as yet spared. Such a deep-rooted jealousy and hatred of their Christian neighbours seemed to have possessed not Beder Khan alone, but some other of the Kurdish chiefs, that Mr. Layard himself was in great danger—a danger which, being as much superior to fool-hardiness as to fear, he escaped by his judgment and promptitude, and by showing himself as crafty, when necessary, as his most cunning foes. But after Mr. Layard's departure the storm burst on the happy but devoted Tkhoma. 'The inhabitants made some resistance; an indiscriminate massacre took place; the women were brought before the chief and murdered in cold blood.' The principal villages were destroyed; the churches pulled down. Nearly half the population perished; among them one of the Meleks, or princes, and the good priest Kasha Budæa; the last, except

except Kasha Kana, of the pious and learned Nestorian clergy. Even after the tardy justice of the Porte was put forth to crush this remorseless barbarian—justice which was content, probably mollified by some golden arguments, with a sentence of exile to Candia—the locust devoured what the canker-worm had spared. Nur Ullah Bey, whom we remember Dr. Grant visiting in his castle of Jula Merk, and unhappily, as it turns out, restoring to health, fell on the few survivors, who returned to their villages, and put them to the torture to discover their concealed treasures. Many died, the rest fled to Persia. ‘This flourishing district,’ sadly concludes Mr. Layard, ‘was thus destroyed; and it will be long ere its cottages rise from their ruins, and the fruits of patient toil again clothe the sides of the valleys.’ (p. 239.)

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him among a still more remarkable people, perhaps in their origin not only much older than the Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than Christianity itself. He is admitted into the rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary of that singular race, who bear the ill-omened name of Devil-worshippers. He is the first European, we believe, who has received almost unreserved communication as to the nature of their tenets; though probably, from the ignorance of the Yezidis themselves, he has by no means solved the problem either of the date or the primal source of their curious doctrines. How extraordinary the vitality even of the wildest and strangest forms of religious belief! Here are tribes proscribed for centuries, almost perhaps for thousands of years, under the name most odious to all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older and more wicked belief, at least infected by the most detested heresy, Manicheism—trampled upon, hunted down, driven from place to place by the Mussulmān, as being of those idolaters, the *people without a Book*, towards whom the Korān itself justifies or commands implacable enmity. Against the Yezidis, even in the present day, the Moslem rulers most religiously fulfil the precepts of their Scripture—making razzias among them, massacring the males, carrying off the women, especially the female children, into their harems. That fanatic persecution, which accidental circumstances suddenly and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Christians, had been the wretched lot, time out of mind, of the Yezidis. Towards the Christians the Korān contained more merciful texts—towards the Devil-worshippers none. Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes, cleanly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit (some have lately taken refuge from Mohammedan persecution under the Russian government in

in Georgia), celebrating publicly their religious rites—with their sacred places and sacred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of their sheikhs, their groves, and their temples. The manners of these tribes are full of the frank, courteous, hospitable freedom of Asiatics—they are resolute soldiers in self-defence—and, at least, not more given, in their best days, to marauding habits than their neighbours, and only goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked persecution.* Their morals, as far as transpires in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account, are much above those of the tribes around them—they are grateful for kindness, and by no means, at least as far as Mr. Layard experienced, and we may add some earlier travellers, jealously uncommunicative with Franks. Their secret rites, as witnessed by Mr. Layard, are by no means those midnight orgies which have earned for them the epithet of 'Cheragh Sonderan'—the extinguishers of lights. The imputation of revolting practices implied in this appellation is as little justified, in all probability, as the same charges advanced by the Heathens against the primitive Christians—by the orthodox Christians almost indiscriminately against the Gnostic and Manichean sects. It is the same charge which all religions have incurred, which have been obliged to shroud their ceremonies, for fear of persecution, in night or in secrecy. Fantastic as these rites of the Devil-worshippers may be, and, instead of calm and sober worship, maddening to the utmost physical excitement, they are, as far as we can know, perfectly innocent. If dangerous, considering into what, according to some of the Fathers, the Agapæ had degenerated in the third and fourth century—considering the Jumpers, Shakers, and Revivals of modern days—considering what has been ascribed to some Mohammedan sects—at all events, if the worst has been now and then true, there may be grave doubt in many minds as to the right of throwing the first stone.

Mr. Layard's invitation to the Festival of the Yezidis was another act of gratitude arising out of English humanity. The Cretan Pasha had endeavoured—not from religious zeal, but in hope of plunder and exaction—to get the head or chief priest of the tribe into his power. 'Sheikh Nasr had time to escape the plot against him, and to substitute in his place the second in authority, who was carried a prisoner to the town.' The heroic substitute, in his devotion to his chief, bore torture and imprisonment. He was released by the intervention of Mr. Rassam, who advanced a considerable sum on the faith of the Yezidis, and this sum was punctually repaid by them when they had reaped their harvest. The Yezidis were of course in as great delight at the recall of Keritli Oglou as the rest of the province. Mr. Rassam was
unable

unable to attend a solemn festival, when the disciples of their religion from the most distant quarters were to meet at their great holy place, the tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mysterious personage, whose history, the period of his life, his title to saintly reverence, have now become an inexplicable myth. Mr. Layard was more lucky. He was received by Hussein, the chief, a youth of remarkable beauty, rich dress, and courteous manners. After breakfast he was left to his siesta, which was broken by a shrill cry of rejoicing from the women's tents. The Sheikh himself announced the joyful tidings of the birth of an heir, which had just taken place—an event which he ascribed to the good fortune attendant on the stranger's visit. The sheikh and the whole tribe entreated him to bestow a name on the infant. 'Notwithstanding,' says Mr. Layard, 'my respect and esteem for the Yezidis, I could not but admit that there were some doubts as to the propriety of their tenets and form of worship; and I was naturally anxious to ascertain the amount of responsibility which I might incur in standing godfather to a Devil-worshipper's baby.' Nothing more being meant than the choice of a name (baptism, one of their rites, it seems, is performed by immersion, at a later period), Mr. Layard, with his usual tact, suggested the name of the babe's grandfather Ali Bey, who was held in high reverence in the tribe. The next day the festival began. Even Mr. Layard's practised eye may have been somewhat dazzled by the singularity and beauty of the scene, or rather the succession of scenes, which he has described with such grace and liveliness. The contrast of this cool shady valley, in which stood the tomb of Sheikh Adi—the religious buildings which surrounded it—its groves and its fresh and flowing waters—with the sultry cellars of Mosul, and the burning plains of Nimroud—may have heightened his powers of enjoyment! The cordiality of his reception opened his heart—but the living nature of the picture is the best guarantee for the artist's fidelity:—

'I sat till nearly mid-day with the assembly, at the door of the tomb. Sheikh Nasr then rose, and I followed him into the outer court, which was filled by a busy crowd of pilgrims. In the recesses and on the ground were spread the stores of the travelling-merchants, who, on such occasions, repair to the valley. Many-coloured handkerchiefs and cotton stuffs hung from the branches of the trees; dried figs from the Sinjar, raisins from Amadiyah, dates from Busrah, and walnuts from the mountains, were displayed in heaps upon the pavement.' Around these tempting treasures, were gathered groups of boys and young girls. Men and women were engaged on all sides in animated conversation, and the hum of human voices was heard through the valley. All respectfully saluted the sheikh, and made way for us as we approached. We issued from the precincts of the principal building,

building, and seated ourselves on the edge of a fountain built by the road-side, and at the end of the avenue of trees leading into the tomb. The slabs surrounding the basin are to some extent looked upon as sacred; and at this time only Sheikh Nasr, Hussein Bey, and myself, were permitted to place ourselves upon them. Even on other occasions the Yezidis are unwilling to see them polluted by Mussulmans, who usually choose this spot, well adapted for repose, to spread their carpets. The water of the fountain is carefully preserved from impurities, and is drunk by those who congregate in the valley. Women were now hastening to and fro with their pitchers, and making merry as they waited their turn to dip them into the reservoir. The principal sheikhs and cawals sat in a circle round the spring, and listened to the music of pipes and tambourines.

‘I never beheld a more picturesque or animated scene. Long lines of pilgrims toiled up the avenue. There was the swarthy inhabitant of the Sinjar, with his long black locks, his piercing eye and regular features—his white robes floating in the wind, and his unwieldy match-lock thrown over his shoulder. Then followed the more wealthy families of the Kochers—the wandering tribes, who live in tents in the plains, and among the hills of ancient Adiabene; the men in gay jackets and variegated turbans, with fantastic arms in their girdles; the women richly clad in silk antaris; their hair, braided in many tresses, falling down their backs, and adorned with wild flowers; their foreheads almost concealed by gold and silver coins; and huge strings of glass beads, coins, and engraved stones hanging round their necks. Next would appear a poverty-stricken family from a village of the Mosul district; the women clad in white, pale and care-worn, bending under the weight of their children; the men urging on the heavily-laden donkey. Similar groups descended from the hills. Repeated discharges of fire-arms, and a well-known signal, announced to those below the arrival of every new party.’—pp. 283–285.

In the midst of this occurred a characteristic and amusing incident, which for a time marred the general mirth, and threatened to interrupt the kindly feeling between the Yezidis and the stranger. The dances had begun—

‘Every place, from which a sight could be obtained of the dancers, was occupied by curious spectators. Even the branches above our heads were bending under the clusters of boys who had discovered that, from them, they could get a full view of what was going on below. The manœuvres of one of these urchins gave rise to a somewhat amusing incident, which illustrates the singular superstitions of this sect. He had forced himself to the very end of a weak bough, which was immediately above me, and threatened every moment to break under the weight. As I looked up I saw the impending danger, and made an effort, by an appeal to the chief, to avert it. “If that young *sheit*——” I exclaimed, about to use an epithet, generally given in the East to such adventurous youths; I checked myself immediately; but it was already too late; half the dreaded word had escaped. The effect

effect was instantaneous; a look of horror seized those who were near enough to overhear me; it was quickly communicated to those beyond. The pleasant smile, which usually played upon the fine features of the young bey, gave way to a serious and angry expression. I lamented that I had thus unwillingly wounded the feelings of my hosts, and was at a loss to know how I could make atonement for my indiscretion—doubting whether an apology to the Evil principle or to the chief was expected. I endeavoured, however, to make them understand, without venturing upon any observations which might have brought me into greater difficulties, that I regretted what had passed; but it was some time ere the group resumed their composure, and indulged in their previous merriment.—p. 286.

We must make room for the night-scene—and for Mr. Layard's certificate of its perfect innocence:—

'As night advanced, those who had assembled—they must now have amounted to nearly five thousand persons—lighted torches, which they carried with them as they wandered through the forest. The effect was magical; the varied groups could be faintly distinguished through the darkness; men hurrying to and fro; women, with their children, seated on the house-tops; and crowds gathering round the pedlars who exposed their wares for sale in the court-yard. Thousands of lights were reflected in the fountains and streams, glimmered amongst the foliage of the trees, and danced in the distance. As I was gazing on this extraordinary scene, the hum of human voices was suddenly hushed, and a strain, solemn and melancholy, arose from the valley. It resembled some majestic chant which years before I had listened to in the cathedral of a distant land. Music so pathetic and so sweet I had never before heard in the East. The voices of men and women were blended in harmony with the soft notes of many flutes. At measured intervals the song was broken by the loud clash of cymbals and tambourines; and those who were without the precincts of the tomb then joined in the melody. . . .

'The same slow and solemn strain, occasionally varied in the melody, lasted for nearly an hour; a part of it was called "Makam Azerat Esau," or the Song of the Angel Jesus. It was sung by the sheikhs, the cawals, and the women; and occasionally by those without. I could not catch the words; nor could I prevail upon any of those present to repeat them to me. They were in Arabic; and, as few of the Yezidis can speak or pronounce that language, they were not intelligible even to the experienced ear of Hodja Toma, who accompanied me. The tambourines, which were struck simultaneously, only interrupted at intervals the song of the priests. As the time quickened, they broke in more frequently. The chant gradually gave way to a lively melody, which, increasing in measure, was finally lost in a confusion of sounds. The tambourines were beaten with extraordinary energy; the flutes poured forth a rapid flood of notes; the voices were raised to their highest pitch; the men outside joined in the cry; whilst the women made the rocks resound with the shrill *tahlehl*. The musicians,

cians, giving way to the excitement, threw their instruments into the air, and strained their limbs into every contortion, until they fell exhausted to the ground. I never heard a more frightful yell than that which rose in the valley. It was midnight. The time and place were well suited to the occasion; and I gazed with wonder upon the extraordinary scene around me. Thus were probably celebrated ages ago the mysterious rites of the Corybantes when they met in some consecrated grove. I did not marvel that such wild ceremonies had given rise to those stories of unhallowed rites and obscene mysteries which have rendered the name of Yezidi an abomination in the East. Notwithstanding the uncontrollable excitement which appeared to prevail amongst all present, there were no indecent gestures or unseemly ceremonies. When the musicians and singers were exhausted, the noise suddenly died away; the various groups resumed their previous cheerfulness, and again wandered through the valley or seated themselves under the trees.

'So far from Sheikh Adi being the scene of the orgies attributed to the Yezidis, the whole valley is held sacred; and no acts, such as the Jewish law has declared to be impure, are permitted within the sacred precincts. No other than the high priest and the chiefs of the sect are buried near the tomb. Many pilgrims take off their shoes on approaching it, and go barefooted as long as they remain in its vicinity.'—pp. 290—293.

It is this strange and awful reverence for the Evil Principle which is the peculiar tenet in the creed, and has given its odious name to this ancient and singular people. With them and old Lear alone the 'Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.' They will not endure the profane use of any word which sounds like *Sheitan*, or Satan; and they have the same aversion—some slight touch of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words for a curse and *accursed*. Satan in their theory, which approaches that of Origen, is the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for rebellion against the Divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taous, King Peacock; or Melek el Kout, the mighty angel. The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride. Manicheism naturally suggests itself as the source of this awe for the Evil principle; but the Satan of the Yezidis seems to be the fallen archangel of the later Hebrew belief, rather than the Zoroastrian and Persian Ahriman, the eternal rival and equal of Ormuzd; he is no impersonation of Darkness as opposed to Light. The Yezidis seem to have none of the speculative hostility to Matter, as the eternal principle of Evil, which is the groundwork of Manicheism, as it had been of all the Gnostic creeds. Nor is the Evil principle the equal antagonist of the Good.

Good. In all other respects their creed seems to be a wild and incoherent fusion of various tenets, either borrowed from or forced upon them by other dominant religions around them. Mr. Layard supposes the groundwork to be Sabianism, yet he does not describe them as paying especial reverence to the heavenly bodies, except perhaps to the Sun, under the name of Sheikh Shems. They have a temple and oxen dedicated to that luminary; and kiss the place where his first beams fall. This, however, is pure Zoroastrianism—(we ought to note that the researches in Nineveh are in favour of the Chaldean origin of that mysterious personage and his faith). They worship towards the rising sun, and turn the feet of their dead to that Kubleh. They have the same reverence for fire—a still more peculiar mark of the Persian creed; they hold the colour blue in abomination; 'are fond of white linen, and in the cleanliness of their habits and their frequent ablutions, they also resemble the Sabæans.' They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manicheism); they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Korân. Their notion of our Saviour is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet; with the Korân, they take the Docetic view of his person, and deny the reality of his sufferings. Their habits have nothing of the asceticism of the Manichean sects; they do not even keep the Mohammedan Ramazan; they fast three days only at the commencement of the year, and even that is not of necessary obligation. Wednesday is their holiday, on which the more devout fast; but it is not kept with the rigour of a Sabbath. Under their Great Sheikh they have a hierarchy of four orders, and these offices are hereditary and descend to females. They are—I. The Pirs or saints, who lead a holy life, intercede for the people, and are supposed to cure diseases and insanity.—II. The Sheikhs, dressed in white, with a band of red and yellow, perform the chief functions of the ceremonial, take charge of the offerings, and vend the relics.—III. The Cawals are the itinerant preachers, who go round to teach the doctrines of the sect, chant the hymns, and play on the flute and tambourine.—IV. The Fakirs, dressed in coarse dark cloth, perform the menial offices. We regret to say that the schoolmaster forms no part of the hierarchy. It is considered unlawful to learn to read or write. This legally established ignorance may well make us despair of ever solving the mystery as to the origin of the Yezidis. The only chance would be by obtaining the sacred volume of their traditions, their hymns, and religious ceremonial. It is in Arabic, but carefully concealed from the sight and touch of the profane. It might indeed, after all, be hardly more satisfactory than the perplexing

Codex

Codex Nasireus, the sacred book of the Sabæan Christians or so-called Christians of St. John.

We return to Nimroud.—Our limited space forces us to compress into a brief summary our account of the actual discoveries on this prolific mound. But we strongly recommend our reader to follow Mr. Layard himself in the successive steps of his operation; to catch, as almost the coldest and most unimaginative will do, the infection of his zeal, to enter into his anxieties and his hopes; to behold chamber after chamber, hall after hall, unfold themselves as it were from the bosom of the earth, and assume shape, dimensions, height; to watch the reliefs which line the walls gradually disclosing their forms; as the rubbish clears away, the siege and the battle and the hunting-piece becoming more and more distinct; the king rearing more manifestly his lofty tiara, and displaying his undoubted symbol of royalty; the attitude of the priest proclaiming his office, sometimes his form and features, his imperfect and effeminate manhood; the walls of the besieged cities rearing their battlements, the combatants grappling in mortal struggle; the horses curveting; the long procession stretching out slab after slab, with the trophies of victory or the offerings of devotion; above all, the huge symbolic animals, the bulls or lions, sometimes slowly struggling into light in their natural forms, sometimes developing their human heads, their outspread wings; their downward parts—in their gigantic but just proportions—heaving off, as it might seem, the encumbering earth. So in Milton's noble description, if we add only the broad-horned bull to the lion and the stag—

‘ ——— Now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The leopard, and the tiger—as the mole,
Rising—the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag, from under ground,
Bore up his branching head.’—*Paradise Lost*, vii. 263.

We can conceive indeed nothing more stirring, more absorbing, than, once certainly in the right track, to work away in these mines of ancient remains; to follow the lode, not after vulgar copper or iron or even more precious metals, but after the images of the kings of ancient days, the records and pictures of victories—of empires almost pre-historic; to uncover the monumental inscriptions, in almost the oldest of written characters, which at least have in our own day partially surrendered their secrets to the inquisitive industry and sagacity of our Lassens and Rawlinsons; to disinter an Asiatic Pompeii, not a small, if elegant, provincial

provincial town, buried in the days of the Flavian Cæsars, but the life, the wars, the banquets, the state, the religion of the capital city of old Assyria; the great temple, in which reigned, and perhaps were worshipped, sovereigns contemporaneous with the elder Pharaohs, and whose names had reached the Greeks only by vague and uncertain tradition.

Mr. Layard's sagacity acquired before long a knowledge of the right mode of working these antiquarian quarries. The confident certainty with which he at last proceeded, the sort of divination which he seemed to possess, that intuitive magical rod which pointed to hidden curiosities, was no less amazing to his perplexed fellow-labourers, than his motive in consuming so much cost and time in what appeared such unprofitable labours. This simple plan of discovery at which Mr. Layard at length arrived, the knowledge of which may spare great waste of trouble and money in future researches, was grounded on the system invariably adopted, probably enforced on the founders of the larger Assyrian edifices by the circumstances and nature of their country. The low level plains on which they built their cities compelled them to give artificial elevation, both for strength and security, that they might be seen afar off and command the adjacent region. A great pavement, usually of unburnt brick, was first laid down, commensurate with the design, on a mass of brickwork thirty or forty feet high: on this pavement rose the palace or temple, with all its halls or chambers. The first object then in these researches was to pierce down to this foundation platform (to penetrate deeper was vain and lost labour), and, having reached its level, to work onwards in any direction along its surface till the walls crossed the way; then to follow the wall till broken by gates or openings which led into other galleries or chambers. The gates of the more important chambers were usually designated by a pair of gigantic figures—bulls, lions, or of composite forms—the colossal warders of these vast halls. The gates or doors, if there were gates or doors, being of some less durable material, had entirely perished. This knowledge, however, of the fundamental principle of Assyrian architecture was gained only by observation and experience. It was employed in Mr. Layard's later excavations in the huge mound of Kouyunjik, in the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul; and in that of Kalah Shergat: in all of which he was eminently, if not equally, successful. It might have saved M. Botta, if it had been known from the first, much toil; and even Mr. Layard, in the researches which he made at Khorsabad, after it had been abandoned by the French. Even at Nimroud, at the first period of his excavations, when he was eager without delay to avail himself of Sir Stratford Canning's

Canning's liberality, this base of operations had not been discovered; the researches were less regular and systematic, guided by the external appearance of the mound, and the first indications of the tops of the walls, which seemed to invite the pickaxe and spade. Mr. Layard's original Arab guide, an intelligent man, well acquainted with the mound, pointed out a fragment of alabaster, cropping out, in geological phrase, above the soil. On digging down it appeared part of a large slab; but the first chamber, the wall of which was partly faced by this slab, was more perplexing than satisfactory. As yet there were neither bas-reliefs nor inscriptions; and it was evident that this chamber had been opened before—as it appeared, in the memory of living man, and from a modern inscription, by a late pasha in search of materials for tombstones. But steady perseverance—and skill, which, by such a man as Mr. Layard, was rapidly acquired—soon penetrated deeper and deeper into the unknown and inviolate; till the three great edifices of different ages, adorned by sculptures of different character—one at the north-west corner, one in the centre, one to the south-east—revealed to the light of day the Nineveh perhaps of Ninus and Semiramis, of Salmaneser and Sennacherib, of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus.

Mr. Layard has rendered us great assistance in his own summary of the final result of his operations. He has given (and we are inclined to pardon the repetition, from the more perfect distinctness with which we have been enabled to accompany him), first, a topographic account, with constant references to his plans, and then a picturesque view of the mound, into which we descend, and behold his labourers—Arabs and Chaldeans, Mohammedans and Christians—working together in the utmost harmony, in all their wild attitudes, with their fantastic gestures and dissonant cries. We range with him through the whole circuit—pass from hall to hall—contemplate the lions at the gates, the sculptures on the walls—explore the rubbish for smaller articles of curiosity.

Before Christmas, 1846, Mr. Layard had only opened eight chambers. The intelligence of funds placed at his disposal through the Trustees of the British Museum enabled him to proceed on a more vigorous plan and on a more extensive scale. Before he closed his work, eight-and-twenty of these halls and galleries had come to light; and, with the assistance of his plans, we can trace the whole groundwork of the edifices. By his clever picture-writing, assisted, too, by many cuts executed with great skill by Mr. George Scharf, we are enabled to see the several parts of the mound, from a shapeless heap of rubbish covered with vegetation—a grassy hill of vast size but inexplicable shape—

shape—become gradually an assemblage of ruins, in which the walls, roofless indeed, but mostly erect, stand up before us. The chambers expand, many of them at first dazzling with rich colours, which faded unfortunately on their exposure to light; and faced with sculptured slabs. We understand the whole construction and arrangement, if not extent, of an Assyrian palace-temple.

The palace on the north-eastern corner of the mound, which Mr. Layard considers the most ancient of the Ninevite buildings, had evidently been the most magnificent edifice, displayed the more regular construction, was adorned with the finest sculptures, and covered with the more curious inscriptions. To this we shall return. But there were appearances which came to light, during the operations about the centre of the mound, even still more surprising. There was a kind of succession in the strata of remains, which, without demanding the incalculable periods of our geologists, showed an antiquity which may well perplex the historical inquirer. Above the buried remains of the Ninevite palace, some people—a people by every indication of great antiquity—had formed their burial-place. The excavators had to dig *through* a layer of tombs, to displace the remains of the dead, which they did with great care. The tombs were not the hastily-piled sepulchres of a roving tribe—they were regularly formed of bricks carefully joined, but without mortar; some covered with slabs of alabaster; others were large earthen sarcophagi covered with slabs. Parts of a skeleton, and some of the bones, appeared entire on opening one of the tombs, but crumbled into dust on the attempt to remove them. In the first of these tombs were likewise found vases of reddish clay and beads, and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. Besides, there was a cylinder representing a king in his chariot hunting the wild bull, a copper ornament, two silver bracelets, and a pin for the hair. It seemed that the body must have been that of a female. In other tombs were found vases of green pottery, copper mirrors, lustral spoons, and various ornaments. The whole of these ornaments were, in their character and form, *Egyptian*. *Five feet below this cemetery* appeared the remains of a building—but of a building in ruins. The walls, of unbaked bricks, could still be traced; but the slabs which had lined them, covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, had been detached from the walls, with the manifest intention of removing them to some other place—it should seem of employing them for some neighbouring building. Mr. Layard asserts, and we think on solid grounds, that these slabs were invariably, according to the practice of Assyrian art, sculptured after they had been set up. And here, in a space of fifty feet square, cleared
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by the removal of about twenty tombs, above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved in the order in which they stood from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried bricks, and had been left as found, preparatory to their removal elsewhere. Mr. Layard had little doubt therefore that this central building had been destroyed to supply materials for the temple or palace at the south-west corner. The sculptures closely resembled those actually found in that edifice; and *there* also appeared slabs with the reliefs turned towards the walls. He was compelled to the strange but unavoidable conclusion that some considerable time even after this removal, in the accumulated earth and rubbish, now stirred again for the first time nineteen centuries after Christ, was the burial-place of a people seemingly Egyptian, or in some degree Egyptianised in manners and arts—closely allied, or assimilated at least, to that now well-known race, with whom, in their own monuments, we have become familiar to the most minute household ornaments and attire. The catacomb of one age must be pierced to arrive at the palace or temple of another: one generation makes its graves, seemingly unconscious that far below are the dwellings of a generation much more ancient of course, and forgotten. Mr. Layard modestly contents himself with suggesting the questions—What race occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity does their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? One thing seems clear—that they are neither Persian nor Greek: they belong to an anterior period, when there was a close connexion between the inhabitants of this part of Assyria and Egypt. These problems must yet await their answer, and can only be answered if the inscriptions—as yet but indistinctly read, and, if interpreted at all, still more indistinctly interpreted—shall render up their secrets.

But they naturally lead to the more simple, yet not less important problem, which is started by the whole work of Mr. Layard:—What is the result of these singular discoveries? what light do they throw on the history of mankind—on the origin, early development, and progress of human civilization? How far has the great empire of Assyria, from a vast and vague Oriental tradition, an imposing and mysterious myth, become a reality? How far are we able to fill up its dim and interrupted annals? The only trustworthy history of Assyria, up to this time, has been that

that of its close: from this—of which a proximate date can be assigned—we must ascend (in such history the upward is the only intelligible course) into its more cloudy antiquity. We know, as near as possible, the period at which Nineveh and her sovereigns disappeared from the face of the earth. Mr. Layard, we think, takes unnecessary pains to prove this absolute and total destruction of Nineveh and the Assyrian cities. It is quite impossible that within the range of history, after the fall of Babylon and the rise of the great Persian monarchy, any large capital can have arisen unnoticed, or any powerful sovereigns ruled, on the shores of the Tigris. There can be no reasonable doubt that all these ruins—those of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, Kalah Shergat, as well as Nimroud, belong to the Assyrian Nineveh, of which the fall is described as an historic fact, which, if he had not witnessed, had made an awful impression on the mind of man in his day, by the Prophet Ezekiel—Ezekiel who lived on the banks of the Chebar, one of the affluents of the Tigris. The Prophet cites it as a terrible and notorious admonitory example to the haughty kings of Egypt (ch. xxxi.). The date of the fall of Nineveh is brought even to a closer point. In Isaiah it is the Assyrian who is subduing Western Asia. Jeremiah knows no great eastern power but the Chaldean king of Babylon. The date which can be made out from the account in Herodotus of the conquest of Ninus, or Nineveh, by Cyaxares the Mede, singularly coincides with this period; and, in a word, chronologists cannot be far wrong in fixing the year 606 B.C. for the final extinction of the empire of Assyria. The latest dynasty of the Assyrians is familiar to us in the Biblical histories. The names of Tiglath Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon are known as having enveloped the kingdom of Israel in their western conquests, and as having menaced Jerusalem. These, Mr. Layard seems to conclude, are the kings who built Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and the later Nimroud palaces—whose victories are commemorated in the later sculptures;—and at all events those sculptures are singularly illustrative of the campaigns thus incidentally or more fully described in the Hebrew writings. That some of those western conquests, either predicted or historically related by the Chroniclers or Prophets, are recorded on these very slabs, is by no means improbable. There has been an attempt, indeed, to identify one conquered people with the Jews; for this we think no sufficient proof or argument is offered—but the prisoners—men, women, and children—who are led away into bondage from the captive cities *may* doubtless represent, among others, some of those who were carried off from their native homes

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in Palestine to Halah, and Hamath, and Gozar. The identical Rab-Saris, the chief eunuch—perhaps the Rab-Shakeh, the chief cup-bearer—who were sent to denounce war against Jerusalem, may *possibly* be seen in some of the long processions. The Rab-Saris is perpetually found as the prime-minister, the vizier, or representative of the monarch. But the most remarkable identification of the western conquests of Assyria with those of prophetic history is on certain slabs which commemorate the siege and subjugation of maritime fortresses: In the earlier sculptures boats appear, such as are now used on the Tigris and Euphrates: there is one ferrying over a royal chariot, with swimmers around it, supported on bladders, as at the present day. On the later reliefs of Kouyunjik are vessels apparently not belonging to the Assyrians (who never, probably, became a maritime people), but to the cities they are besieging. They are shown to be sea-vessels by the somewhat clumsy but significant device of sea-fish swimming about them; but are the same in shape and construction—and that a very peculiar construction—with vessels found on coins of the early Persian monarchy, and those of Sidon of a much later period. The cities besieged, it is no rash conclusion, may therefore be Tyre or Sidon, or some of the other flourishing mercantile towns on that coast.

But what learn we of that other dynasty which—high above that which began with Pul and ended in the fall of Nineveh (see vol. ii. pp. 381, &c.)—commencing with Ninus and Semiramis, is said to have endured for 1360 years, and closed with Sardanapalus? What learn we of those more primæval Assyrian monarchs, the builders of Nineveh and of the older Babylon? Concerning this royal race, all which has come down to us is through the Greeks, and those mostly late compilers, though they occasionally cite earlier vouchers. The whole of this is so vague, wild, and unreal, as to make us suspect more than the usual proverbial mendacity of Grecian history. These elder Assyrian sovereigns, their achievements, their edifices, loom dimly through the haze of impenetrable antiquity, and might seem to owe their grandeur in a great degree to their remoteness.

Mr. Layard devotes many pages to the fragments or traditions of history concerning this earlier Empire. He has collected these with much industry from all quarters, but has appealed to them with too little discrimination. Considering the age, the active and adventurous life of Mr. Layard, his scholarship is of so much higher order than we had a right to expect; his judgment is so rarely led astray by the temptations of his exciting theme, that we would speak with most respectful tenderness of his adherence to the old usage (an usage, we regret to say,

say, still countenanced by some of our most distinguished scholars and chronologists) of heaping together, with the more valuable authorities, passages from the most obscure and worthless writers concerning subjects on which they could not but be profoundly ignorant, or from writers of better name, where their authority can have no weight. In his Introduction, it is singular that he promises to be as severe and judicious as we would require; his conclusions are simple, sound, and just, while the unfeigned modesty of his language, the excuses which he urges of bad health as well as overwhelming occupation, cannot but strongly prepossess us in his favour. But in the body of his work he has neglected somewhat too much that rigid historical criticism, without which it is impossible to distinguish fact from fable, mythic legend from historic truth. Surely, for instance, we are now far beyond the authority of Pliny and the poet Lucan, as to the inventors of written characters. We know that the Greeks generally supposed their own to be derived from the Phœnician; and it was natural that they should esteem their teachers the primary discoverers of letters; but of what weight is that Greek opinion as to the question itself?

As, however, this early Assyrian history must be forced, by these discoveries, on the attention even of the general reader, it may be worth the pains to examine its real amount and value. When Herodotus wrote, the great empire of Babylon had entirely swallowed up, and, as it seems, totally obscured the more ancient kingdom of Assyria. Semiramis is introduced only as having ruled in Babylon; Nineveh is hardly more than once or twice distinctly, and that incidentally, mentioned—once as having been included in the conquests of the Babylonian queen Nitocris—and again in the Median history, as having fallen under the victorious arms of Cyaxares. In another passage Herodotus speaks, as it were accidentally, of the Assyrians, as having ruled Upper Asia for 520 years. It seems absolutely impossible to limit the whole empire of Assyria to this narrow period. This sentence, therefore, probably refers to the rule of some particular Assyrian dynasty, or some period when their empire was at its height as to power and extent (Herod. i. 95).*

Almost

*We agree with those modern critics who do not believe that Herodotus ever wrote an Assyrian history. This work was unknown to any writer of antiquity. Mr. Layard is wrong when he says, in his Introduction, that ‘Aristotle, *de Anim.* viii. 13, mentions *having seen it*.’ Aristotle merely mentions a fact in natural history, of which a certain author was ignorant—for that author in his account of the taking of Nineveh describes an eagle drinking. But the name of that author in the best MSS. is *Ἡσίοδος*—which reading is retained by Bekker; and, however it may seem more probable that Herodotus should have described the taking of Nineveh than Hesiod, yet, even if so, there is nothing to show that Aristotle did not cite from memory,

Almost the whole of the Ninevite history, therefore, is found in the compilation of Diodorus Siculus, and is avowedly transcribed from that of Ctesias—with some few additions from other less trustworthy authorities. What, then, is this history? A full and particular account only of the first and most remote ancestors of this race, of Ninus and Semiramis; and of the last of the dynasty, Sardanapalus. There is nothing, except perhaps the enormous numbers of their forces, absolutely incredible in the campaigns and conquests of Ninus; nothing more surprising than in those attributed to Sesostris, or even to modern conquerors, Zengis or Tamerlane. In the history of Semiramis, Diodorus endeavours to discriminate the mythic from the historical; the supernatural and religious from the real. Eastern annals, however, or even western, may furnish examples of women of inferior birth becoming by their beauty and fascinations, first the wives of powerful satraps or viziers, afterwards of doting monarchs; now assuming the reins of empire in their husbands' name, then in their own; carrying on long and perpetual wars; conducting remote campaigns, and founding magnificent cities. We see no reason to doubt, *à priori*, though the vastness of her works may be heightened and in great degree fabulous, that Semiramis may have built the primæval Babylon, waged war in India, or even been the first to employ Rab-sares in her great offices of state. She may even have furnished a precedent for that lawless and prodigal plan of indulging her own passions without endangering her power, which acquired for a late Imperial female the name of the Northern Semiramis. Let us grant, then, that there may be some historic ground for the actual being of Ninus and Semiramis. We say not whether Diodorus or Ctesias had any foundation for the definite period of 1360 years (so we read in our edition, Wesseling's, of Diodorus, not 1306, as stated by some chronologists) which they assign to this dynasty. But what follows in Diodorus—no doubt in Ctesias—these accounts of the campaigns, conquests, buildings of Ninus and Semiramis? How are these annals, so splendidly begun, and with so many historic par-

or copy from some other less accurate writer. The two passages in Herodotus, where he speaks of his Ἀσσύριοι λόγοι, and his ἑτέροι λόγοι (i. c. 106 and 184), by no means show that he ever fulfilled his intention, if he had such intention, of writing a separate Assyrian history. There is a slight inaccuracy in the article Herodotus, in the excellent Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, edited by Dr. W. Smith. It is the long line of Babylonian kings, not the taking of Nineveh, which Herodotus promises (c. 184) to relate in other discourses or books. *It is in c. 106 that he says, *How they (the Medes) took Nineveh, I will describe in other books. (ἐν ἑτέροις λόγοις.) It is by no means impossible that Herodotus may have designed either to be more full on the history of Assyria in his great work, or may have projected another, and abandoned either design from want of materials. Such a book, by such an author, if written, could hardly have perished entirely, and escaped all later compilers.

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ticulars, continued? By a total blank of thirty generations! Of the 1360 years assigned to the dynasty, more than a thousand were, as we are informed, altogether barren of events worthy of record. From Ninyas, the son of Semiramis, the first of that character, a race of Rois Fainéants succeeded—without doing any one great achievement or suffering any one memorable revolution. The plain and glaring truth is, that later ages knew nothing whatever about the period; as no one knew what was done, the complacent later historians determined that nothing was done. We should have made an exception; there is one single so-called historic fact, one event recorded, which, as coming from a Greek historian, is no less strange than suspicious—it is the mission by the Assyrian king Teutames, of Memnon, at the head of a powerful force, 20,000 foot and 200 chariots, to his vassal, King Priam, during the siege of Troy. And Ctesias would persuade us that he read this in the *royal archives*! What archives? Ctesias of Cnidos was, as is well known, a contemporary of Xenophon, and employed as a physician at the court of Persia. It is marvellous surely how this fragment, and this fragment alone, not only of ante-Persian, but of ante-Babylonian history, should find its way among the records of the house of Darius. We dwell on this the more because it is one of those cases in which Mr. Layard has betrayed some want of discrimination. We will not quite say that he relates it as if persuaded of its credibility, though in a note he somewhat gravely rebukes the blunder of Virgil in making Memnon a black. With Mr. Grote we must take the freedom of abandoning the whole story to ‘the Legend of Troy,’ and we know not why the cyclic Æthiopis, from which no doubt Virgil borrowed his black Memnon, is not quite as good history as this strange passage of the Cnidian physician. It may be uncourteous, but it is tempting to speculate, whether Ctesias invented the fable, either, as a court flatterer, to prove the ancient title of the great Eastern sovereigns to the allegiance of the kings of Asia Minor; or as a patriotic Greek, to boast of the total defeat of the first great Eastern host which encountered the Greeks in those regions.

From Ninus and Semiramis, with this one resting place, Diodorus leaps to Sardanapalus. His account of that luxurious sultan is too well known; but there is certainly this very singular circumstance, that the act of Sardanapalus, in making his palace his own gorgeous funeral pyre, and burying himself upon it, is also attributed to the king who was overthrown by Cyaxares. More than one of the great palaces, that of Khorsabad, and one at Nimroud, were manifestly destroyed by fire; but of the earliest, the north-western at Nimroud, there is no appearance that it was destroyed

destroyed by that element, the agency of which it would be impossible not to discover even in these long-interred ruins.

This chasm of above 1000 years, which Diodorus has left in the Assyrian history, is filled up with a barren list of names by the Christian chronologists, by Eusebius and Syncellus, who frequently differ in the number and the names of the kings. We know not whether they took, either directly or through later writers, from Ctesias, the names which Diodorus suppressed as unworthy of record, or drew them from some other, perhaps more questionable, source. The Biblical records, which we must remember do not assert themselves to be the history of the world, but of one peculiar race, afford no information; yet neither is their silence to be considered as any valid objection. A mighty empire may have existed on the Tigris, as it certainly existed in Egypt, after Abraham, and long before Abraham, but would by no means necessarily find its place in the annals of the race of Abraham.

What then, if at this period of the world we should recover history which has perished from the memory of man since the fall of Nineveh, history of which the Greeks, perhaps the Persians, were altogether ignorant? It is difficult to doubt that much which is historical is wrapped up in the long inscriptions that accompany every siege or battle-piece; assign his proper name to every king; and contain within their hidden character a succession of kings, with their most memorable achievements. There then are the records, the archives of Nineveh; and many of these of great length are now secured from further destruction. They have been copied with the utmost care; and transferred from the perishable stone or alabaster to printed pages, which the careful philologist may study at his leisure in his own chamber, and with all the aids of learning. But they are not only in a character, if known at all (for Major Rawlinson's is the Persian, not Assyrian alphabet), as yet imperfectly known;—a character which, no doubt, varied so considerably with the different races which employed it, that to read it to good purpose on the stones of Nimroud, may almost require a new discovery as felicitous as that of Grotefend, Lassen, and Rawlinson. That the Assyrians, as the oldest people who had attained to any degree of civilization, should have been the inventors of this cuneiform, arrow-headed or wedge-shaped writing, is in itself highly probable; and their form of letters would be, as accordingly Mr. Layard actually asserts that it is, the most simple and least complicated. But beyond this there is the further difficulty; we have not merely to decipher the character, but to discover and interpret the language. This is the great problem which must test the sagacity of foreign and
English

English scholars, the Lassens and Bournoufs of the continent, our own Rawlinsons, Birches, and Layards. There is every probability that it will turn out, if ever clearly deciphered, a Semitic language; but even on this point there is as yet no absolute certainty.

On the progress made in the deciphering this arrow-headed writing, though not unwatchful of its extent, at present we must decline to enter, and for obvious reasons; want of space, and consequent inability to make the subject intelligible to the ordinary reader. We are anxiously awaiting too the communication of Major Rawlinson's latest and most mature views, his ultimate judgment on the Assyrian character and language. This we know at present only from rumour and from casual hints in Mr. Layard's volumes. But having acknowledged our full trust, as far as its general truth, in Major Rawlinson's interpretation of the great tri-charactered or trilingual inscription of Bisutun, and looking with anxious expectation for the details of his announced discovery of the annals of the Ninevite kings, we can only express our most friendly solicitude that the students in this difficult inquiry may not imperil their science by crude or hasty conclusions. Mr. Layard mentions one very happy mutual testimony furnished by the interpreters of Egyptian and of cuneiform writing. The same name, expressed in the parallel columns of a bilingual inscription, in hieroglyphics and arrow-headed characters, was read off (without any communication between the parties), the arrow-headed from Major Rawlinson's alphabet, the hieroglyphic by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, as 'Artaxerxes.' But it is discouraging, as to the Assyrian cuneiform, to find such sentences as these in Mr. Layard's book: 'Letters differing widely in their forms, and evidently the most opposite in their phonetic powers, are interchangeable. The shortest name may be written in a variety of ways:—*every character in it may be changed.*' (Vol. ii. p. 190.) We do not mean to assert that the principles of these variations may not hereafter be discovered, and their laws laid down by long and patient philological investigation, and by analogy with other languages; but we must think that caution becomes more and more imperative; that every step must be secured before another can be made in advance. We must, moreover, plead guilty to some misgivings, when we find a particular character with the force of the letter N assigned to it by Mr. Layard; while another zealous student—whose able, though, we must be permitted to say, somewhat confused, papers demand a closer examination than we have been able to bestow upon them, but who is acknowledged at all hands to have developed the system of numerals with success—while Dr. Hincks is convinced it is
either

either the name, or an abbreviation of the name, of Athur, the kingdom of Assyria. All to which Mr. Layard has aspired in the present work, is the detection of certain names of kings, following each other in regular order on different tablets, and so growing into a genealogy of several successive monarchs, designated by certain characters, which signify 'the son of,' and combining other proofs that they belong to a continuous series. But it is hardly fair upon the ordinary reader for Mr. Layard to print these lines of inscription from different slabs, which are to be considered equivalent to, and explanatory of, each other, in cuneiform characters alone. He ought to have told us in plain English or Roman letters, the names which he thus read. Even the philologist, who has paid some attention to the system, may be almost equally at a loss; as Major Rawlinson's alphabet is not applicable to the Assyrian cuneiform, and no other alphabet has as yet, we believe, been found to test the readings on these monuments.

But even if these sullen and obstinate inscriptions refuse to yield up their secret treasures of knowledge; if we are baffled by the recondite language, owning no manifest analogy with any of the known languages, ancient or modern, of Western Asia; if we are doomed to gaze upon them in unintelligent wonder, as men did so many ages, before the days of Young and Champollion, on the scaled hieroglyphics of Egypt; if we get no farther than to make out barren lists of names (curious indeed, if confirmed by those in the chronologists, yet of very limited interest)—still we cannot but think this sudden redintegration, as it were, of the great half-fabulous empire of Assyria, one of the most singular adventures, so to speak, of antiquarian research. Though we may not be able, as the Chevalier Bunsen aspires to do for Egypt, to assign the place of Ninevite Assyria in the history of mankind and of civilization, yet it is a surprising event to receive, on a sudden, such unanswerable evidence of her power, wealth, greatness, luxury, and skill in manufactures and arts; of the extent of her conquests, and of course in a more imperfect and indistinct manner, the character of her social life and of her religion.

Our conclusions do not differ from those of Mr. Layard, as to the vast antiquity of the Assyrian empire. The total and acknowledged ignorance of Ctesias as to the events of any reign anterior to Sardanapalus, of course greatly shakes our faith in his authentic knowledge as to the length of those reigns, and altogether as to the period of 1360 years from Ninus to Sardanapalus. We are so much of the new school as to venture some doubts, notwithstanding our own admissions, whether Ninus himself be a myth or a real personage, the impersonated tribe, or city, or empire, like Dorus and Ion, and Hellen and the Egyptian Menes, or the actual father

father of a dynasty and the builder of the capital ; and to this conclusion Mr. Layard himself seems to have come in his Introduction—which, like most Introductions, has clearly been the last part written. Semiramis, as we have said, has more of an historical character, though surrounded, no doubt magnified, by the haze of legend. But Mr. Layard's argument we think decisive as to the general question.

'There is no reason why we should not assign to Assyria the same remote antiquity we claim for Egypt. The monuments of Egypt prove that she did not stand alone in civilization and power. At the earliest period we find her contending with enemies already nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself ; and amongst the spoil of Asia, and the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the north-east, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war as her own. It is not improbable that she herself was indebted to the nations of Western Asia for the introduction of arts in which they excelled, and that many things in common use were brought from the banks of the Tigris. In fact, to reject the notion of the existence of an independent kingdom in Assyria, at the very earliest period, would be almost to question whether the country were inhabited ; which would be directly in opposition to the united testimony of Scripture and tradition. A doubt may be entertained as to the dynasties and the extent of the empire, but not as to its existence ; that it was not peopled by mere wandering tribes appears to be proved by the frequent mention of expeditions against Naharaina (Mesopotamia), on the earliest monuments of Egypt and the nature of the spoil brought from the country.'—pp. 225, 226.

It is this reciprocal light thrown upon each other by the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments which, in a broad and general way, seems the unanswerable guarantee for their historic authority. Taking at its lowest the certainty of the system of hieroglyphic interpretation, besides this, Egypt displays to us the living and intelligible sculptures in all her older buildings (which are yet much younger than the pyramids). These it is impossible to suppose the creations of fantastic artists, the records of imaginary combats, sieges, and conquests. The peculiarities of dress, form, and feature, so carefully and minutely preserved, must mean to indicate real and well-known tribes brought into subjection, and yielding spoil or tribute to their Pharaonic masters ; the scribes who, with a singular correspondence, both in the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, are taking note of the number of heads presented to the conquering monarchs, must be commemorating actual victims, not amusing their kings with fictitious scenes of cold-blooded murder. The spoils are in many cases the undoubted products, the animals, the beasts and birds of foreign lands, no capricious inventions or symbolic creatures,

but

but of well-known shape and kind. There can be no doubt that the Egyptian annals, up to a period not yet ascertained, are thus graphically represented on the walls of the temples and cemeteries. If there flourished a great line or lines of sovereigns, long before Abraham, in the valley of the Nile, a civilized people, a peculiar religion, a potent hierarchy—why not a dynasty or dynasties, a people as far advanced in civilization on the shores of the Tigris? Nowhere should we expect to find the first mighty empires, the first great cities, so probably as in the rich agricultural districts on the shores of the Nile, the Euphrates, or Tigris. If such empires co-existed, they would naturally be connected by commerce, or opposed in war. Throughout almost the whole of real ancient history, biblical as well as profane, some great Asiatic kingdom and some great Egyptian kingdom are striving for the mastery. Palestine and Syria are perpetually the Flanders of the war between the two continents. For a long period after the final settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, their annals are vague and fragmentary: not even a complete and continuous history of the Jews themselves, still less of the conterminous nations. During the great period of the Hebrew monarchy, that of David and Solomon, the kings of Judah may be imagined as holding the balance, perhaps keeping the peace, between the rival empires. But during all the later and more disastrous period, the Jewish kings are alternately compelled into alliances, or suffer invasion from these hostile powers. On one side Nineveh and Babylon, on the other No-amoun (Thebes) or Memphis, claim their allegiance or invade their territory. The conquest of Egypt by the Persians closed for a time the rivalry, which broke out again between the successors of Alexander; when the Antiochi and Ptolemies renewed the strife, till both were crushed by Rome. But for how many ages before this contest for supremacy had been going on, who shall presume to declare? It will surely be time to limit these ante-Mosaic or ante-Abrahamic centuries by biblical chronology, when the true and authoritative chronology of the Bible shall have been settled between the conflicting statements of the Hebrew text, as it stands at present, the Samaritan, the Septuagint, and Josephus (which last, from one passage in St. Paul, appears to have been the received system of our Saviour's time); when there shall be a full agreement among the one hundred and twenty writers, great part of them Christian scholars and divines, some of the highest name for piety and biblical learning, whom Dr. Hales quotes as assigning their discordant dates, differing by some thousands of years, to the Creation and the Deluge—yet almost all these professing to build their system on the Scriptures.

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That during these evolving centuries the empire of Assyria should suffer great change; that dynasty should dispossess dynasty; that the throne should be occupied by sovereigns of different descent, even of different race; that the founder or the more powerful emperor of a new dynasty should enlarge, extend, create a new suburban capital,—or build a new palace, a new temple, above the ruins of the old; that like monarchs, ancient and modern, they should take a pride in surveying the works of their own hands, the monuments of their own power, wealth, and luxury—(Is not this the great Nineveh or Babylon which I have built?):—all this is in the ordinary course of human affairs, more particularly in the old Eastern world. The change described by Mr. Layard as evinced by the sculptures in the buildings which belong to the more ancient, and those ascribed to the later dynasty—a change in dress, habits, arms, perhaps in religious usage—above all in the style of art which, singularly enough, degenerates in the later period:—this is rather to be expected, than a cause of wonder. The marvel is that the curious antiquarianism of man, thousands of years after, should be sagacious enough to detect the signs of such revolutions. At one period, far from the earliest, Assyrian art and Assyrian life appear to Egyptianise, as if the city had been subdued and occupied during some Egyptian conquest; and yet keen and practised observers, like Mr. Birch, profess to discover distinctions between genuine and native Egyptian work and that wrought in a foreign land under Egyptian influence. Such is the case with some of the curious, and, we must add, exquisitely-finished ivories,* which are obviously Egyptian in subject and in form, but yet with some remarkable peculiarities of their own. Into these details it is impossible for us to enter, but we will briefly state the general conjectural conclusions at which Mr. Layard and Mr. Birch appear to have arrived. The great period of Egyptian influence, whether by connexion, commerce, or domination, was during the dynasties from the eighteenth to the twenty-second of the Egyptian kings; a period which we may loosely indicate by saying that it would include the reign of King Solomon in Judæa. To this period *may* possibly belong those perplexing tombs in which the Egyptian ornaments are chiefly found, and which cover the remains of the North-

* As to these ivories, there is a very interesting story. When they reached this country to every appearance they seemed about to crumble into dust. The keen eye of modern science instantly detected the cause of the decay. 'Poil them in a preparation of gelatine:' it is that constituent part of the ivory which has perished. It was done: and the ivories are as hard and firm as when first carved; they may last another thousand years or two. The merit of this suggestion is contested, we hear, by the Dean of Westminster and Professor Owen: it may very probably have occurred to both resourceful minds.

Western, Central, and South-Eastern palaces of Nimroud. How long before this period reigned the builders and rulers of these long-buried palaces, seems now the great question. The far older and more perfect sculptures of these palaces clearly prove a dynasty of wide-ruling, wide-conquering sovereigns. But, while the student of Egyptian antiquities has been able to make out the names of the many nations subdued by the Egyptian arms, during the reigns of their Rhamseses—and there is a striking variety of complexion, feature, dress, arms, as well as peculiarity in the spoils from their lands—according to Mr. Layard, in most of these Ninevite reliefs there are only two races or peoples which can be clearly discriminated; and neither of these can be assigned by any marked characteristics of form, countenance, arms, or dress, to any particular age or country. *Various* countries are, however, designated: cities situated by the shores of two rivers—and cities on one stream: mountain cities girt with forests—and cities on plains, amid groves of palm-trees. But incomparably the most curious of those treasures which Mr. Layard has deposited in the British Museum is the obelisk of black marble, without doubt belonging to the earlier Assyrian monarchy, which clearly commemorates transactions in the further East, apparently in India. Among other trophies this shows the Bactrian camel with two humps, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and many apes or monkeys. The mind is led back as by force to the Indian campaigns at least of Semiramis. Even if these are only the offerings of respect from foreign kingdoms, not the spoil or tribute of conquered and subject realms, they imply a wide extent of fame and power: and this obelisk Mr. Layard is disposed to consider as among the very oldest if not the oldest of the Assyrian remains.

Until the complete publication of Mr. Layard's great work on the Monuments of Nineveh, we shall not be in full possession of all the curious information conveyed by the disinterred sculptures as to the policy, the religion, the buildings, arms, arts, dresses, furniture, vessels of the ancient Assyrians. But it is surprising how much may be collected by patient and sagacious examination on all these points; and how clearly the whole is placed before us in the lively concluding chapters of Mr. Layard's present book, illustrated as it is with a profusion of clever wood-cuts. Oriental monuments disclose but little of the manners of the people (we have no painted tombs with all the pursuits of common life, like those of Egypt): they are monarchical or rather autocratic; we see the king, and a royal personage he is, not more distinguished by the signs and attributes of royalty, the splendour of dress and of arms, than by his superior stature and majesty. Though



The King. (N.-W. Palace, Nimroud.)

sometimes offering to the gods, he is to his subject-eunuchs and cupbearers, to his soldiers and to his captives, a representative of the Godhead upon earth.

'The residence of the king,' writes Mr. Layard in his chapter on the religion of Assyria, 'was probably at the same time the temple: and that he himself was either supposed to be invested with divine attributes, or was looked upon as a type of the Supreme Deity, is shown by the sculptures. The winged figures, even that with the head of the eagle, minister to him. All his acts, whether in war or peace, appear to have been connected with the national religion, and were believed to be under the special protection and superintendence of the deity. When he is represented in battle, the winged figure in the circle hovers above his head, bends the bow against his enemies, or assumes his attitude of triumph. His contests with the lion and other formidable animals not only show his prowess and skill, but typify at the same time his superior strength and wisdom. Whether he has overcome his enemies or the wild beasts, he pours out a libation from the sacred cup, attended by his courtiers, and by the winged figures. The embroideries upon his robes, and upon those of his

his attendants, have all mythic meanings. Even his weapons, bracelets, and armlets are adorned with the forms of sacred animals, the lion, bull, or duck. In architectural decorations, the same religious influence is evident. The fir, or pine cone, and the honeysuckle, are constantly repeated. They form friezes, the capitals of columns, and the fringes of hangings. Chairs, tables, and couches, are adorned with the heads and feet of the bull, the lion, and the ram, all sacred animals.'—pp. 473-4.

This chapter on the religion of Assyria, though of necessity peculiarly vague and conjectural, leads, on the whole, to the conclusion that between the earliest and latest dynasties a great change had taken place. In the earliest sculptures, the dominant religion appears a simple Sabianism, a worship of the heavenly bodies, either as themselves the deities, or peculiarly indwelt by the



Winged Human-headed Lion. (N.-W. Palace, Nimroud.)

the deity. But this religion gives place to another, much more nearly resembling the Dual-worship of later times. It should seem, therefore, that we are to bring back that mysterious mythic religious founder, Zoroaster, from Bactria to the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates, and to consider this region as the birthplace of that fire-worship which assumed its most perfect form under the Persian kings: for of this Zoroastrian faith there appear in the later works many undoubted indications. But the great outward characteristic of the religion, as it appears on the monuments, is the worship of those singular composite animals, human-headed lions, &c., symbolic no doubt in their different parts of certain divine attributes. The sphinxes are evidently later, and of the Egyptian period. But this discussion, too, we are compelled to decline.

The most unexpected part of this discovery unquestionably has been that Assyria had, at the earliest period, a style of art of its own. We mean not of architecture: in that we should have expected all that is vast, spacious, colossal; even the fables, if they are altogether fables, of the buildings of Ninus and Semiramis would imply edifices which overawed neighbouring nations, and left a perpetual tradition of their magnitude and grandeur. Assyrian architecture, like Babylonian, took, as is always the case, its character from the nature of the country and the material employed. All, as we have seen, was artificial; the mound on which stood the city, the walls, the palace. But the unlimited command of brick earth would allow the platform and the buildings to be spread out to any extent. They had not rocks to hew into temples. These, in Egypt and elsewhere, were the types and models of later edifices, when the builders had to draw the ponderous stone from quarries, either in the neighbourhood or from some distance. The earth itself was the unfailing material; and its use, and the enormous extent to which it was hardened into walls, platforms, palaces, temples, hanging gardens, lived long in the poetry of the west, as in Ovid's allusion to the 'muri coctiles' of Semiramis. Much earlier the prophet Nahum, when he menaces Nineveh with ruin, among other taunting sentences, utters this, 'Draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds; go into clay, and tread the mortar; make strong the brick-kiln' (Nahum iii. 14). The unmeasured extent of the cities so built, and their burying themselves, when overthrown, in their own rubbish, and becoming these shapeless mounds, is exactly what we might expect; and with these wrecks, these mountains of brick rubble, travellers have long been familiar on the plains of Babylonia.

Nor are we much surprised to find that luxurious Nineveh already attired itself in the rich Babylonian garments—which for splendour

splendour of hues and fineness of woof were proverbial from the times of the earliest Hebrew writers to the most sumptuous days of Rome; nor that their furniture, vases, utensils, should exhibit graceful forms; that their chambers should be painted with borders of elegant design and brilliant colouring. But that they should have their own school of sculpture; that their palace or temple walls should be lined with reliefs, which show at least some very high artistic powers, was certainly, notwithstanding the precedent of the Egyptian battle-pieces and religious ceremonies, the last thing which we should have dreamed of finding in the edifices of ancient Assyria. Their sculpture, by every appearance, was indigenous, original, taken from Assyrian life, representing Assyrian form and costume: it does not Egyptianise till a comparatively late period. It is doubtless the parent of Persian art, as exhibited at Persopolis and elsewhere. But while we speak of its real artistic power, we are anxious to give no exaggerated estimate of its value as sculpture. It is well to prepare the visitors to the Ninevite Gallery at the Museum for what they must not expect, as for what they may. The secret of true majesty and true beauty was reserved for Greece; majesty, irrespective of magnitude—beauty, which ventured to reveal the whole form of man. The Assyrian is high art, but it is still barbaric art; not merely is it ignorant of perspective, often of proportion; it allows itself very strange devices to suggest its own meaning, the most whimsical accessories to tell its story. Its aim and object is historic and religious:—addressed to a people who still dwelt on symbolic forms, and were yet far from the exquisite anthropomorphism of Greece, it is not ideal, nor, in the higher sense, imaginative. The impressions which it sought to create, and which even now it does create, are awe at its boldness, size, strength, massiveness, gorgeously. It is by gigantic dimensions that it intimates power; by a stern sedateness of countenance and splendour of dress, kingly majesty. The lofty tiara adds to the solemn dignity of the human head; the draperies, hard in outline, mere layers of alabaster instead of folds, are worked into a kind of network of embroidery. It is at the same time singularly true, and absolutely untrue; it does not, on some of the reliefs, give more than two fore legs to a pair of horses in a chariot; there is no gradation in size; and yet there is a spirit and freedom in its outline, a force and energy in its forms, a skill in grouping, which ventures on some of the boldest attitudes into which the figure of the warrior can be thrown; it has that which is to sculpture what action, according to Demosthenes, was to oratory, *life*. It is, in its better period, perhaps more real in its animal than in its human forms; some
horses'



Assyrian Horsemen pursuing a Man, probably an Arab, on a Camel. (Centre Ruins, Nimroud.)

horses' heads are extremely fine. It is orientally jealous of revealing the female form; women are seen on the battlements, tearing their hair, or carried away captive, but with none of that exposure, which, whatever may be its effect as to decency, adds

so much to the grace of sculpture. Those then who are content with spirit, animation, force, will regard these specimens of art, of such immemorial antiquity, not only with curiosity, but with admiration; those who will yield themselves up to the impressions produced by colossal forms, as suggesting great audacity of conception and of execution, will look with eagerness for the arrival of Mr. Layard's larger cargo: all who feel an interest in the history of art will be disposed to study with care and attention this new chapter in that book, unfolded so suddenly and so contrary to expectation.

We cannot close without once more congratulating Mr. Layard on his success as a writer, as well as a discoverer; we repeat, that taking this only as a book of travels, we have read none for a long time more entertaining and instructive. In his dissertations he is full and copious without being tedious; his style is plain, vigorous, and particularly unaffected; it is the natural language of a strong mind fully master of its subject, and warmed and enlivened, without being inflated or kindled into rhapsody by the enthusiasm, without which he would never have conceived or achieved his wonderful task.

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- ART. V.—1. *Vanity Fair; a Novel without a Hero.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. London. 1848.
 2. *Jane Eyre; an Autobiography.* Edited by Currer Bell. In 3 vols. London. 1847.
 3. *Governesses' Benevolent Institution—Report for 1847.*

A REMARKABLE novel is a great event for English society. It is a kind of common friend, about whom people can speak the truth without fear of being compromised, and confess their emotions without being ashamed. We are a particularly shy and reserved people, and set about nothing so awkwardly as the simple art of getting really acquainted with each other. We meet over and over again in what is conventionally called 'easy society,' with the tacit understanding to go so far and no farther; to be as polite as we ought to be, and as intellectual as we can; but mutually and honourably to forbear lifting those veils which each spreads over his inner sentiments and sympathies. For this purpose a host of devices have been contrived by which all the forms of friendship may be gone through, without committing ourselves to one spark of the spirit. We fly with eagerness to some common ground in which each can take the liveliest interest, without taking the slightest in the world in his companion. Our various fashionable manias, for charity one season, for science the next,

next, are only so many clever contrivances for keeping our neighbour at arm's length. We can attend committees, and canvass for subscribers, and archæologise, and geologise, and take ether with our fellow Christians for a twelvemonth, as we might sit cross-legged and smoke the pipe of fraternity with a Turk for the same period—and know at the end of the time as little of the real feelings of the one as we should about the domestic relations of the other. But there are ways and means for lifting the veil which equally favour our national idiosyncrasy; and a new and remarkable novel is one of them—especially the nearer it comes to real life. We invite our neighbour to a walk with the deliberate and malicious object of getting thoroughly acquainted with him. We ask no impertinent questions—we proffer no indiscreet confidences—we do not even sound him, ever so delicately, as to his opinion of a common friend, for he would be sure not to say, lest we should go and tell; but we simply discuss Becky Sharp, or Jane Eyre, and our object is answered at once.

There is something about these two new and noticeable characters which especially compels everybody to speak out. They are not to be dismissed with a few commonplace moralities and sentimentalities. They do not fit any ready-made criticism. They give the most stupid something to think of, and the most reserved something to say; the most charitable too are betrayed into home comparisons which they usually condemn, and the most ingenious stumble into paradoxes which they can hardly defend. Becky and Jane also stand well side by side both in their analogies and their contrasts. Both the ladies are governesses, and both make the same move in society; the one, in Jane Eyre phraseology, marrying her 'master,' and the other her master's son. Neither starts in life with more than a moderate capital of good looks—Jane Eyre with hardly that—for it is the fashion now-a-days with novelists to give no encouragement to the insolence of mere beauty, but rather to prove to all whom it may concern how little a sensible woman requires to get on with in the world. Both have also an elfish kind of nature, with which they divine the secrets of other hearts, and conceal those of their own; and both rejoice in that peculiarity of feature which Mademoiselle de Luzy has not contributed to render popular, viz., green eyes. Beyond this, however, there is no similarity either in the minds, manners, or fortunes of the two heroines. They think and act upon diametrically opposite principles—at least so the author of 'Jane Eyre' intends us to believe—and each, were they to meet, which we should of all things enjoy to see them do, would cordially despise and abominate the other. Which of the two, however, would most successfully *dupe* the other is a different question, and

and one not so easy to decide; though we have our own ideas upon the subject.

We must discuss '*Vanity Fair*' first, which, much as we were entitled to expect from its author's pen, has fairly taken us by surprise. We were perfectly aware that Mr. Thackeray had of old assumed the jester's habit, in order the more unrestrainedly to indulge the privilege of speaking the truth;—we had traced his clever progress through '*Fraser's Magazine*' and the ever-improving pages of '*Punch*'—which wonder of the time has been infinitely obliged to him—but still we were little prepared for the keen observation, the deep wisdom, and the consummate art which he has interwoven in the slight texture and whimsical pattern of *Vanity Fair*. Everybody, it is to be supposed, has read the volume by this time; and even for those who have not, it is not necessary to describe the order of the story. It is not a novel, in the common acceptation of the word, with a plot purposely contrived to bring about certain scenes, and develop certain characters, but simply a history of those average sufferings, pleasures, penalties, and rewards to which various classes of mankind gravitate as naturally and certainly in this world as the sparks fly upward. It is only the same game of life which every player sooner or later makes for himself—were he to have a hundred chances, and shuffle the cards of circumstance every time. It is only the same busy, involved drama which may be seen at any time by any one, who is not engrossed with the magnified minutiae of his own petty part, but with composed curiosity looks on to the stage where his fellow men and women are the actors; and that not even heightened by the conventional colouring which Madame de Staël philosophically declares that fiction always wants in order to make up for its not being truth. Indeed, so far from taking any advantage of this novelist's licence, Mr. Thackeray has hardly availed himself of the natural average of remarkable events that really do occur in this life. The battle of Waterloo, it is true, is introduced; but, as far as regards the story, it brings about only one death and one bankruptcy, which might either of them have happened in a hundred other ways. Otherwise the tale runs on, with little exception, in that humdrum course of daily monotony; out of which some people coin materials to act, and others excuses to doze, just as their dispositions may be.

It is this reality which is at once the charm and the misery here. With all these unpretending materials it is one of the most amusing, but also one of the most distressing books we have read for many a long year. We almost long for a little exaggeration and improbability to relieve us of that sense of dead truth—

truthfulness which weighs down our hearts, not for the Amelias and Georges of the story, but for poor kindred human nature. In one light this truthfulness is even an objection. With few exceptions the personages are too like our every-day selves and neighbours to draw any distinct moral from. We cannot see our way clearly. Palliations of the bad and disappointments in the good are perpetually obstructing our judgment, by bringing what should decide it too close to that common standard of experience in which our only rule of opinion is charity. For it is only in fictitious characters which are highly coloured for one definite object, or in notorious personages viewed from a distance, that the course of the true moral can be seen to run straight—once bring the individual with his life and circumstances closely before you, and it is lost to the mental eye in the thousand pleas and witnesses, unseen and unheard before, which rise up to overshadow it. And what are all these personages in *Vanity Fair* but feigned names for our own beloved friends and acquaintances, seen under such a puzzling cross-light of good in evil, and evil in good, of sins and sinnings against, of little to be praised virtues, and much to be excused vices, that we cannot presume to moralise upon them—not even to judge them,—content to exclaim sorrowfully with the old prophet, ‘Alas! my brother!’ Every actor on the crowded stage of *Vanity Fair* represents some type of that perverse mixture of humanity in which there is ever something not wholly to approve or to condemn. There is the desperate devotion of a fond heart to a false object, which we cannot respect; there is the vain, weak man, half good and half bad, who is more despicable in our eyes than the decided villain. There are the irretrievably wretched education, and the unquenchably manly instincts, both contending in the confirmed *roué*, which melt us to the tenderest pity. There is the selfishness and self-will which the possessor of great wealth and fawning relations can hardly avoid. There is the vanity and fear of the world, which assist mysteriously with pious principles in keeping a man respectable; there are combinations of this kind of every imaginable human form and colour, redeemed but feebly by the steady excellence of an awkward man, and the genuine heart of a vulgar woman, till we feel inclined to tax Mr. Thackeray with an under estimate of our nature, forgetting that Madame de Staël is right after all, and that without a little conventional rouge no human complexion can stand the stage-lights of fiction.

But if these performers give us pain, we are not ashamed to own, as we are speaking openly, that the chief actress herself gives us none at all. For there is of course a principal pilgrim in

in *Vanity Fair*, as much as in its emblematical original, Bunyan's 'Progress;' only unfortunately this one is travelling the wrong way. And we say 'unfortunately' merely by way of courtesy, for in reality we care little about the matter. No, Becky—our hearts neither bleed for you, nor cry out against you. You are wonderfully clever, and amusing, and accomplished, and intelligent, and the Soho *ateliers* were not the best nurseries for a moral training; and you were married early in life to a regular blackleg, and you have had to live upon your wits ever since, which is not an improving sort of maintenance; and there is much to be said for and against; but still you are not one of us, and there is an end to our sympathies and censures. People who allow their feelings to be lacerated by such a character and career as yours, are doing both you and themselves great injustice. No author could have openly introduced a near connexion of Satan's into the best London society, nor would the moral end intended have been answered by it; but really and honestly, considering Becky in her human character, we know of none which so thoroughly satisfies our highest *beau idéal* of feminine wickedness, with so slight a shock to our feelings and proprieties. It is very dreadful, doubtless, that Becky neither loved the husband who loved her, nor the child of her own flesh and blood, nor indeed any body but herself; but, as far as she is concerned, we cannot pretend to be scandalized—for how could she without a heart? It is very shocking of course that she committed all sorts of dirty tricks, and jockeyed her neighbours, and never cared what she trampled under foot if it happened to obstruct her step; but how could she be expected to do otherwise without a conscience? The poor little woman was most tryingly placed; she came into the world without the customary letters of credit upon those two great bankers of humanity, 'Heart and Conscience,' and it was no fault of hers if they dishonoured all her bills. All she could do in this dilemma was to establish the firmest connexion with the inferior commercial branches of, 'Sense and Tact,' who secretly do much business in the name of the head concern, and with whom her 'fine frontal development' gave her unlimited credit. She saw that selfishness was the metal which the stamp of heart was suborned to pass; that hypocrisy was the homage that vice rendered to virtue; that honesty was, at all events, acted, because it was the best policy; and so she practised the arts of selfishness and hypocrisy like anybody else in *Vanity Fair*, only with this difference, that she brought them to their highest possible pitch of perfection. For why is it that, looking round in this world, we find plenty of characters to compare with her up to a certain pitch, but none which reach her actual standard?

Why

Why is it that, speaking of this friend or that, we say in the tender mercies of our hearts, 'No, she is not *quite* so bad as Becky?' We fear not only because she has more heart and conscience, but also because she has less cleverness.

No; let us give Becky her due. There is enough in this world of ours, as we all know, to provoke a saint, far more a poor little devil like her. She had none of those fellow-feelings which make us wondrous kind. She saw people around her cowards in vice, and simpletons in virtue, and she had no patience with either, for she was as little the one as the other herself. She saw women who loved their husbands and yet teased them, and ruining their children although they doated upon them, and she sneered at their utter inconsistency. Wickedness or goodness, unless coupled with strength, were alike worthless to her. That weakness which is the blessed pledge of our humanity, was to her only the despicable badge of our imperfection. She thought, it might be, of her master's words, 'Fallen cherub! to be weak is to be miserable!' and wondered how we could be such fools as first to sin and then to be sorry. Becky's light was defective, but she acted up to it. Her goodness goes as far as good temper, and her principles as far as shrewd-sense, and we may thank her consistency for showing us what they are both worth.

It is another thing to pretend to settle whether such a character be *primâ facie* impossible, though devotion to the better sex might well demand the assertion. There are mysteries of iniquity, under the semblance of man and woman, read of in history, or met with in the unchronicled sufferings of private life, which would almost make us believe that the powers of Darkness occasionally made use of this earth for a Foundling Hospital, and sent their imps to us, already provided with a return-ticket. We shall not decide on the lawfulness or otherwise of any attempt to depict such importations; we can only rest perfectly satisfied that, granting the author's premises, it is impossible to imagine them carried out with more felicitous skill and more exquisite consistency than in the heroine of 'Vanity Fair.' At all events, the infernal regions have no reason to be ashamed of little Becky, nor the ladies either: she has, at least, all the cleverness of the sex.

The great charm, therefore, and comfort of Becky is, that we may study her without any compunctions. The misery of this life is not the evil that we see, but the good and the evil which are so inextricably twisted together. It is that perpetual memento ever meeting one—

'How in this vile world below
Noblest things find vilest using,'

that

that is so very distressing to those who have hearts as well as eyes. But Becky relieves them of all this pain—at least in her own person. Pity would be thrown away upon one who has not heart enough for it to ache even for herself. Becky is perfectly happy, as all must be who excel in what they love best. Her life is one exertion of successful power. Shame never visits her, for 'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all'—and she has none. She realizes that *ne plus ultra* of sublunary comfort which it was reserved for a Frenchman to define—the blessed combination of '*le bon estomac et le mauvais cœur*;' for Becky adds to her other good qualities that of an excellent digestion.

Upon the whole, we are not afraid to own that we rather enjoy her *ignis fatuus* course, dragging the weak and the vain and the selfish, through mud and mire, after her, and acting all parts, from the modest rushlight to the gracious star, just as it suits her. Clever little imp that she is! What exquisite tact she shows!—what unflagging good humour!—what ready self-possession! Becky never disappoints us; she never even makes us tremble. We know that her answer will come exactly suiting her one particular object, and frequently three or four more in prospect. What respect, too, she has for those decencies which more virtuous, but more stupid humanity, often disdains! What detection of all that is false and mean! What instinct for all that is true and great! She is her master's true pupil in that: she knows what is really divine as well as he, and bows before it. She honours Dobbin in spite of his big feet; she respects her husband more than ever she did before, perhaps for the first time, at the very moment when he is stripping not only her jewels, but name, honour, and comfort off her.

We are not so sure either whether we are justified in calling hers '*le mauvais cœur*.' Becky does not pursue any one vindictively; she never does gratuitous mischief. The fountain is more dry than poisoned. She is even generous—when she can afford it. Witness that burst of plain speaking in Dobbin's favour to the little dolt Amelia, for which we forgive her many a sin. 'Tis true she wanted to get rid of her; but let that pass. Becky was a thrifty dame, and liked to despatch two birds with one stone. And she was honest, too, after a fashion. The part of wife she acts at first as well, and better than most; but as for that of mother, there she fails from the beginning. She knew that maternal love was no business of hers—that a fine frontal development could give her no help there—and puts so little spirit into her imitation that no one could be taken in for a moment. She felt that that bill, of all others, would be sure to be dishonoured,

honoured, and it went against her conscience—we mean her sense—to send it in.

In short, the only respect in which Becky's course gives us pain is when it locks itself into that of another, and more genuine child of this earth. No one can regret those being entangled in her nets whose vanity and meanness of spirit alone led them into its meshes—such are rightly served: but we do grudge her that real sacred thing called *love*, even of a Rawdon Crawley, who has more of that self-forgetting, all-purifying feeling for his little evil spirit than many a better man has for a good woman. We do grudge Becky a *heart*, though it belong only to a swindler. Poor, sinned against, vile, degraded, but still true-hearted Rawdon!—you stand next in our affections and sympathies to honest Dobbin himself. It was the instinct of a good nature which made the Major feel that the stamp of the Evil One was upon Becky; and it was the stupidity of a good nature which made the Colonel never suspect it. He was a cheat, a black-leg, an unprincipled dog; but still 'Rawdon is a man, and he hanged to him,' as the Rector says. We follow him through the illustrations, which are, in many instances, a delightful enhancement to the text—as he stands there, with his gentle eyelid, coarse moustache, and foolish chin, bringing up Becky's coffee-cup with a kind of dumb fidelity; or looking down at little Rawdon with a more than paternal tenderness. All Amelia's philoprogenitive idolatries do not touch us like one fond instinct of 'stupid Rawdon.'

Dobbin sheds a halo over all the long-necked, loose-jointed, Scotch-looking gentlemen of our acquaintance. Flat feet and flap ears seem henceforth incompatible with evil. He reminds us of one of the sweetest creations that have appeared from any modern pen—that plain, awkward, loveable 'Long Walter,' in Lady Georgina Fullerton's beautiful novel of 'Grantley Manor.' Like him, too, in his proper self-respect; for Dobbin—lumbering, heavy, shy, and absurdly over modest as the ugly fellow is—is yet true to himself. At one time he seems to be sinking into the mere abject dangler after Amelia; but he breaks his chains like a man, and resumes them again like a man, too, although half disenchanted of his amiable delusion.

But to return for a moment to Becky. The only criticism we would offer is one which the author has almost disarmed by making her mother a Frenchwoman. The construction of this little clever monster is diabolically French. Such a *lusus nature* as a woman without a heart and conscience would, in England, be a mere brutal savage, and poison half a village. France is the land for the real Syren, with the woman's face and the dragon's claws.

claws. The genus of Pigeon and Laffarge claims her for its own—only that our heroine takes a far higher class by not requiring the vulgar matter of fact of crime to develop her full powers. It is an affront to Becky's tactics to believe that she could ever be reduced to so low a resource, or, that if she were, anybody would find it out. We, therefore, cannot sufficiently applaud the extreme discretion with which Mr. Thackeray has hinted at the possibly assistant circumstances of Joseph Sedley's dissolution. A less delicacy of handling would have marred the harmony of the whole design. Such a casualty as that suggested to our imagination was not intended for the light net of *Vanity Fair* to draw on shore; it would have torn it to pieces. Besides it is not wanted. Poor little Becky is bad enough to satisfy the most ardent student of 'good books.' Wickedness, beyond a certain pitch, gives no increase of gratification even to the sternest moralist; and one of Mr. Thackeray's excellences is the sparing quantity he consumes. The whole use, too, of the work—that of generously measuring one another by this standard—is lost, the moment you convict Becky of a capital crime. Who can, with any face, liken a dear friend to a murderess? Whereas now there are no little symptoms of fascinating ruthlessness, graceful ingratitude, or ladylike selfishness, observable among our charming acquaintance, that we may not immediately detect to an inch, and more effectually intimidate by the simple application of the Becky gauge than by the most vehement use of all ten commandments. Thanks to Mr. Thackeray, the world is now provided with an *idea*, which, if we mistake not, will be the skeleton in the corner of every ball-room and boudoir for a long time to come. Let us leave it intact in its unique point and freshness—a Becky, and nothing more. We should, therefore, advise our readers to cut out that picture of our heroine's 'Second Appearance as Clytemnestra,' which casts so uncomfortable a glare over the latter part of the volume, and, disregarding all hints and inuendoes, simply to let the changes and chances of this mortal life have due weight in their minds. Jos had been much in India. His was a bad life; he ate and drank most imprudently, and his digestion was not to be compared with Becky's. No respectable office would have ensured 'Waterloo Sedley.'

'*Vanity Fair*' is pre-eminently a novel of the day—not in the vulgar sense, of which there are too many, but as a literal photograph of the manners and habits of the nineteenth century, thrown on to paper by the light of a powerful mind; and one also of the most artistic effect. Mr. Thackeray has a peculiar adroitness in leading on the fancy, or rather memory of his reader from one set of circumstances to another by the seeming chances and coincidences

of common life, as an artist leads the spectator's eye through the subject of his picture by a skilful repetition of colour. This is why it is impossible to quote from his book with any justice to it. The whole growth of the narrative is so matted and interwoven together with tendril-like links and bindings, that there is no detaching a flower with sufficient length of stalk to exhibit it to advantage. There is that mutual dependence in his characters which is the first requisite in painting every-day life: no one is stuck on a separate pedestal—no one is sitting for his portrait. There may be one exception—we mean Sir Pitt Crawley, senior: it is possible, nay, we hardly doubt, that this baronet was closer drawn from individual life than anybody else in the book; but granting that fact, the animal was so unique an exception, that we wonder so shrewd an artist could stick him into a gallery so full of our familiars. The scenes in Germany, we can believe, will seem to many readers of an English book hardly less extravagantly absurd—grossly and gratuitously overdrawn; but the initiated will value them as containing some of the keenest strokes of truth and humour that 'Vanity Fair' exhibits, and not enjoy them the less for being at our neighbour's expense. For the thorough appreciation of the chief character they are quite indispensable too. The whole course of the work may be viewed as the *Wander-Jahre* of a far cleverer female *Wilhelm Meister*. We have watched her in the ups-and-downs of life—among the humble, the fashionable, the great, and the pious—and found her ever new, yet ever the same; but still Becky among the students was requisite to complete the full measure of our admiration.

'Jane Eyre,' as a work, and one of equal popularity, is, in almost every respect, a total contrast to 'Vanity Fair.' The characters and events, though some of them masterly in conception, are coined expressly for the purpose of bringing out great effects. The hero and heroine are beings both so singularly unattractive that the reader feels they can have no vocation in the novel but to be brought together; and they do things which, though not impossible, lie utterly beyond the bounds of probability. On this account a short sketch of the plan seems requisite; not but what it is a plan familiar enough to all readers of novels—especially those of the old school and those of the lowest school of our own day. For Jane Eyre is merely another Pamela, who, by the force of her character and the strength of her principles, is carried victoriously through great trials and temptations from the man she loves. Nor is she even a Pamela adapted and refined to modern notions; for though the story is conducted without those derelictions of decorum which we are to believe had their excuse in the manners of Richardson's time, yet it is stamped with

with a coarseness of language and laxity of tone which have certainly no excuse in ours. It is a very remarkable book : we have no remembrance of another combining such genuine power with such horrid taste. Both together have equally assisted to gain the great popularity it has enjoyed ; for in these days of extravagant adoration of all that bears the stamp of novelty and originality, sheer rudeness and vulgarity have come in for a most mistaken worship.

The story is written in the first person. Jane begins with her earliest recollections, and at once takes possession of the reader's intensest interest by the masterly picture of a strange and oppressed child she raises up in a few strokes before him. She is an orphan, and a dependant in the house of a selfish, hard-hearted aunt, against whom the disposition of the little Jane chafes itself in natural antipathy, till she contrives to make the unequal struggle as intolerable to her oppressor as it is to herself. She is therefore, at eight years of age, got rid of to a sort of Dothegirls Hall, where she continues to enlist our sympathies for a time with her little pinched fingers, cropped hair, and empty stomach. But things improve : the abuses of the institution are looked into. The Puritan patron, who holds that young orphan girls are only safely brought up upon the rules of La Trappe, is superseded by an enlightened committee—the school assumes a sound English character—Jane progresses duly from scholar to teacher, and passes ten profitable and not unhappy years at Lowood. Then she advertises for a situation as governess, and obtains one immediately in one of the midland counties. We see her, therefore, as she leaves Lowood, to enter upon a new life—a small, plain, odd creature, who has been brought up dry upon school learning, and somewhat stunted accordingly in mind and body, and who is now thrown upon the world as ignorant of its ways, and as destitute of its friendships, as a shipwrecked mariner upon a strange coast.

Thornfield Hall is the property of Mr. Rochester—a bachelor addicted to travelling. She finds it at first in all the peaceful prestige of an English gentleman's seat when 'nobody is at the hall.' The companions are an old decayed gentlewoman house-keeper—a far away cousin of the squire's—and a young French child, Jane's pupil, Mr. Rochester's ward and reputed daughter. There is a pleasing monotony in the summer solitude of the old country house, with its comfort, respectability, and dulness, which Jane paints to the life ; but there is one circumstance which varies the sameness and casts a mysterious feeling over the scene. A strange laugh is heard from time to time in a distant part of the house—a laugh which grates discordantly upon Jane's ear. She

listens, watches, and inquires, but can discover nothing but a plain matter of fact woman, who sits sewing somewhere in the attics, and goes up and down stairs peaceably to and from her dinner with the servants. But a mystery there is, though nothing betrays it, and it comes in with marvellous effect from the monotonous reality of all around. After awhile Mr. Rochester comes to Thornfield, and sends for the child and her governess occasionally to bear him company. He is a dark, strange-looking man—strong and large—of the brigand stamp, with fine eyes and lowering brows—blunt and sarcastic in his manners, with a kind of misanthropical frankness, which seems based upon utter contempt for his fellow-creatures, and a surly truthfulness which is more rudeness than honesty. With his arrival disappears all the prestige of country innocence that had invested Thornfield Hall. He brings the taint of the world upon him, and none of its illusions. The queer little governess is something new to him. He talks to her at one time imperiously as to a servant, and at another recklessly as to a man. He pours into her ears disgraceful tales of his past life, connected with the birth of little Adèle, which any man with common respect for a woman, and that a mere girl of eighteen, would have spared her; but which eighteen in this case listens to as if it were nothing new, and certainly nothing distasteful. He is captious and Turk-like—she is one day his confidant, and another his unnoticed dependant. In short, by her account, Mr. Rochester is a strange brute, somewhat in the Squire Western style of absolute and capricious eccentricity, though redeemed in him by signs of a cultivated intellect, and gleams of a certain fierce justice of heart. He has a *mind*, and when he opens it at all, he opens it freely to her. Jane becomes attached to her ‘master,’ as Pamela-like she calls him, and it is not difficult to see that solitude and propinquity are taking effect upon him also. An odd circumstance heightens the dawning romance. Jane is awoke one night by that strange discordant laugh close to her ear—then a noise as if hands feeling along the wall. She rises—opens her door, finds the passage full of smoke, is guided by it to her master’s room, whose bed she discovers enveloped in flames, and by her timely aid saves his life. After this they meet no more for ten days, when Mr. Rochester returns from a visit to a neighbouring family, bringing with him a housefull of distinguished guests; at the head of whom is Miss Blanche Ingram, a haughty beauty of high birth, and evidently the especial object of the Squire’s attentions—upon which tumultuous interruption Miss Eyre slips back into her naturally humble position.

Our little governess is now summoned away to attend her aunt’s death-bed, who is visited by some compunctions towards her, and she

she is absent a month. When she returns Thornfield Hall is quit of all its guests, and Mr. Rochester and she resume their former life of captious cordiality on the one side, and diplomatic humility on the other. At the same time the bugbear of Miss Ingram and of Mr. Rochester's engagement with her is kept up, though it is easy to see that this and all concerning that lady is only a stratagem to try Jane's character and affection upon the most approved Griselda precedent. Accordingly an opportunity for explanation ere long offers itself, where Mr. Rochester has only to take it. Miss Eyre is desired to walk with him in shady alleys, and to sit with him on the roots of an old chesnut-tree towards the close of evening, and of course she cannot disobey her 'master'—whereupon there ensues a scene which, as far as we remember, is new equally in art or nature; in which Miss Eyre confesses her love—whereupon Mr. Rochester drops not only his cigar (which she seems to be in the habit of lighting for him) but his mask, and finally offers not only heart, but hand. The wedding-day is soon fixed, but strange misgivings and presentiments haunt the young lady's mind. The night but one before, her bed-room is entered by a horrid phantom, who tries on the wedding veil, sends Jane into a swoon of terror, and defeats all the favourite refuge of a bad dream by leaving the veil in two pieces. But all is ready. The bride has no friends to assist—the couple walk to church—only the clergyman and the clerk are there—but Jane's quick eye has seen two figures lingering among the tombstones, and these two follow them into church. The ceremony commences, when at the due charge which summons any man to come forward and show just cause why they should not be joined together, a voice interposes to forbid the marriage. There is an impediment, and a serious one. The bridegroom has a wife not only living, but living under the very roof of Thornfield Hall. Hers was that discordant laugh which had so often caught Jane's ear; she it was who in her malice had tried to burn Mr. Rochester in his bed—who had visited Jane by night and torn her veil, and whose attendant was that same pretended sew-woman who had so strongly excited Jane's curiosity. For Mr. Rochester's wife is a creature, half fiend, half maniac, whom he had married in a distant part of the world, and whom now, in his self-constituted code of morality, he had thought it his right, and even his duty, to supersede by a more agreeable companion. Now follow scenes of a truly tragic power. This is the grand crisis in Jane's life. Her whole soul is wrapt up in Mr. Rochester. He has broken her trust, but not diminished her love. He entreats her to accept all that he still can give, his heart and his home; he pleads with the agony not only
of

of a man who has never known what it was to conquer a passion, but of one who, by that same self-constituted code, now burns to atone for a disappointed crime. There is no one to help her against him or against herself. Jane had no friends to stand by her at the altar, and she has none to support her now she is plucked away from it. There is no one to be offended or disgraced at her following him to the sunny land of Italy, as he proposes, till the maniac should die. There is no duty to any one but to herself, and this feeble reed quivers and trembles beneath the overwhelming weight of love and sophistry opposed to it. But Jane triumphs; in the middle of the night she rises—glides out of her room—takes off her shoes as she passes Mr. Rochester's chamber;—leaves the house, and casts herself upon a world more desert than ever to her—

‘Without a shilling and without a friend.’

Thus the great deed of self-conquest is accomplished; Jane has passed through the fire of temptation from without and from within; her character is stamped from that day; we need therefore follow her no further into wanderings and sufferings which, though not unmixed with plunder from Minerva-lane, occupy some of, on the whole, the most striking chapters in the book. Virtue of course finds her reward. The maniac wife sets fire to Thornfield Hall, and perishes herself in the flames. Mr. Rochester, in endeavouring to save her, loses the sight of his eyes. Jane rejoins her blind master; they are married, after which of course the happy man recovers his sight.

Such is the outline of a tale in which, combined with great materials for power and feeling, the reader may trace gross inconsistencies and improbabilities, and chief and foremost that highest moral offence a novel writer can commit, that of making an unworthy character interesting in the eyes of the reader. Mr. Rochester is a man who deliberately and secretly seeks to violate the laws both of God and man, and yet we will be bound half our lady readers are enchanted with him for a model of generosity and honour. We would have thought that such a hero had had no chance, in the purer taste of the present day; but the popularity of *Jane Eyre* is a proof how deeply the love for illegitimate romance is implanted in our nature. Not that the author is strictly responsible for this. Mr. Rochester's character is tolerably consistent. He is made as coarse and as brutal as can in all conscience be required to keep our sympathies at a distance. In point of literary consistency the hero is at all events impugnable, though we cannot say as much for the heroine.

As to Jane's character—there is none of that harmonious unity about it which made little Becky so grateful a subject of analysis—

lysis—nor are the discrepancies of that kind which have their excuse and their response in our nature. The inconsistencies of Jane's character lie mainly not in her own imperfections, though of course she has her share, but in the author's. There is that confusion in the relations between cause and effect, which is not so much untrue to human nature as to human art. The error in Jane Eyre is, not that her character is this or that, but that she is made one thing in the eyes of her imaginary companions, and another in that of the actual reader. There is a perpetual disparity between the account she herself gives of the effect she produces, and the means shown us by which she brings that effect about. We hear nothing but self-eulogiums on the perfect tact and wondrous penetration with which she is gifted, and yet almost every word she utters offends us, not only with the absence of these qualities, but with the positive contrasts of them, in either her pedantry, stupidity, or gross vulgarity. She is one of those ladies who put us in the unpleasant predicament of undervaluing their very virtues for dislike of the person in whom they are represented. One feels provoked as Jane Eyre stands before us—for in the wonderful reality of her thoughts and descriptions, she seems accountable for all done in her name—with principles you must approve in the main, and yet with language and manners that offend you in every particular. Even in that *chef-d'œuvre* of brilliant retrospective sketching, the description of her early life, it is the childhood and not the child that interests you. The little Jane, with her sharp eyes and dogmatic speeches, is a being you neither could fondle nor love. There is a hardness in her infantine earnestness, and a spiteful precocity in her reasoning, which repulses all our sympathy. One sees that she is of a nature to dwell upon and treasure up every slight and unkindness, real or fancied, and such natures we know are surer than any others to meet with plenty of this sort of thing. As the child, so also the woman—an uninteresting, sententious, pedantic thing; with no experience of the world, and yet with no simplicity or freshness in its stead. What are her first answers to Mr. Rochester but such as would have quenched all interest, even for a prettier woman, in any man of common knowledge of what was nature—and especially in a *blasé* monster like him? A more affected governessy effusion we never read. The question is à propos of *cadeaux*.

“Who talks of *cadeaux*?” said he gruffly: “did you expect a present, Miss Eyre? Are you fond of presents?” and he searched my face with eyes that I saw were dark, irate, and piercing.

“I hardly know, Sir; I have little experience of them; they are generally thought pleasant things.”

“Generally

"Generally thought! But what do *you* think?"

"I should be obliged to take time, Sir, before I could give you an answer worthy of your acceptance: a present has many faces to it, has it not? and one should consider all before pronouncing an opinion as to its nature."

"Miss Eyre, you are not so unsophisticated as Adèle: she demands a cadeau clamorously the moment she sees me; you beat about the bush."

"Because I have less confidence in my deserts than Adèle has; she can prefer the right of old acquaintance and the right too of custom; for she says you have always been in the habit of giving her playthings; but if I had to make out a case I should be puzzled, since I am a stranger, and have done nothing to entitle me to an acknowledgment."

"Oh! don't fall back on over modesty! I have examined Adèle, and find you have taken great pains with her: she is not bright—she has no talent, yet in a short time she has made much improvement."

"Sir, you have now given me my cadeau; I am obliged to you: it is the meed teachers most covet; praise of their pupil's progress."

"Humph!" said Mr. Rochester.—vol. i., p. 234.

Let us take a specimen of her again when Mr. Rochester brings home his guests to Thornfield. The fine ladies of this world are a new study to Jane, and capitally she describes her first impression of them as they leave the dinner table and return to the drawing-room—nothing can be more gracefully graphic than this.

"There were but eight of them, yet somehow as they flocked in, they gave the impression of a much larger number. Some of them were very tall, and all had a sweeping amplitude of array that seemed to magnify their persons as a mist magnifies the moon. I rose and curtsied to them: one or two bent their heads in return; the others only stared at me.

"They dispersed about the room, reminding me, by the lightness and buoyancy of their movements, of a flock of white plummy birds. Some of them threw themselves in half-reclining positions on the sofas and ottomans; some bent over the tables and examined the flowers and books; the rest gathered in a group round the fire: all talked in a low but clear tone which seemed habitual to them."—vol. ii. p. 38.

But now for the reverse. The moment Jane Eyre sets these graceful creatures conversing, she falls into mistakes which display not so much a total ignorance of the habits of society, as a vulgarity of mind inherent in herself. They talked together by her account like *parvenues* trying to show off. They discuss the subject of governesses before her very face, in what Jane affects to consider the exact tone of fashionable contempt. They bully the servants in language no lady would dream of using to her own—far less to those of her host and entertainer—though certainly the 'Sam' of Jane Eyre's is not precisely the head servant one is accustomed to meet with in houses of the Thornfield class.

For

For instance, this is a conversation which occurs in her hearing. An old gypsy has come to the Hall, and the servants can't get rid of her—

"What does she want?" asked Mrs. Eshton.

"To tell the gentry their fortunes, she says, Ma'am: and she swears she must and will do it."

"What is she like?" inquired the Misses Eshton in a breath.

"A shocking ugly old creature, Miss; almost as black as a crock."

"Why she's a real sorceress," cried Frederick Lynn. "Let us have her in of course."

"My dear boys, what are you thinking about?" exclaimed Lady Lynn.

"I cannot possibly countenance any such inconsistent proceedings," chined in the Dowager Ingram.

"Indeed, Mama, but you can—and will," pronounced the haughty voice of Blanche, as she turned round on the piano-stool, where till now she had sat silent, apparently examining sundry sheets of music. "I have a curiosity to hear my fortune told: therefore, Sam, order the beldame forward."

"My darling Blanche! recollect—"

"I do—I recollect all you can suggest; and, I must have my will—quick, Sam!"

"Yes—yes—yes," cried all the juveniles, both ladies and gentlemen. "Let her come, it will be excellent sport."

The footman still lingered. "She looks such a rough one," said he.

"Go!" ejaculated Miss Ingram, and the man went.

Excitement instantly seized the whole party; a running fire of raillery and jests was proceeding when Sam returned.

"She won't come now," said he. "She says it is not her mission to appear before the 'vulgar herd' (them's her words). I must show her into a room by herself, and them who wish to consult her must go to her one by one."

"You see now, my queenly Blanche," began Lady Ingram, "she encroaches. Be advised, my angel girl—and—"

"Show her into the library of course," cut in the "angel girl." "It is not my mission to listen to her before the vulgar herd either; I mean to have her all to myself. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, Ma'am; but she looks such a tinkler."

"Cease that chatter, blockhead! and do my bidding!"—vol. ii., p. 82.

The old gypsy woman, by the way, turns out to be Mr. Rochester—whom Jane of course alone recognizes—as silly an incident as can well be contrived. But the crowning scene is the offer—governesses are said to be silly on such occasions, but Jane out-governesses them all—little Becky would have blushed for her. They are sitting together at the foot of the old chestnut tree, as we have already mentioned, towards the close of evening,

ing, and Mr. Rochester is informing her, with his usual delicacy of language, that he is engaged to Miss Ingram—‘a strapper! Jane, a real strapper!’—and that as soon as he brings home his bride to Thornfield, she, the governess, must ‘trot forthwith’—but that he shall make it his duty to look out for employment and an asylum for her—indeed, that he has already heard of a charming situation in the depths of Ireland—all with a brutal jocoseness which most women of spirit, unless grievously despairing of any other lover, would have resented, and any woman of sense would have seen through. But Jane, that profound reader of the human heart, and especially of Mr. Rochester’s, does neither. She meekly hopes she may be allowed to stay where she is till she has found another shelter to betake herself to—she does not fancy going to Ireland—Why?

‘It is a long way off, Sir.’ ‘No matter—a girl of your sense will not object to the voyage or the distance.’ ‘Not the voyage, but the distance, Sir; and then the sea is a barrier—’ ‘From what, Jane?’ ‘From England, and from Thornfield; and—’ ‘Well?’ ‘From you, Sir.’—vol. ii., p. 205.

and then the lady bursts into tears in the most approved fashion.

Although so clever in giving hints, how wonderfully slow she is in taking them! Even when, tired of his cat’s play, Mr. Rochester proceeds to rather indubitable demonstrations of affection—‘enclosing me in his arms, gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips on my lips’—Jane has no idea what he can mean. Some ladies would have thought it high time to leave the Squire alone with his chestnut tree; or, at all events, unnecessary to keep up that tone of high-souled feminine obtuseness which they are quite justified in adopting if gentlemen will not speak out—but Jane again does neither. Not that we say she was wrong, but quite the reverse, considering the circumstances of the case—Mr. Rochester was her master, and ‘Duchess or nothing’ was her first duty—only she was not quite so artless as the author would have us suppose.

But if the manner in which she secures the prize be not inadmissible according to the rules of the art, that in which she manages it when caught, is quite without authority or precedent, except perhaps in the servants’ hall. Most lover’s play is wearisome and nonsensical to the lookers on—but the part Jane assumes is one which could only be efficiently sustained by the substitution of Sam for her master. Coarse as Mr. Rochester is, one winces for him under the infliction of this housemaid *beau idéal* of the arts of coquetry. A little more, and we should have flung the book aside to lie for ever among the trumpery with which such scenes ally it; but it were a pity to have halted here,
for

for wonderful things lie beyond—scenes of suppressed feeling, more fearful to witness than the most violent tornados of passion—struggles with such intense sorrow and suffering as it is sufficient misery to know that any one should have conceived, far less passed through; and yet with that stamp of truth which takes precedence in the human heart before actual experience. The flippant, fifth-rate, plebeian actress has vanished, and only a noble, high-souled woman, bound to us by the reality of her sorrow, and yet raised above us by the strength of her will, stands in actual life before us. If this be Jane Eyre, the author has done her injustice hitherto, not we. Let us look at her in the first recognition of her sorrow after the discomfiture of the marriage. True, it is not the attitude of a Christian, who knows that all things work together for good to those who love God, but it is a splendidly drawn picture of a natural heart, of high power, intense feeling, and fine religious instinct, falling prostrate, but not grovelling, before the tremendous blast of sudden affliction. The house is cleared of those who had come between her and a disgraceful happiness.

‘Only the clergyman stayed to exchange a few sentences of admonition or reproof with his haughty parishioner; this duty done, he too departed.

‘I heard him go as I stood at the half-open door of my own room, to which I had now withdrawn. The house cleared, I shut myself in, fastened the bolt, that none might intrude, and proceeded—not to weep, not to mourn, I was yet too calm for that, but—mechanically to take off the wedding dress, and replace it by the stuff gown I had worn yesterday, as I thought for the last time. I then sat down: I felt weak and tired. I leaned my arms on a table, and my head dropped on them, and now I thought: till now I had only heard, seen, moved, followed up and down where I was led or dragged, watched event rush on event, disclosure open beyond disclosure: but *now, I thought.*

‘The morning had been a quiet morning enough—all except the brief scene with the lunatic. The transaction in the church had not been noisy: there was no explosion of passion, no loud altercation, no dispute, no defiance or challenge, no tears, no sobs; a few words had been spoken, a calmly pronounced objection to the marriage made, some stern, short questions put by Mr. Rochester; answers, explanations given, evidence adduced; an open admission of the truth had been made by my master, then the living proof had been seen, the intruders were gone, and all was over.

‘I was in my own room as usual—just myself, without obvious change: nothing had smitten me, or scathed me, or maimed me; and yet where was the Jane Eyre of yesterday? where was her life? where were her prospects?

‘Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale, her prospects
were

were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at Midsummer ; a white December storm had whirled over June ; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses ; on hay-field and corn-field lay a frozen shroud ; lanes, which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow ; and the woods which, twelve hours since, waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread waste, wild and white as pine forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead—struck with a sudden doom, such as in one night fell on all the firstborn in the land of Egypt ; I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing—they lay stark, chill, living corpses, that could never revive. I looked at my love ; that feeling which was my master's—which he had created ; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle ; sickness and anguish had seized it : it could not seek Mr. Rochester's arms—it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh ! never more could it turn to him, for faith was blighted ! confidence destroyed ! Mr. Rochester was not to me what he had been, for he was not what I thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him ; I would not say he had betrayed me : but the attribute of stainless truth was gone from his idea ; and from his presence I must go : *that* I perceived well. When—how—whither ? I could not yet discern ; but he himself I doubted not would hurry me from Thornfield. Real affection, it seemed, he could not have for me ; it had been only fitful passion : that was balked—he would want me no more. I should fear even to cross his path now ; my view must be hateful to him. Oh, how blind had been my eyes ! how weak my conduct !

My eyes were covered and closed ; eddying darkness seemed to swim round me, and reflection came in as dark and confused a flow. Self-abandoned, relaxed, and effortless, I seemed to have laid me down in the dried-up bed of a great river ; I heard a flood loosened in remote mountains, and felt the torrent come ; to rise I had no will, to flee I had no strength. I lay faint, longing to be dead ; one idea only throbbed life-like within me—a remembrance of God. It begot an unuttered prayer : these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered ; but no energy was found to express them :—"Be not far from me, for trouble is near : there is none to help."

"It was near ; and as I had lifted no petition to heaven to avert it—as I had neither joined my hands, nor bent my knees, nor moved my lips—it came : in full heavy swing the torrent passed over me. The whole consciousness of my life lorn, my love lost, my hope quenched, my faith dead-struck, swayed full and mighty above me in one sullen mass. That bitter hour cannot be described : in truth "the waters came into my soul ; I sank in deep mire ; I felt no standing ; I came into deep waters ; the floods overflowed me."—vol. ii., p. 300.

We have said that this was the picture of a natural heart. This, to our view, is the great and crying mischief of the book.
Jane

Jane Eyre is throughout the personification of an unregenerate and undisciplined spirit, the more dangerous to exhibit from that prestige of principle and self-control which is liable to dazzle the eye too much for it to observe the inefficient and unsound foundation on which it rests. It is true Jane does right, and exerts great moral strength, but it is the strength of a mere heathen mind which is a law unto itself. No Christian grace is perceptible upon her. She has inherited in fullest measure the worst sin of our fallen nature—the sin of pride. Jane Eyre is proud, and therefore she is ungrateful too. It pleased God to make her an orphan, friendless, and penniless—yet she thanks nobody, and least of all Him, for the food and raiment, the friends, companions, and instructors of her helpless youth—for the care and education vouchsafed to her till she was capable in mind as fitted in years to provide for herself. On the contrary, she looks upon all that has been done for her not only as her undoubted right, but as falling far short of it. The doctrine of humility is not more foreign to her mind than it is repudiated by her heart. It is by her own talents, virtues, and courage that she is made to attain the summit of human happiness, and, as far as Jane Eyre's own statement is concerned, no one would think that she owed anything either to God above or to man below. She flees from Mr. Rochester, and has not a being to turn to. Why was this? The excellence of the present institution at Casterton, which succeeded that of Cowan Bridge near Kirkby Lonsdale—these being distinctly, as we hear, the original and the reformed Lowoods of the book—is pretty generally known. Jane had lived there for eight years with 110 girls and fifteen teachers. Why had she formed no friendships among them? Other orphans have left the same and similar institutions, furnished with friends for life, and puzzled with homes to choose from. How comes it that Jane had acquired neither? Among that number of associates there were surely some exceptions to what she so presumptuously stigmatises as ‘the society of inferior minds.’ Of course it suited the author's end to represent the heroine as utterly destitute of the common means of assistance, in order to exhibit both her trials and her powers of self-support—the whole book rests on this assumption—but it is one which, under the circumstances, is very unnatural and very unjust.

Altogether the auto-biography of Jane Eyre is pre-eminently an anti-Christian composition. There is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and against the privations of the poor, which, as far as each individual is concerned, is a murmuring against God's appointment—there is a proud and perpetual assertion of the rights of man, for which we find no authority

authority either in God's word or in God's providence—there is that pervading tone of ungodly discontent which is at once the most prominent and the most subtle evil which the law and the pulpit, which all civilized society in fact has at the present day to contend with. We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown authority and violated every code human and divine abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written *Jane Eyre*.

Still we say again this is a very remarkable book. We are painfully alive to the moral, religious, and literary deficiencies of the picture, and such passages of beauty and power as we have quoted cannot redeem it, but it is impossible not to be spell-bound with the freedom of the touch. It would be mere hackneyed courtesy to call it 'fine writing.' It bears no impress of being written at all, but is poured out rather in the heat and hurry of an instinct, which flows ungovernably on to its object, indifferent by what means it reaches it, and unconscious too. As regards the author's chief object, however, it is a failure—that, namely, of making a plain, odd woman, destitute of all the conventional features of feminine attraction, interesting in our sight. We deny that he has succeeded in this. *Jane Eyre*, in spite of some grand things about her, is a being totally uncongenial to our feelings from beginning to end. We acknowledge her firmness—we respect her determination—we feel for her struggles; but, for all that, and setting aside higher considerations, the impression she leaves on our mind is that of a decidedly vulgar-minded woman—one whom we should not care for as an acquaintance, whom we should not seek as a friend, whom we should not desire for a relation, and whom we should scrupulously avoid for a governess.

There seem to have arisen in the novel-reading world some doubts as to who really wrote this book; and various rumours, more or less romantic, have been current in Mayfair, the metropolis of gossip, as to the authorship. For example, *Jane Eyre* is sentimentally assumed to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Thackeray's governess, whom he had himself chosen as his model of Becky, and who, in mingled love and revenge, personified him in return as Mr. Rochester. In this case, it is evident that the author of '*Vanity Fair*,' whose own pencil makes him grey-haired, has had the best of it, though his children may have had the worst, having, at all events, succeeded in hitting that vulnerable point in the Becky bosom, which it is our firm belief no man born of woman, from her Soho to her Ostend days, had ever so much as grazed. To this ingenious rumour the coincidence of the second edition of *Jane Eyre* being dedicated to Mr.

Thackeray

Thackeray has probably given rise. For our parts, we see no great interest in the question at all. The first edition of Jane Eyre purports to be edited by Currer Bell, one of a trio of brothers, or sisters, or cousins, by names Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, already known as the joint-authors of a volume of poems. The second edition the same—dedicated, however, ‘by the author,’ to Mr. Thackeray; and the dedication (itself an indubitable *chip* of Jane Eyre) signed Currer Bell. Author and editor therefore are one, and we are as much satisfied to accept this double individual under the name of ‘Currer Bell,’ as under any other, more or less euphonious. Whoever it be, it is a person who, with great mental powers, combines a total ignorance of the habits of society, a great coarseness of taste, and a heathenish doctrine of religion. And as these characteristics appear more or less in the writings of all three, Currer, Acton, and Ellis alike, for their poems differ less in degree of power than in kind, we are ready to accept the fact of their identity or of their relationship with equal satisfaction. At all events there can be no interest attached to the writer of ‘Wuthering Heights’—a novel succeeding ‘Jane Eyre,’ and purporting to be written by Ellis Bell—unless it were for the sake of more individual reprobation. For though there is a decided family likeness between the two, yet the aspect of the Jane and Rochester animals in their native state, as Catherine and Heathfield, is too odiously and abominably pagan to be palatable even to the most vitiated class of English readers. With all the unscrupulousness of the French school of novels it combines that repulsive vulgarity in the choice of its vice which supplies its own antidote. The question of authorship, therefore, can deserve a moment’s curiosity only as far as ‘Jane Eyre’ is concerned, and though we cannot pronounce that it appertains to a real Mr. Currer Bell and to no other, yet that it appertains to a man, and not, as many assert, to a woman, we are strongly inclined to affirm. Without entering into the question whether the power of the writing be above her, or the vulgarity below her, there are, we believe, minutiae of circumstantial evidence which at once acquit the feminine hand. No woman—a lady friend, whom we are always happy to consult, assures us—makes mistakes in her own *mélécir*—no woman *trusses game* and garnishes dessert-dishes with the same hands, or talks of so doing in the same breath. Above all, no woman attires another in such fancy dresses as Jane’s ladies assume—Miss Ingram coming down, irresistible, ‘in a *morning* robe of sky-blue crape, a gauze azure scarf twisted in her hair!!’ No lady, we understand, when suddenly roused in the night, would think of hurrying on ‘*a frock*.’ They have garments more convenient for such occasions, and
more

more becoming too. This evidence seems incontrovertible. Even granting that these incongruities were purposely assumed, for the sake of disguising the female pen, there is nothing gained; for if we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has, for some sufficient reason, long forfeited the society of her own sex.

And if by no woman, it is certainly also by no artist. The Thackeray eye has had no part there. There is not more disparity between the art of drawing Jane assumes and her evident total ignorance of its first principles, than between the report she gives of her own character and the conclusions we form for ourselves. Not but what, in another sense, the author may be classed as an artist of very high grade. Let him describe the simplest things in nature—a rainy landscape, a cloudy sky, or a bare moorside, and he shows the hand of a master; but the moment he talks of the art itself, it is obvious that he is a complete ignoramus.

We cannot help feeling that this work must be far from beneficial to that class of ladies whose cause it affects to advocate. Jane Eyre is not precisely the mouthpiece one would select to plead the cause of governesses, and it is therefore the greater pity that she has chosen it: for there is none we are convinced which, at the present time, more deserves and demands an earnest and judicious befriending. If these times puzzle us how to meet the claims and wants of the lower classes of our dependants, they puzzle and shame us too in the case of that highest dependant of all, the governess—who is not only entitled to our gratitude and respect by her position, but, in nine cases out of ten, by the circumstances which reduced her to it. For the case of the governess is so much the harder than that of any other class of the community, in that they are not only quite as liable to all the vicissitudes of life, but are absolutely supplied by them. There may be, and are, exceptions to this rule, but the real definition of a governess, in the English sense, is a being who is our equal in birth, manners, and education, but our inferior in worldly wealth. Take a lady, in every meaning of the word, born and bred, and let her father pass through the gazette, and she wants nothing more to suit our highest *beau idéal* of a guide and instructress to our children. We need the imprudencies, extravagancies, mistakes, or crimes of a certain number of fathers, to sow that seed from which we reap the harvest of governesses. There is no other class of labourers for hire who are thus systematically supplied by the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. There is no other class which so cruelly requires its members to be, in birth, mind, and manners, above their station, in order to
fit

fit them for their station. From this peculiarity in their very qualifications for office result all the peculiar and most painful anomalies of their professional existence. The line which severs the governess from her employers is not one which will take care of itself, as in the case of a servant. If she sits at table she does not shock you—if she opens her mouth she does not distress you—her appearance and manners are likely to be as good as your own—her education rather better; there is nothing upon the face of the thing to stamp her as having been called to a different state of life from that in which it has pleased God to place you; and therefore the distinction has to be kept up by a fictitious barrier which presses with cruel weight upon the mental strength or constitutional vanity of a woman. People talk of the prevailing vanity of governesses, and we grant it in one sense fully—but how should it not be so? If a governess have a grain of vanity in her composition, it is sought and probed for by every species of slight and mortification, intentional or not, till it starts into unnatural life beneath the irritation. She must be a saint, or no woman at all, who can rise above those perpetual little dropping-water trials to which the self-love of an averagely-placed governess is exposed. That fearful fact that the lunatic asylums of this country are supplied with a larger proportion of their inmates from the ranks of young governesses than from any other class of life, is a sufficient proof how seldom she can. But it is not her vanity which sends her there, but her *wounded* vanity—the distinction is great—and wounded vanity, as all medical men will tell us, is the rock on which most minds go to pieces.

Man cannot live by the head alone, far less woman. A governess has no equals, and therefore can have no sympathy. She is a burden and restraint in society, as all must be who are placed ostensibly at the same table and yet are forbidden to help themselves or to be helped to the same viands. She is a bore to almost any gentleman, as a tabooed woman, to whom he is interdicted from granting the usual privileges of the sex, and yet who is perpetually crossing his path. She is a bore to most ladies by the same rule, and a reproach too—for her dull, fagging, bread-and-water life is perpetually putting their pampered listlessness to shame. The servants invariably detest her, for she is a dependant like themselves, and yet, for all that, as much their superior in other respects as the family they both serve. Her pupils may love her, and she may take the deepest interest in them, but they cannot be her friends. She must, to all intents and purposes, live alone, or she transgresses that invisible but rigid line which alone establishes the distance between herself and her employers.

We do not deny that there are exceptions to this statement—that there are many governesses who are treated with an almost undue equality and kindness—that there are many who suffer from slights which they entirely make for themselves, and affect a humility which is never needed—and also that there is no class in which there are women so encroaching, so *exigentes*, and so disagreeable. But still these are exceptions, let them be ever so numerous. The broad and real characteristics of the governess's qualifications, position, and trials are such as we have described, and must be such. Nor have we brought them forward with any view, or hope, or even with any wish to see them remedied, for in the inherent constitution of English habits, feelings, and prejudices, there is no possibility that they should be. We say English, for foreign life is far more favourable to a governess's happiness. In its less stringent domestic habits, the company of a *teacher*, for she is nothing more abroad, is no interruption—often an acquisition; she herself, again, is pleased with that mere surface of politeness and attention which would not satisfy an Englishwoman's heart or pride; the difference of birth, too, is more obvious, from the non-existence in any other country of an untitled aristocracy like our own. But all this cannot be altered with us. We shall ever prefer to place those immediately about our children who have been born and bred with somewhat of the same refinement as ourselves. We must ever keep them in a sort of isolation, for it is the only means for maintaining that distance which the reserve of English manners and the decorum of English families exact. That true justice and delicacy in the employer which would make a sunshine even in a barren schoolroom must ever be too rare to be depended upon. That familiarity which should level all distinction a right-thinking governess would scorn to accept;—all this must be continued as it is. But there is one thing, the absence of which need not be added to the other drawbacks of her lot; which would go far to compensate to her for the misfortunes which reduced her to this mode of life, and for the trials attendant upon it—for the years of chilly solitude through which the heart is kept shivering upon a diet that can never sufficiently warm it, and that in the longing season of youth—for the nothing less than maternal cares and solitudes for which she reaps no maternal reward—for a life spent in harness from morning till night, and from one year's end to another—for the old age and incapacity creeping on and threatening to deprive her even of that mode of existence which habit has made endurable—there is something that would compensate for all this, and that is *better pay*. We quite agree with Mr. Rochester, in
answer

answer to one of Jane's sententious speeches, that 'most freeborn things will submit to anything for a salary;' in other words, that most men and women of average sense will put up with much that is fatiguing to do, or irksome to bear, if you make it worth their while; and we know of no process of reasoning by which it can be proved that governesses, as is too often required from them, can dispense with this potent stimulus.

There is something positively usurious in the manner with which the misfortunes of the individual or the general difficulty of the times is now-a-days constantly taken advantage of to cut the stipend of the governess down to the lowest ratio that she will accept. The Jew raises his rate of interest because the heedless spendthrift will pay anything to get that loan he needs; and by the same rule the Christian parent lowers the salary because the friendless orphan will take anything rather than be without a situation. Each traffics with the necessities, and not with the merits of the case; but the one proceeding is so much the harder than the other, because it presses not upon a selfish, thoughtless, extravagant man, but upon a poor, patient, and industrious woman. 'And they are very glad to get that, I can tell you,' is the cold-hearted rejoinder, if you expostulate on the injustice of throwing all the labour of the teacher and many of the chief duties of a parent upon the shoulders of a young woman, for the remuneration of thirty or even twenty pounds a-year. It may be quite true that she is glad to get even this; and if so, it is very deplorable: but this has no relation to the services exacted and the assistance given; and these should be more especially the standard where the plaintiff, as in the case of the governess, possesses no means of resistance. Workmen may rebel, and tradesmen may combine, not to let you have their labour or their wares under a certain rate; but the governess has no refuge—no escape; she is a needy *lady*, whose services are of far too precious a kind to have any stated market value, and is therefore left to the mercy, or what they call the *means*, of the family that engages her.

But is not this an all-sufficient plea? it may be urged. If parents have not the means to give higher salaries, what can they do? We admit the argument, though it might be easily proved how often the cheap governess and the expensive servant are to be found in the same establishment; but the question is in truth whether they have the means or the excuse to keep a governess at all? Whether it be conscientiously honest to engage the best years of a hard-working, penniless woman, without the power of making her an adequate return? The fine-ladyism of the day has, we regret to observe, crept into a lower class than that one was wont to associate it with, and where, from its greater

sacrifice of the comforts and rights of others, it is still more objectionable. Women, whose husbands leave them in peace from morning till night, for counting-houses or lawyers' offices—certainly leave them with nothing better to do than to educate and attend to their children—must now, forsooth, be keeping ill-paid governesses for those duties which one would hope a peecress only unwillingly relinquishes. Women, from whom society requires nothing, but that they should quietly and unremittingly do that for which their station offers them the happy leisure, must now treat themselves to one of those *pro-mammas* who, owing to various causes, more or less distressing, have become so plentiful that they may be had *cheap*! If more governesses find a penurious maintenance by these means; more mothers are encouraged to neglect those duties, which, one would have thought, they would have been as jealous of as of that first duty of all that infancy requires from them. It is evident, too, that by this unfair demand the supply has been suddenly increased. Farmers and tradespeople are now educating their daughters for governesses as a mode of advancing them a step in life, and thus a number of underbred young women have crept into the profession who have brought down the value of salaries and interfered with the rights of those whose birth and misfortunes leave them no other refuge.

Even in the highest rate of salary—in the hundred, and hundred and twenty guineas, which so few now enjoy—so very few get beyond—the advantage is too much on the one side not to be, in some respects, an injustice to the other. There has been no luxury invented in social life equal to that which gives a mother all the pleasure of her children's society, and the reward of their improvement, and at the same time relieves her of the trouble of either. At the highest salary, it is the cheapest luxury that can be had; and yet a mother satisfies her conscience when she gives the patient drudge who not only retails to her children every accomplishment and science of the day, but also performs the part of maternal factotum in every other department, the notable sum of 40*l.* or 50*l.* a-year; and then, when she has lived in the family for perhaps fifteen years, and finished the sixth daughter, dismisses her with every recommendation as 'a treasure,' but without a fragment of help in the shape of a pension or provision to ease her further labours or approaching incapacity. In nine cases out of ten, the old servant is far more cared for than the old governess.

Some amiable Mrs. Armytage will be ready to say—'We have nothing to do with the governess's most frequent cause of need for a larger salary: we are not required to maintain her family

as

as well as herself.' True enough. At the same time women with women's hearts might be expected to bear in mind that the same reasons that have placed her in this position will, with rare exceptions, be the drain upon her the whole time she is in it; and that though she may squeeze something out of the smallest salary to help disabled parents or orphan sisters, she is deprived of all possibility of laying up a provision for herself.

While we therefore applaud heartily the efforts for their comfort and relief which have been made within the last few years, in the establishment of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, we look with sorrow, and almost with horror, at the disclosures which those efforts have brought to light. There is no document which more painfully exposes the peculiar tyranny of our present state of civilization than those pages in the Report of this Society containing the list of candidates for the few and small annuities which the Institution is as yet in the condition to give. We know of nothing, in truth or fiction, more affecting than the sad and simple annals of these afflicted and destitute ladies, many of them with their aristocratic names, who, having passed through that course of servitude which, as we have shown, is peculiarly and inevitably deprived of most of those endearing sympathies which gladden this life, are now left in their old age or sickness without even the absolute necessities for existence. With minds also which, from their original refinement and constant cultivation, have the keener sense of the misery and injustice of their lot; for the delicate and well-bred lady we at first congratulated ourselves on having engaged in our family is equally the same when we cast her off to shift for herself. What a mockery must all this thankless acquisition of knowledge, which has been the object of her study and the puff in her credentials, appear to her now! Conversant with several languages—skilled in many accomplishments—crammed with every possible fact in history, geography, and the use of the globes—and scarcely the daily bread to put into her mouth! If there be any of our female readers so spoiled by prosperity as to magnify small annoyances into real evils—if there be one who, forgetting

'What she is, and where—

• A sinner in a life of care'—

is unmindful of the blessings of a *home*, because it contains some trial which it is difficult to bear—let her look through this list now before us of her hard-working and ill-requited fellow-gentlewomen, and be thankful to God that her name does not stand *there*. We give a few specimens—omitting the surnames, as not required here:—

'Miss Juliana —, aged sixty-seven. Became a governess at the

age of sixteen, being left, by her father's death, without any provision. Has received too low salaries to save, and has now no prospect but the hope of being enabled to support herself by needlework while she has health and can obtain employment, and an occasional present from some of her few friends. Reference: Mrs. T. Babington, 14, Blessington Street, Dublin.

'Miss Amelia —, aged sixty-one. Father, a naval officer, died when she was an infant, and her mother when she was sixteen—compelling her to become a governess. Unable to save on account of small salaries, ill health, and the want of a home. No income whatever, having only occasional assistance from an old friend who will have nothing to leave her at her death. Reference: Miss Anderson, 32, Cadogan Street, Chelsea.

'Miss Catherine —, aged sixty-three. Became a governess on the insolvency of her father. The support of an aged father and afflicted mother prevented her laying by for herself. Her mother, dependent upon her for twenty-six years, died of cancer. Present income less than 5*s.* a-week. Reference: Miss Boycott, Great Ormesby, Yarmouth.

'Miss Margaret —, aged seventy-one. Fifty years a governess, having been left an orphan at three years old, and the uncle who meant to provide for her being lost at sea. Assisted her relations as far as possible from her salaries. She is now very feeble, and her health failing fast. Her entire support is an annuity of fourteen guineas.

'Miss Dorothea —, aged fifty-four. Father a surgeon in the army; governess, chiefly in Scotch families, for thirty years; was the chief support of her mother and the younger members of her family from 1811 to 1838, when her mother died, leaving her with failing health through over exertion, and only 5*l.* a-year from the Government Compassionate Fund. Reference: R. W. Saunders, Esq., Nunwick Hall, near Penrith.

'Miss Mary —, aged sixty-five. Her parents having lost all their property, she never had a home, and has devoted her whole life to her profession, supporting herself and her father, who attained his eightieth year. But she has been unable to provide for herself; and with failing health and sight, her income (an uncertain one) never exceeds 10*l.* a-year. Reference: Mrs. Campbell, Bickfield, Ipswich.

'Miss Mary —, aged sixty-four. Her father formerly possessed very large property; but having many children, and having suffered heavy losses, he was unable to make any provision for his family. She has devoted her whole life to tuition, but has unhappily been unable to make any fund for old age; and now, in the decline of life, and with failing health, has no income whatsoever. Reference: the Countess Poulett, 5, Tilney Street, Park Lane.

'Miss Ann —, aged sixty-two. Has been a governess all her life. Supported and educated two orphan nieces and a nephew, and apprenticed the latter. He is since dead; as is her eldest niece, after five years' illness, which at last destroyed her intellects. The consequent

sequent expenses were ruinous; and she is now companion to a lady for her board—an engagement which ceases with the present year. Reference: *Mrs. Bradley, Hark Hill, Clapham.*

We need add no more from this touching list of ninety ladies, all more or less reduced to indigence by the edifying fulfilment of their natural duties, and who, after a life of labour and struggle, presented themselves, in November, 1847, as candidates for four annuities of 15*l.* each. Of the ninety it seems seven only had incomes exceeding 20*l.*, two of those derived from public institutions; sixteen had incomes varying from 36*s.* to 14*l.*, and the rest had no certain means of livelihood at all. These facts are serious lessons to all, but especially to two classes of society—to those parents who are living in ease and affluence without a thought of their children's future provision, and to those who allow themselves the luxury of a governess without either the means of remunerating her adequately, or the right conscientious desire to do it.

But if, as a people, we are, from love of habit or hatred of change, prone to submit too long to abuses, and careless how they press upon the weaker classes of the community, we are, it is to be hoped, active in assistance and redress, when once roused to a sense of its necessity. This Governesses' Benevolent Institution, though still comparatively in its infancy, is an important step towards the atonement for past neglect. If it be, in the nature of the thing, impossible to shed more social sunshine upon a governess's life, and almost equally so to secure to her a full compensation for her labours, the public have at all events now been shown the way how to assist in protecting her interests, increasing her comforts and advantages, and solacing her old age. The distinct objects of the society are these—1st, to bestow temporary assistance on governesses in distress; 2nd, to found elective annuities for aged governesses; 3rd, to assist governesses in purchasing annuities upon government security; 4th, to provide a home for governesses at a low expense during their intervals of engagement; and, 5th, to carry on for them a system of registration free of expense. The two first objects—that of temporary assistance, and the annuity for the aged governesses—call for a considerable increase of resources—but not more, we hope, than it is reasonable to look for from the liberality and right feeling of a British public. How justly the temporary-assistance fund has been bestowed may be seen by a glance into the First Report, where cases, of which we give a few samples, occur in painful reiteration:—

'Obliged to maintain an aged sister, who has no one else to depend upon.'—'Entirely impoverished by endeavouring to uphold her father's efforts in business.'—'Supported both her aged parents, and three orphans

orphans of a widowed sister.'—'Has helped to bring up seven younger brothers and sisters.'—'Incapable of taking another situation from extreme nervous excitement, brought on by over exertion and anxiety.'—'Had the entire support of both parents for nearly twenty years.'

As to the annuities, the number already founded, including the five ladies elected on the 16th of this last November, amounts to thirty-two, consisting of one of 30*l.*, four of 20*l.*, and the remainder of 15*l.* each; but it is hoped that this branch of the society may be so supported and endowed as to secure the foundation of several fresh annuities, at each succeeding May and November, for some years to come.

To these several departments of charitable purpose has been added one, within the last year, which, as being more consonant with the habits and usages of the olden time, is more especially attractive to our feelings—we mean the commencement of that fund for the building and endowment of an asylum for aged governesses, which was made known to the votaries of Vanity Fair last June by the great fancy sale at Chelsea. This is not precisely the way our forefathers would have adopted to start a scheme of this character, but this is also not the occasion to discuss so much-involving a subject. The sale, at all events, realised a considerable sum of money, and Becky's stall, we have no doubt, more than any other there.

The 'Queen's College for Female Education, and for granting Certificates of Qualification to Governesses' is another new establishment which promises very essentially to promote the interests of this class of ladies. We have not space to enter into its many merits: we would only observe, that, as the real and highest responsibility and recommendation of an *English* governess must ever rest more upon her moral than her literary qualifications, the plan of subjecting her to an examination upon the latter appears to us neither wise nor fair. This plan, it is true, has been pursued with tolerable success abroad, but it must be kept in mind that the foreign governess is a mere teacher, whose duties cease with the school-room hours, who has her three-months' holiday in the year, and who has, in short, little or nothing to do with the moral guidance of her pupils. What we, on the contrary, require and seek for our children is not a learned machine stamped and ticketed with credentials like a piece of patent goods, but rather a woman endowed with that sound principle, refinement, and sense, which no committee of education in the world could ascertain or certify. At the best, all parents of sense must be aware that no governess can teach an art or accomplishment like a regular professor, and that her vocation is rather the encouraging and directing her pupils in such pursuits, than the positive imparting

imparting of them. We perceive that the submission to this examination is, for the present, nominally optional; but it is easy to foresee that if some ladies, in order to obtain the promised certificate, go through it, it will soon be made a necessary condition with all. This we consider unfair. As it is, the advantage is already sufficiently on the English mother's side in the balance. If she wishes for the same system as that pursued on the continent in one respect, she should adopt it in all, and she would soon discover how greatly she was the loser.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Geschichte der letzten 25 Jahre*, &c.:—*History of the last 25 Years*. By C. H. Hermes. Brunswick. 1847.
2. *Ranke's History of Prussia*. Translated from the German by Sir A. and Lady Duff Gordon. 3 vols. London. 1848.
3. *On Nationality and Language in the Duchy of Sleswick, or South Jutland*. Copenhagen. 1848.
4. *Geschichte von Böhmen*, &c.:—*History of Bohemia*. By F. Palacky. 2 vols. Prag. 1839.
5. *Slawische Alterthümer*, &c.:—*Slavonic Antiquities*. By P. J. Schafarik. Translated from Bohemian into German by M. von Aehrenfeld. Leipzig. 1844.
6. *Essai Historique sur l'Origine des Hongrois*. Par A. De Gerando. Paris. 1844.
7. *Magyaren-Spiegel*, &c.:—*Magyar Mirror; or, Description of the Constitution and Tendency of the Hungarian Kingdom in Modern Times*. By a Magyar. Leipzig. 1844.
8. *Geschichte der Romanen*, &c.:—*History of the Wallachians*. By P. Lauriani. Bucharest. 1847.
9. *Dalmatia and Montenegro*. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S. London. 2 vols., 8vo. 1848.
10. *Panslavism and Germanism*. By Count V. Krasinski. London. 1848.
11. *Portfolio, Actenstücke*, &c.:—*Collection of Documents to serve for contemporary History*. Leipzig. 1848.
12. *Die Zustände Berlins seit dem 18ten März, 1848*:—*The State of Berlin since the 18th. March*. Berlin. 24 Nov. 1848.
13. *Die Deutsche Bundesverfassung*, &c.:—*The German Federal Constitution, in its peculiar relation to the Constitutions of England and the United States*. By C. C. J. Bunsen. Francfort. 1848.

14. *Vorschlag für die unverzügliche Bildung einer Vollständigen Reichsverfassung, &c.*:—*Proposal for the immediate formation of a complete Imperial Constitution.* By C. C. J. Bunsen. Francfort. 1848.

THE word *Nation* (with its correlative *Nationality*) differs altogether in its signification, according as it represents a political idea or an historical fact. In the former sense its use has relation to an independent society united by common political institutions—in other words, a State; in the latter it serves to denote an aggregate mass of persons, exceeding a single family, who are connected by the ties of blood and lineage, and perhaps by a common language. It is of the utmost importance that these different significations should be kept distinct, if we would arrive at correct conclusions in argument or at safe results in legislation. The confusion of them has given birth to the modern doctrine of *Nationalism*, which, while it involves an absurdity in its conception, is essentially aggressive in its application.

The peculiar pretension of the Nationalistic School is that of assigning territorial limits to historical nationalities, which at once establishes confusion between historical and political questions, whilst it seeks to effect an object which is incapable of realisation. In order to satisfy ourselves of the practical unsoundness of this school, let us for a moment cast a glance at the Austrian empire. Its population is composed of five great historical nationalities—viz. the German, the Slavonic (with notable varieties), the Magyar, the Italian, and the Daco-Roman or Wallachian. The aggregate amount of all these nationalities has been estimated to exceed at the present time 38,000,000 souls, distinguishable in the following proportions:—Germans, 7,285,000; Slavonians, 17,033,000; Magyars, 4,800,000; Italians, 5,183,000; Wallachians, 2,156,000; to whom should be added 475,000 Jews and 128,000 Gipsies. These various races have lived in harmonious accord with one another for many centuries, partly collected into separate groups within territorial limits bearing the generic name of the race, as in the instances of Croatia, Slavonia &c.; partly intermingled freely with one another in political bodies, as in the kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, &c.; each, however, retaining its own history, its own laws, manners, and customs. It is evident that so many and such highly diversified elements can be combined in one political system, on no other condition than that the supreme government shall scrupulously respect the historical peculiarities of the different races. This is and always will be the secret of imperial sway; and the observance of this fundamental condition has contributed in a great degree to maintain the ascendancy of British rule in the East.

It may be as well to note that the empire of Austria has never formed a *monarchy* in the proper sense of the word, although it is not unusual in the country itself to speak of it as such. Under an earlier state of things, when the Head of the house of Hapsburg was also the Head of the Holy Roman Empire, it was customary to speak of the *Austrian monarchy*, some term being required for the sake of convenience to distinguish the hereditary dominions of the imperial house from the empire itself. This custom has been continued long after the necessity for the expression has ceased, although a more appropriate term was devised in 1806, when partly from the analogy which the Central Power at Vienna bore to the ancient Central Power at Ratisbon, partly from the poverty of the language, which supplied no intermediate term between Emperor and King (Kaiser and König), the Head of the house of Hapsburg resolved to adopt the title of Emperor of Austria—precisely upon the same principle, which the United Parliament of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland followed, in assuming the distinctive appellation of the Imperial Parliament upon the union of the two kingdoms.

The Empire of Austria, then, is, in the language of Jurists, a Composite State, or it may be described, to use a more homely figure, as a bundle of monarchies, being made up of sixteen great states, with two or three smaller principalities, which exhibit striking variations in their fundamental laws, but all agree in this common feature—that their institutions are monarchical. In this respect it bears a stronger resemblance to the ancient Germanic empire than to any other political body of the past or present time. But there are great and remarkable differences between those two great bodies, in which the advantage is altogether on the side of the Austrian empire. Thus in the ancient Germanic empire the sovereignty resided in the person of the Emperor conjointly with the Empire, whilst the constituent parts of the empire were in their turn under the territorial supremacy (*Landeshoheit*) of such princes and states as were the possessors of them. In the empire of Austria, on the other hand, the sovereignty of the whole is centred in the Emperor, who is at the same time the exclusive sovereign of each of the parts of which the empire is composed. Hence it results that the Emperor himself and the Imperial House supply the common link which unites together the various parts of the vast political body of the empire, whilst these parts themselves need entertain no jealousy of one another on the ground of relative superiority, for each part beholds its own particular sovereign Chief of the empire, the Count of Goritz being no less the reigning sovereign over the whole empire than the Archduke of Austria or the King of Bohemia is monarch over Goritz. Hence the scrupulous respect with which

which the Austrian princes have always sought to invest themselves personally with the external marks of sovereignty; hence the several coronations which each prince has undergone upon his accession to the throne. These ceremonials, originally restricted to the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, apart of course from that of the ancient Empire, were extended by the Emperor Francis to the reception of the crown of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom at Milan, and to that of the Austrian empire itself, as the complement of the others, at Vienna.

It follows from the above considerations—1st. That the sovereignty of a person (*Princeps*) is an essential condition of the existence of an Austrian Empire. Any other kind of sovereignty, that for instance of the people, as it is termed, would immediately find other sovereignties of the same kind arrayed against it, and a struggle would ensue which would necessarily terminate in the subjection of one or other of the antagonistic sovereignties, in which case a fusion of the several parts into one whole would result, and the original type of the sovereignty, which constituted its special value, would disappear.—2nd. That of all the systems of government, *centralism*, in the sense in which it has been adopted in France, is the least applicable to the requirements of the Austrian empire.—3rd. That the German dominions of the Austrian empire cannot be combined with the other states of the ancient Germanic empire upon any other basis than one of equality—the sovereignty of Austria in respect of its own States remaining unimpaired.—4th. That territorial distinctions according to *nationalities* are only admissible in the Austrian empire in the *political* acceptation of the word, and that, in this sense, the bond which unites the parts of the empire in one common political body (*corps d'empire*) must be framed to suit the moral and material interests of the various populations.

In order to have a distinct notion of the various populations which are *de facto* united under the imperial sceptre, it may be convenient to set out the facts presented in Häuffler's ethnographical table annexed to his map of the 'Austrian Monarchy,' published at Pesth in 1846. The absolute numbers are not so much relied upon in this table as the divisions of the races; and it should be observed, by the way, that the Slavonic population is undoubtedly underrated relatively to the other nationalities. This is an uniform feature in all Magyar statistics; but it is possible that, as the Slavonic population is the most scattered and most difficult of enumeration, it may not be attributable to the design of disparaging their political importance.

AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

German Language :—

Austrians	4,233,504
Alemannians	736,306
Frank-Saxons	931,000
Middle Rhenish (colonists from the Palatinate)	250,000
Suthenians (on the Riesen-Gebirge)	604,667
Low-German-Saxons	316,168

7,071,825

Slavonic :—

Czechs	6,638,003
Poles	2,330,369
Russines	2,650,000
Wends	1,262,056
Croats	660,000
Servians	1,995,170
Bulgarians	10,400

15,455,998

Romanic :—

Italians	5,248,371
Furlans	135,000
Ladinians (in Tyrol)	10,000
Wallachians	2,414,340
Greeks	10,000

7,817,711

Asiatic :—

Magyars	4,858,670
Armenians	12,500
Jews	670,068
Zigeuner (gipsies)	93,500

5,634,738

In Vienna (various) 130,000

36,110,272

Within the German Confederation.

Austria	2,317,864	{	Germans	2,167,000
			Bosnians	17,864
			Jews	3,000
			Viennese	130,000
Styria	997,200	{	Germans	616,748
			Wends	380,452
Illyria	1,269,477	{	Germans	336,792
			Wends	825,604
			Italians	104,081
			Jews	3,000
Tyrol	848,177	{	Germans	557,450
			Italians	290,227
			Jews	500

Carried forward 5,432,718 5,432,718

Brought forward	5,432,718	.	.	.	5,432,718
Bohemia	4,318,732	}	Czechs		3,065,232
			Germans		1,170,000
			Jews		70,000
			Gipsies		13,500
Moravia and Silesia	2,242,167	}	Slaves		1,556,500
			Germans		645,667
			Jews		40,000
	11,993,617				11,993,617

Without the limits of the German Confederation.

Hungary, with Croatia (civil) and Slavonia	10,500,000	}	Magyars		4,281,500
			Slowacks		2,220,000
			Russines		350,000
			Servians		740,000
			Croats		660,000
			Wends		50,000
			Bulgarians		10,000
			Germans		986,000
			Wallachians		930,000
			Greeks		10,000
			Armenians		2,500
			Jews		250,000
			Gipsies		30,000
Transylvania	2,118,578	}	Magyars		260,170
			Szecklers		260,000
			Saxons		250,668
			Wallachians		1,287,340
			Gipsies		50,000
			Armenians		10,000
Military Frontier	1,235,466	}	Bulgarians		400
			Croats		692,966
			Servians		203,000
			Germans		185,500
			Wallachians		100,000
Dalmatia	405,854	}	Magyars		54,000
			Slaves		251,340
			Italians		154,514
Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom	4,876,549	}	Italians &		4,844,849
			Furlans		
			Germans		32,000
			Poles		2,146,640
Galicia	4,980,208	}	Russines		2,300,000
			Wallachians		97,000
			Magyars		3,000
			Germans		130,000
			Jews		303,568
	24,116,655				24,116,655
Total	36,110,272				36,110,272

The

The examination of the above tables will clearly show that supremacy of race is not the principle on which the Austrian empire has been built up, or can be maintained; yet the attempt has been made to Germanize the whole body politic, in other words to denationalize its nationalities, and the unity of the empire is at this moment endangered by the reaction which the system of Joseph II. provoked.

It is not unusual to hear the successor of the Empress Maria Theresa extolled as an enlightened prince, who was far in advance of his age, and whose measures entitled him to a very different return from that which he experienced at the hands of his subjects. But this view has found favour with those only who have regarded the form and not studied the substance of his measures. As much should we be disposed to praise James II. of England for his religious toleration, as Joseph II. of Austria for his political liberality. His system was essentially despotic, his method revolutionary; he paid no regard to facts, he showed no respect for rights. With an abundance of excellent intentions, but with a total want of practical sense, he pulled down the edifice of the state in order to construct a huge scaffolding, which broke under its own weight. Whether his imagination was fired by the example of Frederick II. of Prussia, or his reason lulled to sleep by the cajoleries of the Empress Catherine, or his understanding led captive by the imposing centralisation of Louis XIV., uniformity had become a passion with him, and he made an unrelenting and indiscriminate onslaught upon the historical, equally as the political, peculiarities of the various nations under his sceptre. Doubtless there was much room for remoulding antiquated institutions, much rubbish of the middle ages required to be removed—and new materials might be needed; but the adaptation of them to peculiarities of race and country could hardly be dispensed with. Procrustes himself, however, was not more inexorable to the physical anomalies of the human race, than Joseph II. was regardless of the moral distinctions in the individual nationalities of his empire. No country, perhaps, suffered so much at his hands as Hungary; for although the revolt of the Low Countries amply testified to the intensity of his despotism in that quarter of his empire, yet, their nationality was not so cruelly outraged as the nationality of the Hungarians; and the Magyarism of the nineteenth century is but the legitimate consequence of the reaction which the Germanism of Joseph II. aroused.

We have not space on the present occasion to do more than allude to the three distinct epochs of *innovation*, *organisation*, and *restoration*, into which the Novennium of Joseph II.'s reign naturally divides itself. The first period from 1780 to 1783 was given up

up to experimental failures; the next three years were devoted to useful governmental reforms; the third and last period was occupied in retracing most of the steps which he had taken in the previous periods, more especially in the first, and the close of it was marked by the revocation of the various edicts by which he had abolished the constitutional liberties of the several parts of the empire. Whilst, however, we condemn the majority of his measures, we have no disposition to be unjust to the man. Bohemia is much indebted to the organic laws which Joseph promulgated, and the military system of Austria, which Napoleon pronounced to have the best possible organisation, owes its order and development to the sanction which the Emperor gave to the plans of Marshal Lacy.

The following characteristic anecdote will serve to exhibit the minuteness of Joseph II.'s despotism. The Emperor had not hesitated to promulgate several regulations which were at variance with the laws of the Catholic Church, more particularly in reference to marriages. A case occurred in which a young lady in Galicia wished to contract a marriage, which was in full accordance with the provisions of the canon law, but was prohibited by the imperial regulations. It may be matter of surprise to many of the admirers of Joseph to be made aware of the fact, that in regard to matrimonial unions the canons of the Church are far more liberal than were the laws of the Emperor. The lady made application to the proper authorities, who in their different capacities rejected her prayer. At last she determined to have recourse to the Emperor himself, who sent back her petition to the Provincial Government, with an order in his own handwriting drawn up in the following terms:—'An der Liebe der Jungfer N. N. ist mir nichts gelegen, aber viel wegen derselben nicht in Streit mit dem Oberhaupt der Kirche zu kommen. Die Heirath ist also zuzulassen.' (I care nothing for the love of the young lady N. N., but I care much not to come into collision on its account with the Head of the Church. The marriage is accordingly permitted.)

On the other hand, the development and effects of Magyarism in its turn have been no less prejudicial to the general interests of the empire. Other nationalisms, indeed, had been aroused by Joseph II. simultaneously with Magyarism, *e.g.* Czechism in Bohemia and Wallonism in the Low Countries; but Magyarism in its abuse has evoked new antagonistic nationalisms, for instance, Panslavism amongst the Carpathian Slaves, Wallachism in Transylvania, and Illyrism amongst the southern Slavonic populations of the Austrian empire. The history of the growth of these nationalisms is full of interest in itself, whilst some acquaintance

acquaintance with them is absolutely necessary to enable us to appreciate the bearing of the present movement amongst the races which people the banks of the Danube and its tributaries.

The ethnological table already set forth will have enabled the reader to contrast without much difficulty the proportions which the several races in Hungary bear to one another. Of these the Magyars, although forming a minority, have always been the dominant race; but of late they have ceased to be content with mere supremacy—they have sought to absorb into themselves all the other nationalities.

Three isolated groups, alike unconnected with the great stocks of our continent, are dotted down on the surface of Europe at distances widely remote from one another—namely, the Magyars of Hungary, the Basques of Spain, and the Finns on the northern shores of the Baltic. We have heard Professor Ewald, of Tübingen, whose opinion on such subjects is entitled to the greatest respect, pronounce the Basques and the Finns to be cognate races; and Professor Keyser, of Christiania, has lately connected this remnant of the Iberian people with the Lapponic aborigines of Scandinavia. In a similar manner Professor Schlözer, of Göttingen, has assigned a Finnish origin to the Magyars (Madjars); and Dr. Müller, in his researches into the origin of the great Finnish race, refers not only the Magyars but the Huns to this stock. This opinion, as far as it respects the Magyars, has obtained very general acceptance in Germany and Russia; and the original seat of that race is, in accordance with this hypothesis, placed in about 65° N. latitude, on the western slope of the North Ural Chain, in Iugrien, or the country of the Ugrians. The Magyars, however, are by no means inclined to acquiesce in this classification, and we think with justice. They may, perhaps, push their claim too far in asserting their direct descent from Attila and his Huns, but we are disposed to concede to them the position that the Huns of the fourth century, the Avars of the fifth, and the Magyars of the ninth, were bands of one and the same tribe of Tatar origin, which appeared consecutively in Europe, and which were at last amalgamated together in one common Hungarian nation. The Szecklers of Transylvania are most probably the descendants of the earliest band which, having been driven from the pasture lands of Central Asia, entered Europe by the Caucasus and the sea of Azow, and which was distinguished by the peculiar title of Huns (Hiong-nu), and attached its name to the country in which the cognate hordes of the Magyars settled themselves in the ninth century.

There has been considerable discussion as to the origin of the name 'Magyar.' The following extract from M. de Besse's

Journey to the Caucasus, appended to M. Degerando's Essay, would lead us to infer, that in all probability, as the *Szecklers* or *Szék hely* of Transylvania may have been so designated by way of reproach on the part of the new comers as 'the settlers,' so the later bands were distinguished as 'the wanderers,' and prided themselves in retaining the appellation:—

'Pour passer du Khersonnèse en Crimée, je pris ma route à travers les Steppes, au lieu de courir la poste sur le grand chemin. Comme il ne fallait plus penser ni à une auberge ni à un abri quelconque, je me couchai tranquillement au milieu de la cour, ouverte à tous les vents. Mon Tatare, voyant mon embarras, m'engagea à remonter dans son *madjar*, ajoutant que je n'avais rien à risquer, et que je pourrais m'y reposer en toute sûreté.

'Je fus bien surpris d'entendre proférer le mot *madjar* par la bouche d'un Tatare; mais je le fis bien plus encore quand Méhémet (c'était le nom de mon cocher) me raconta que depuis le passage des Magyars par la Crimée, à l'époque de leur émigration, suivant la tradition qui règne parmi les Tatares, cette sorte de chariot conservait le nom qui lui avait été donné par les Magyars; lesquels avaient de semblables chariots où ils plaçaient leurs femmes, leurs enfants, et leurs effets indispensables pour un long voyage. En effet, ces chariots sont très commodes dans leur genre; ils ont neuf à dix pieds de longueur, &c.

'Profitant de la présence des vieillards et du mollah, je le questionnai sur ce qu'ils savaient par tradition au sujet des Magyars: ils me répondirent qu'ils avaient appris des anciens de la peuplade, que les Magyars avaient passé par la Crimée en venant du côté de la mer d'Azow, et qu'ils s'étaient dirigés vers le *Duna* (c'est ainsi qu'ils appellent le Danube), mais qu'ils n'en savaient pas davantage.'

The career of this Asiatic tribe in Europe, if not attended with victories so brilliant as those of the Huns, was marked by more permanent conquests. They established their sway over the Wallachians of Transylvania, over the Slavonic races of the Carpathian range, as well as those which occupied the southern shore of the Danube, or fed their flocks along the banks of the Save or the Drave. Not only was Dalmatia reduced to be a dependency of the Magyars, but even Bosnia and Servia acknowledged their sovereignty. Their language, as revived in the present day, differs but slightly from the language spoken in the thirteenth century, when it gave way to the Latin, which being the language of their religious services and of their laws, gradually superseded the Tatar dialect, and became the common language of the Magyar as of the Slavonic and Wallachian populations. It is by no means improbable that the corrupt Latin of the eighteenth century would have continued to supply a common medium of communication between these various nationalities, until the civilising element, whatever that might have proved to be,

be, had gradually caused some other language to supersede it, had not the precipitate zeal of Joseph II. marred this chance by his attempt to enforce upon the Hungarians at once the use of the German tongue in their schools, in the army, and in all public acts. The edict of the Emperor announced that within three years all public business in every province should be transacted in German, and all officials who should not have made themselves masters of it should be cashiered. 'Il veut finir avant que de commencer' was the apt remark of Frederick the Great; and we can certainly make allowance for the exultation of the Magyar, when he points to the signature of the Emperor attached to his revocatory edict, preserved in the Chancery at Buda, written with his own hand in the identical language which he had proscribed. Leopold II. did much to appease the irritation which his predecessor had caused, but the reactionary leaven continued to ferment. It was a great error on the part of Joseph to evoke the spirit of separatism, but it was a greater error to replace in the hands of the exasperated Hungarians the most effective instrument to work out that separation.

During the long period of the Revolutionary War, the necessity of making head against the common enemy kept the nationalities of Hungary united. The Magyars at that time had not forgotten that it was the Austrian alliance which had saved their country from becoming a province of Turkey, after the disastrous battle of Mohacz, A.D. 1526. Nobly however had they repaid the debt, in rallying round the throne of Maria Theresa in 1741, and not less nobly had they responded to the appeal of their Palatine in 1812, when he announced to the Diet, that 'Hungary must once more save the Empire.' How sad is the picture which the page of this year's history will present! That the delay in not convoking the Diet in the long interval of 1812-1825 was calculated to irritate the national susceptibilities of the Magyars cannot be denied, but it was no easy task to master the study of the peculiarities of the ancient constitution of Hungary; to appreciate its merits on the one hand, and to sift its defects on the other; and a prudent minister might well hesitate to revive institutions which involved the political supremacy of a particular race to the disparagement of other nationalities.

There was, however, one very important circumstance, which deserves not to be overlooked in noticing the causes of this delay. We do not allude to the distractions which the insurrections in Italy, and the constitutionalist movements in many of the German States, were calculated to produce:—these were only local or temporary; but there was one paramount obstacle to which sufficient weight has not been given in criticising the slow move-

ment of the Imperial Government. A new system of finance had been established in the Austrian Empire in 1817, analogous in many respects to the measures which Mr. Peel's Bill of 1819 was the prelude to in this country. Prince Metternich, as is well known, had strongly opposed, in 1811, the financial expedients which Count Wallis had devised to meet the crisis of that year, and by the operation of which Austria became inundated with depreciated paper-money. The system which was now adopted, on the conclusion of the war with France, was in direct contradiction to that of 1811, its object being the revival of a metallic currency. It had already, in 1817, obtained the force of law in the German provinces of the Austrian Empire, but it was thought advisable that its operation should be carefully studied before its application should be extended to other parts of the Empire. Its success was considered by the Austrian Government to be a necessary preliminary to secure its reception in Hungary, which had adopted the system of 1811. With this object in view, it was decided to await the satisfactory result of the experiment in the German provinces before the Hungarian Diet should be summoned to undertake the discussion of the new financial law. Meanwhile the return to cash payments, and the revival of credit in the German provinces, would be likely to exercise a favourable effect on the circulation of specie in the other parts of the Empire, and on the fortunes of individuals, and so dispose their minds to adopt the proposed change. Such, we have reason to believe, is the true explanation of the apparent backwardness of the Imperial Ministry in responding to the wishes of Hungary.

The Diet of the Restoration (1825) forms the epoch from which the modern movement in Hungary dates, although Magyarism, as such, did not disclose its exclusive tendencies until the Diet of 1830, when the dominant race first pretended to impose its language in place of the Latin upon the Wallachian population of Transylvania and the Slavonic races of Hungary and its dependencies. A strong reaction was at once awakened in Croatia, and gradually extended itself into Slavonia and the Illyrian districts. It found a vent first in a modest periodical work, entitled the *Danica Ilirska*, in form something like our Penny Magazine, and containing a variety of national songs and translations into Slavonic. The *Croat Gazette* (*Novine Hrvatzke*) next appeared in 1835, with a supplement entitled *The Morning Star of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia*, edited by Ludovit Gaj, in the Croatian language, and supporting the political action of Count Draskowicz in the State Diet. In the following year this journal assumed the title of *The National Illyrian Gazette*, whilst its supplement became *The Morning Star*

Star of Illyria. It may be as well to observe that the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia have a joint Diet, distinct from the General Diet of Hungary, and although the same laws and institutions prevail in the Slavonic kingdoms as in the rest of Hungary, the Diet of Agram sometimes exercises the right of refusing to adopt the acts of the Diet of Pesth. Agram, the capital of Civil Croatia, became naturally the focus of Illyrism; and already in the Diet of 1835 the cry was raised 'Nolumus Magyarisari.' Mr. Paget, who visited this town in 1836, during the sitting of the Diet, describes in his excellent account of Hungary and Transylvania the state of feeling which prevailed there at that time on this subject.

'The Croatian language,' he observes, 'till within the last few years has been totally uncultivated, and its use confined exclusively to the peasantry. Since, however, the Hungarian Diet has proposed to enforce the use of the Magyar language instead of the Latin, in public transactions throughout all Hungary, a spirit of opposition has been excited amongst the Slavish population which threatens very serious consequences. . . . There seems too,' he continues, 'to be some idea among the *têtes exaltées* here of an Illyrian nationality. It is no uncommon thing to hear them reckoning up the Croats, Slavonians, Bosnians, Dalmatians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, and then comparing the mass of Slaves with the three or four millions of Magyars, and proudly asking why they should submit to deny their language and their origin because the Magyars command it.'

In the mean time the Northern Slavonic races had been awakened to the importance of their own nationality by the writings of the poet Kollar. The movement originated in a desire to establish a literary communion among all the Slavonic populations, and the idea was developed in an epic story, in which the Slavonic race was personified as the Daughter of Glory, whose wanderings, like those of Io in the Prometheus of Æschylus, were tracked along the banks of the Sala, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Moldau, and the Danube. Kollar was the Protestant pastor of a Slavonic congregation at Pesth, being himself a Slowack by origin. His enterprise found a ready support among the scholars of Bohemia, and Czechism became fused in a comprehensive Slavism, or, as it has been sometimes termed, Panslavism. We must not, however, confound this popular Panslavism with that other form of it which seeks to found one common empire for the Czar over all the Slavonic races. Palacký and Szafárik are amongst the more distinguished leaders of this intellectual movement, and they have already earned an European reputation by historical writings of high merit.

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The Slayonians of Northern Hungary (the Slowacks and the Russines), having no provincial assembly to represent the interests of their peculiar nationality, have not been able to manifest their repugnance to the encroachments of Magyaric supremacy by any political combination analogous to that which their brethren of the South have exhibited. Count Krasinski (p. 186) thinks it more than probable that the Slowacks will separate from Hungary and unite with the Czechs of Bohemia, if they do not obtain the full recognition of their nationality on the part of the Magyars. Such perhaps is the tendency of the movement, unless circumstances should control it; but the present course of events seems likely to lead to the defeat of the arrogant enterprise of the Magyars.

A not less formidable antagonist to Magyaric nationality has sprung up in the Wallachism of the Daco-Roman population, which has, however, no sympathy with Slavonism, excepting so far as a common struggle for emancipation from the sway of the dominant race may, for a time, unite them together. Wallachism has been mainly fostered by the Romanic clergy of Transylvania, and it rests for external support on the sympathy of the Moldo-Wallachian principalities.

The suicidal tendencies of Ultra-Magyarism could not escape the observation of Széchényi. Already in 1842, in the very sanctuary of Magyarism, in the National Academy of Pesth, that true patriot had the courage to attempt to stem the torrent of enthusiasm, which was hurrying on the privileged race to acts of outrage against the dependent nationalities. Whilst other members of the General Diet attributed to Russian intrigue the remonstrances of the Illyrian and Wallachian Diets, and the protest which the Slowacks had laid at the foot of the Imperial throne, Count Stephen Széchényi dared to acknowledge the movement of these populations to be the natural effect of the conflict which the injustice of the Magyars had provoked; yet in spite of the warnings of the great and single-minded benefactor of Hungary, the Diet at Pesth did not hesitate in the following year to pass a series of resolutions to the following effect:—That the Magyaric tongue should be adopted in all official transactions—that it should be made the medium of instruction in all the public schools—that the Diets, both general and provincial, should deliberate in Magyaric, the deputies of the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia being allowed to give their votes, but not to address the General Diet, in Latin during the next six years, after which period the Magyaric should be the only vehicle of deliberative discussion. The Croats had hitherto continued the use of Latin

in their provincial Diet, but in retaliation against this decision of the General Diet, they henceforth determined to employ the Illyrian language exclusively. •

In estimating the probable result of the collision of historical nationalities in Hungary, we must not leave out of consideration the military frontier, which forms as it were a distinct political nationality, and completes the circle in which the Magyars are enclosed. The border-guard, which occupies the frontier of the Austrian Empire towards Turkey, in its entire line from the Adriatic to Galicia, is an institution analogous in its object to the early Roman colonies. Its conception originated with Prince Eugene of Savoy, and it was brought to its present complete condition by Marshal Lacy, who organized the Transylvanian border so late as 1766. The borderers are chiefly of Slavonic or German origin, but their political nationality is eminently German. German for instance is taught in their schools, and it is the language of the service; their laws, when the peculiar border-code does not apply, are borrowed from Austria, and their district commanders are immediately under the Council of War (*Hof-kriegsrath*) at Vienna. The Hungarian Diet has no control over this peculiar arm of the service. The great political importance, however, of the military frontier consists in its being able to furnish the Austrian Government at a few hours' notice, during a period of profound peace, with a standing army of upwards of 46,000 highly disciplined troops. Of these a very small portion only, about 4000 or 5000 men, are maintained in actual service by turns. The war reserve consists of upwards of 38,000 men, and is capable of being assembled in a very short time, armed and equipped, and provisioned for three days. It is said that this immense force can be summoned together by means of alarm-fires throughout the whole extent of the frontier, in the space of four hours.

If considerations of historical nationalities have tended so much to embroil the relations of the various states of the Austrian Empire, they are not the less calculated to prove a serious obstacle to that Germanic Unity which has been conceived by the professors of Heidelberg, who called into life the *Vor-Parlament* of Frankfort. •

Germany, or, in other words, the territory occupied by the Germanic races, has in every period of its history been divided into a multiplicity of districts, peopled by tribes of cognate origin, differing however from one another in their laws, their manners, and their habits of life—acknowledging each its own chief—and as often engaged in war as in alliance with one another. Who could venture to say that the tribes which Tacitus enumerates—
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the Cattians, for instance, the Marcomannians, the Chaucians, the Hermundurians, the Frisians, &c., would ever have constituted a Germany, such as the spirit of the present age seeks to institute? If time has effaced the ancient distinctive names of many a German tribe—if traces of some are still preserved, and new ones have grown up in the place of the old—yet the Unity, which Charlemagne succeeded in establishing amongst the various members of his mighty Empire, was but the unity of an aggregate number of States, grouped together in a certain relation to a common centre, not inconsistent with the independent action of each; it was not the unity which results upon the fusion of States, heretofore independent, in one political Body. This disposition of the tribe to preserve its individuality is not the only dissociating element in Germany: Saxony, for instance, was never subdued by Charlemagne, nor did it receive laws from any conqueror. Hence, indeed, that broad distinction between the laws of the Saxon and of the Suabian—the *Sachsen-Spiegel* being received in Saxony, Lusatia, Silesia, Bohemia, Anhalt, the March of Holstein, Pomerania, Westphalia, Brunswick, &c.; whilst the *Schwaben-Spiegel* prevailed amongst the southern and western states of Germany. Again, the inhabitants of the countries which received the Saxon code were not all originally of German extraction. In Lower Saxony, and the greater part of Westphalia, the race may be regarded as pure German; but in Pomerania, Lusatia, Silesia, and Bohemia, the German has been engrafted on a Wendic stock, and groups of a pure Wendic population, the largest of which occurs in the heart of Lusatia, may be occasionally found to attest this fact. The physical element, however, does not constitute so strong a distinction between the races of Northern and Central Germany, as that which the moral element, developed by the Reformation, has established between the North and the South. Although, therefore, an ardent craving for unity may prevail amongst certain political sections of Germany, it must not be supposed that the attempt to satisfy it will not encounter antagonist prejudices amongst others.

The idea of Unity (*die Einheit*), according to the conception of it by the leaders of the National Assembly of Frankfort, is a political idea, to which historical considerations have been made subordinate. In its most exaggerated form it has embodied itself in a nationalism which is even more vague than those which we have already discussed, namely, in a Germanism based upon the use of a common language. This doctrine has, for a long time, been circulated throughout Germany in the common adage, 'Germany extends as far as the German tongue' (*soweit die deutsche Zunge klingt*); and the Princes of Germany coquetted with

with this saw and song, as an instrument for combining the action of Germany against France, without dreaming of a period fast approaching, when united Germany would rise in insurrection against its several Princes. The sentiment of the adage has, by degrees, been worked up into a sort of political creed for every man's guidance, upon which a great and glorious Germany should be built up; and it has at last been adopted as the watchword of the extreme Germanistic party, and has even been made the pretext for a crusade against a neighbouring independent State, whose historical nationality is in the main Scandinavian.

Let us now for a moment consider the practical absurdity of this doctrine. About one-third of those who use the German tongue live beyond the limits of the territory of the Germanic Confederation. Some, indeed, of these are divided from Germany by intervening tracts of land or water; others, on the contrary, are separated by no natural obstructions, but only by the conventional lines of demarcation which mark the existence of independent political societies, and have hitherto served to prevent their collision. This standard of nationality, therefore, partly fails in matter of fact, partly conflicts with received standards of political nationality, and in the latter respect is inconsistent with the maintenance of peaceful relations towards foreign states. It is difficult to say which of the two doctrines is likely to prove most mischievous in its application; for whilst the Danubian Nationalism is signally destructive of domestic peace, that of the Rhine is calculated to provoke continual conflicts with neighbouring foreign powers. In regard, however, to matter of fact, the test of language is defective in two ways; it is not sufficiently definite, and it is perpetually fluctuating. It is not sufficiently definite, because a frontier population will be found either to speak two languages, as in the Tyrol, or to speak a *patois*, like the Wallon or the Romance of the 'Grisons'; in both of which cases, if the principle is to be carried out to its legitimate consequences, we have the nucleus of an independent political society. A third case, however, is found to occur, of which Friesland is an instance, in which it is almost impossible to trace any line of demarcation between the Low-German (Plat-Deutsch) and the Dutch, and which, in respect of its language, remains nationally undivided, although it belongs politically in part to Holland and in part to Hanover. On the other hand, the language of a frontier population is constantly fluctuating, according as the civilising element predominates on the one side or the other. Thus, the Flemish recedes before the French: many names on the northern side of the French frontier, such as Steenkerke, Waterloo, Tweebecke, which are clearly of German origin, being within the limits of the French language.

Again

Again, the political frontier of German Tyrol extends toward the south, beyond the line which is the limit of the German language. This may be cited as an instance where the language of the laity has gradually given way before the language of the clergy. German, on the other hand, has gained upon Danish in Sleswig, and upon Slavonic in Silesia and Prussia Proper; the former of which facts is to be chiefly attributed to the adoption of the German language in the courts of law, and in the schools and churches, and to the educated classes frequenting the German Universities (Kiel, &c.) ; the latter, to the operation of a great variety of civilising elements, to which the Prussian Government have taken care to give activity.

Publicists have sometimes discussed the relative superiority of rivers over mountains as natural frontiers; and diplomatists have occasionally preferred rivers, because of their greater certainty, when the provisions of boundary-conventions come to be carried into execution. Certainly, the *high lands* which were to determine the course of the boundary line between the state of Maine and New Brunswick were not easy of discovery, or at all events could not be ascertained so as to accord with the provisions of the treaty of Paris of 1783; but statesmen will do well to prefer mountains where the geography of a country has been accurately laid down. Alsace will furnish us with an illustration in point. It has been politically separated from Germany for one hundred and fifty years, yet the German language has maintained its ancient frontier against the French, which Montaigne noticed so far back as 1580. One of the reasons for this remarkable tenacity of the German element is to be found in the fact, that, whilst the Rhine divides the province of Alsace but imperfectly from Germany, the Vosges mountains separate it completely from old France.*

Alsace, on the other hand, supplies a curious instance of the political value of a common language which deserves to be noticed. When, after the peace of Paris in 1815, six cantons were separated from Weissenburg and united to Bavaria, the community of language (German) produced so rapid a political amalgamation of the two populations, that in a few years no trace of the former line of demarcation could be observed; and the present generation of men in these cantons, which had belonged to France for a century and a half, have lost all recollection of their former connexion with that country.

We will now pass on from the domain of theory to that of fact, and resume the thread of the history, which broke off in our last

* We see, as this sheet is passing through the press, that many votes for the new French President were rejected, because forsooth the Alsatian peasants gave in the name of *Ludwig Bonpar*!

number with the installation of the Frankfort Assembly in the church of St. Paul's. But before we enter upon our narrative of political events, it may be desirable to notice briefly some circumstances of a general character, which will throw light upon the actual state of things in Germany. The long warfare against the freedom of the press, the concession of which was undoubtedly incompatible with the maintenance of an absolute form of monarchical government, had introduced a system of censorship which demoralised the press, whilst it lowered the character of literary men. Again, the system of government which prevailed in Prussia had contributed to awaken a general spirit amongst men of science and literature which necessarily created great dangers, the learned and philosophical world being wrapped up in an unpractical system of abstract principles. For a long time (during the third decennium of the present century, and even later) the Prussian Government patronised the system of Hegel as a kind of state-philosophy, and those persons who adopted the terminology of this system were regarded as good subjects, and were readily promoted. Hegel's system, however, was then very unpopular amongst the Constitutionalist party of south-western Germany, whose leaders for the most part were practical men, or belonged to the older school of Kant or Fichte. But when Frederick William IV. succeeded to the throne of Prussia, the system of Hegel was abandoned for a kind of romantic pietism of the middle ages, whilst the Hegelist school assumed a decided attitude of antagonism against religion and the state. Some few years before Hegel had been regarded as the philosophical defender of Crown and Altar. Now the New Hegelians proved, by philosophic deductions, the necessity of abandoning all religion: they utterly scouted the principle of faith; they attacked the Prussian system, and went beyond the most extravagant lengths in liberalism. Many preached anarchy as the normal state of political life—many preached Atheism, or Pantheism, or the religion of *Humanism*: all men were Gods.

One of the most remarkable features of the opening period of the first French Revolution was the extraordinary respect which was paid to *humanity*—as such. Men had come to disbelieve in everything but the perfectibility of their own nature; their faith, which had perished in regard to all other things, in this respect had assumed the character of an idolatry. They trusted in, they hoped everything from human nature; they believed it capable of unlimited results, if it had only a full and free development allowed to it. But this idea circulated rather in the form of a sentiment than a philosophic principle. Each individual, it is true, felt assured that he carried within his own bosom the key • which

which alone would unlock the gates of Truth; but he still continued to believe in the existence of objective Truth—he still acknowledged an external world beyond himself—he still recognised external sanctions. Voltaire was a rude and relentless hewer of idols, but his piercing analysis—however often and however woefully misdirected—was yet tempered with strong practical sense: and his boldest followers were pigmies in unbelief when contrasted with the modern schools in Germany. The young Hegelists who followed in the train of Strauss and Feuerbach, although they were in advance of the founder of the school, were satisfied to proclaim human nature the most perfect of things, and the Deity to be a sort of abstraction of humanity. Their formula was *Homo homini Deus*: but a later variety, led onward by the rigorous deductions of Stirner, have rejected even the religion of *Humanism* as a sort of priestcraft, and maintain that man ought not to submit himself to any external rule; that, in a word, there are no other rights than those which the individual assigns to himself—*Homo sibi Deus* embodies their teaching. It is obvious that such a doctrine must be but a sorry preparation for a constitutional form of government, in which, above all things, practical sense is required. Where every individual proclaims ‘L’état, c’est moi,’ there will be anarchy, under whatever specious title it be disguised. Time only can disclose the political idea into which the philosophy of *Humanism* will resolve itself in Germany; but it has been thought with some reason that the doctrine of ‘*Egalité*’ is only the practical form in which the sentiment of *humanity* has embodied itself in France.

The natural consequences of these curious mutations in the Prussian system have exhibited themselves in the fearful convulsions of public spirit and religious feeling which have occurred during the last six months in Berlin. The genius of the German people has always revelled in fanciful or philosophical dreams; no substantial political education has been given to the rising generation with a view to prepare them for the fulfilment of the promises made to their fathers: but occasionally the ambition of one, or the vanity of another, has been nourished by concessions which appeared to involve no dangerous consequences. Meanwhile the youth of Germany has been initiated in secret political societies (*Burschenschaften*) which violated the existing laws, but have been kept up in spite of all laws; and as it was debarred from political realities, it has fed itself with political ideas, until at last a central constituent assembly has taken up its seat at Frankfort, to represent a political body and act in the name of an empire which in reality does not exist.

We have already observed that the form of nationalism, which
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reposes on the basis of a common language, is, from the nature of that basis, aggressive in its tendencies. Assuming for the moment that the object of the Convocation at Frankfort was to secure and consolidate the liberties of the German nation, we cannot but remark the false step which they at first made by admitting into their Assembly the representatives of States not members of the Germanic Confederation. If, indeed, the dominion of the German tongue was to be the basis upon which the limits of the new empire were to rest, then the deputies of Italian Tyrol should have been allowed to withdraw when those of Sleswig were admitted. If the old limits of the Confederation permitted Germany to retain the Italian parts of the Tyrol, by parity of reasoning they prevented its intrusion across the Eider. Further, it could not be overlooked by those who examined carefully the ground-work upon which it was proposed to build up a central executive power, that the legislative body was permitted to interfere with the executive in the most delicate of its functions, by claiming to exercise a confirmatory voice in questions of treaties with foreign powers. Upon this shoal, as was to be expected, the vessel of the new state was stranded in the first storm, and the ministry was for a time broken up after this manner. The armistice of Malmo, concluded on the 26th of August between Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, had been ratified at Lubeck on the 1st of September, and was supposed to be actually in operation, when the Assembly at Frankfort claimed the right of confirming the ratification, and by a majority of 260 votes against 230 overruled the ministers of the Reichsverweser as to the propriety of discussing the merits of the armistice, and subsequently resolved, by a majority of 238 against 221, to suspend its execution. The result was, the resignation of the Schmerling Ministry, followed by the ineffectual attempts of Professor Dahlmann and M. Hermann of Munich, in succession to form an administration. The strength of the Left being thus found inadequate to form a government, the Assembly decided on the 16th by a majority of 237 to 236 to throw no further obstacle in the way of the ratification, whereupon the former ministry resumed the guidance of affairs once more on the 24th of September, with the exception of M. Heckscher, who accepted a mission to the court of Sardinia. Now came the Nemesis of outraged political nationality. The extreme democratic party, which had hitherto been all-powerful in directing this question, would not submit to be baffled by an adverse vote of the Assembly: Struve and others openly withdrew to organise an armed insurrection, and sought to intimidate the Assembly by the agency of an infuriated populace from Hanau and

and the neighbourhood. Their murderous enterprise, however, was baffled by the coolness and decision of Schmerling, to whom the Regent at once entrusted the task of vindicating order; but the blood of the aged Von Auerswald and the gallant Lichnowski still cries to heaven for vengeance in the streets of Frankfort.

Prussia, in the mean time, had to undergo a still more rude noviciate. Five different ministries have succeeded to the helm since the Bodelschwingh administration withdrew after the occurrences of the 19th of March at Berlin. Count Arnim, an old and tried servant of the Crown, was the first to undertake the task, but he retired within ten days on finding the proceedings of the Vor-Parlament at Frankfort assuming a complexion which he disapproved. The Arnim-Camphausen administration, which followed, was rudely shaken by the debate upon the address to the crown: it was ultimately broken up by the disturbances at Berlin on the 16th and 17th of June, when the arsenal was plundered, and by the subsequent refusal of the Assembly to vote measures for the preservation of order and the protection of its members. The ministry of Von Auerswald, which next appeared on the stage, succumbed on the 9th of September to the outcry which had been raised at Frankfort against the Malmo armistice, and to the vote of the Berlin Assembly, by which Stein, supported by Von Unruh—in other words, the Left, supported by the Centre, carried the motion for promulgating the resolution of the 9th of August. By this resolution, which had hitherto been suspended, the officers of the Prussian army, whose political convictions did not accord with the opinion of the majority of the Chamber, were called upon, as a point of honour, to retire from the service. In vain did the minister point out that the question at issue was a question of administration, not of law, and that, if the motion should be carried, the Chamber would, in fact, reverse the relations between itself and the Government, and put an end to the theory of ministerial responsibility by itself assuming the executive. The Opposition, in reply, invoked the phantom of a counter-revolution; and the Centre, which had hitherto been neither ministerial nor in opposition, passed over with Von Unruh to the Left. The Von Pfuel ministry, which succeeded after a short interregnum, perished from its own *vis inertiae*. It disappointed the friends of order, while it did not satisfy the exigencies of the movement party. It has been happily described as a ministry which granted nothing, but yielded everything; which always objected, but never opposed. It was at last gathered to its predecessors on the 23rd of October, although no successors were gazetted till the 9th of November. Meanwhile the Chamber had voted on the 30th of October the abolition of nobility, and it became

became clear that it was embarked on a career of aggression against the Crown, which would speedily bring on a collision of a decisive character. The King seems *at last* to have become aware of his critical position, and determined at the eleventh hour to confront the danger. The Chamber, on this occasion, attempted in vain to shake his resolution, though it even went so far as to remind him of the fate of a neighbouring state, the capital city of which was in rebellion against its sovereign. The King fortunately remained firm, nor was the rude interpellation of Jacobi, at Potsdam, calculated to produce a different result. Accordingly the Brandenburg-Manteuffel ministry immediately on its formation launched against the Chamber a royal decree on the 9th of November, by which its sittings were prorogued until the 27th of November. It was convoked for that day at Brandenburg. Now came on a struggle which was not calculated to raise the character of the Assembly. The Chamber insisted on its right to continue its sittings at Berlin; it declared itself in permanence. The President and thirty members remained in the house throughout the night of the 9th of November, as if afraid that its doors would be closed against them if they retired. On the following day (November 10) the Assembly issued a proclamation to the Prussian people; but it was not permitted to defy the Crown long, for on the same day, General von Wrangel's troops announced to the encircled House that the members were at liberty to withdraw, but not to reassemble. They thereupon determined to meet in the Hall of the Schützen-Gilde on the following day, when the subject of impeaching the ministers and stopping the supplies was mooted. Late in the day a royal proclamation appeared to disband the Burgher Guard in consequence of its illegal deportment on the previous day. On the 12th, the Burgher Guard was by another proclamation dissolved, but, in defiance of this royal decree, it met, and determined not to disband itself nor to deliver up its arms. Wrangel, however, was not to be trifled with: he at once proclaimed Berlin in a state of siege, and proceeded to disarm the Burgher Guard, as well as to disperse the mock Assembly, which still continued its sittings in the Hall of the Schützen-Gilde. The scenes which ensued savoured very strongly of the ludicrous. The members were formally summoned on the 13th by an officer from General Wrangel to disperse, as forming an illegal meeting, but the chairman remained immovable, like the venerable senators of Rome awaiting in their curule seats in the Forum the rude approach of the victorious Gauls. M. Plönies, however, was more fortunate than Marcus Papirius. Remonstrances, instead of blows, ensued, and at last the chairman was carried

carried out, with the utmost gentleness in his chair and deposited safely in the street, followed by a train of members protesting against the violation of his dignity. Nor did these indecorous squabbles terminate here. A session of members assembled on the following morning (November 14) in the Hall of the Town Council, but they were not allowed to commence business, and dispersed immediately on the summons of an officer from General Wrangel. In the evening, however, they reassembled at a café, where they passed a decree that the Brandenburg ministry was not authorised to levy taxes or disburse the public money, until the Assembly could fulfil its duties safely in Berlin. Such was the last scene of this eventful history, in which it is more difficult to say whether the object which the Assembly proposed to itself was more inconsistent with its limited functions as a constituent, or its manner of proceeding more unbecoming its dignity as a legislative body.

A minority of the Right had from the first protested formally against the Assembly continuing its sittings after the royal message of the 9th of November, on the ground of its functions being purely 'constituent.' On the other hand, the Left and Centre parties maintained that, for the very same reason, the Crown had not the right to adjourn, remove, or dissolve the Chamber; that it was convoked for the express purpose of 'concording' a constitution with the Crown, and that its authority was consequently co-ordinate with that of the Crown. Much of the argument in this case is a verbal argument, which turns upon the meaning of the word 'Vereinbarung' in the 13th section of the Election Law (Wahlgesetz) promulgated by the Crown on the 8th of April:—

'The Assembly, which is to meet together on the basis of the present law, is convoked for the purpose of settling through a *Concordance* (Vereinbarung) with the Crown the future constitution of the State, and of exercising *ad interim*, pending the duration of the assembly, the rights of the heretofore estates of the realm, expressly in regard to the voting of taxes and state loans.'*

Allowing to the word 'Vereinbarung' the utmost latitude of interpretation, we hardly think that the question admits of a serious discussion, unless we are prepared to accede to the assumption that all parties to an agreement, by virtue of being such parties, have of necessity co-extensive rights, and that, in this

* Die auf Grund des gegenwärtigen Gesetzes zusammen tretende Versammlung ist dazu berufen, die künftige Staats-Verfassung durch Vereinbarung mit der Krone festzustellen, und die seitherigen reichständischen Befugnisse, namentlich in Bezug auf die Bewilligung von Steuern und Staats-Anleihen, für die Dauer ihrer Versammlung interimistisch auszuüben.

particular case, the King of Prussia, in convoking an Assembly for the purpose of *agreeing upon* a constitution, has *ipso facto* devolved a share of the sovereignty to that Assembly—both of which propositions are obviously untenable. Much of the confusion in which these questions have become involved arises without doubt from a mistaken notion respecting the functions of a Constituent assembly, which, because they are extraordinary, are supposed to be unlimited. Whereas a constituent is merely a species of legislative assembly, with functions confined to a limited province of legislation—namely, the framing of fundamental laws. The States-General of France in 1789 converted themselves into a National Assembly with constituent functions, but their authority was not conveyed to them in *terms* as a constituent assembly; on the contrary, they assumed their authority of themselves, and they exercised sovereign power by usurpation. It would no doubt have been more prudent if the King of Prussia had provided explicitly for the case which has occurred at Berlin, with the same forethought which the King of Denmark has exhibited in regulating the relations of the Danish *Rigstag*: but the King of Prussia's omission to do so, should have operated rather as a guarantee to the Chamber that he had no *arrière pensée* when he convoked them, than served, as it seems to have done, as a provocative to unruliness.

Considerable mystery continues to hang over the proceedings of the 19th of March at Berlin, which led to the retirement of the Bodelschwingh administration. Europe was surprised to hear that, at the very moment when the army had succeeded in putting down anarchy, the King had thrown himself into the arms of the insurgents, by ordering his faithful troops to abandon the barricades, which they had just stormed and taken possession of. Such certainly was the result: but it is now asserted, on what we consider to be good authority, that the King was not in reality so imprudent as is generally supposed. The King, we are assured, gave an order that the troops should be withdrawn *from the barricades in front of the palace*, which the insurgents were reported to have abandoned; but *somehow* an order of a much more extensive nature was brought to the various officers in command, directing that the troops should be removed *from all the barricades*. How this unfortunate mistake originated is one of those minute facts which contemporary Reviewers can hardly expect to clear up. Suspicions of treason did at first suggest themselves, but a more careful consideration of facts is said to warrant the conclusion that there was a misunderstanding of the King's orders in a very high quarter, and that this misunderstanding was solely attributable to the ex-

citement and anxiety of the moment. We need not say how important a satisfactory explanation would be for the character of the King.

One circumstance, however, connected with the events of the preceding day has been clearly proved namely, that there was an organised conspiracy and a preconcerted signal. A judicial inquiry has established the fact, that the country people in several of the neighbouring villages near Potsdam were told on the 17th to expect a signal which would be made on the 18th, and then to cry out 'Treason, treason!'—'Defend yourselves!' &c. That signal was made; two shots were fired; the King himself had his eye upon the group from the midst of which the shots proceeded. They were not Prussians. He came in from the balcony of his palace, and could not help exclaiming, 'They were strangers; they were none of my people.*' In a similar manner, it has been ascertained at Vienna that the revolution of the 6th of October was not the work of the people of Vienna, but of Magyars and Poles acting in unison with the Radicals of the Riding-school.

The Poles have played a leading part in all the late insurrections in the capitals of Europe. Their organisation deserves a brief notice. From the first period of their emigration from Poland they have been divided into an aristocratical and democratical party; at the head of the former of these parties stood Prince Adam Czartorisky, whilst the recognised leader of the latter, named Lelewel, originally established himself at Brussels. Paris, on the other hand, has always been the head-quarters of the aristocratical party, whilst those of the democratical section have only been of late removed to Versailles, where it has adopted a military organisation. These two parties act most frequently apart, but they have occasionally worked in concert. Thus, the democratical party took the lead in the insurrectionary movements in the Duchy of Rosen and Galicia in 1846, whilst the aristocratical party was content to follow in their wake. Of late, since 1845, an intimate alliance has been concluded between the Polish democratical party and that Italian party which

* A singularly picturesque account of the days of March at Berlin has been published at Bremen in the form of a novel from the pen of Count A. Sternberg, entitled 'Die Royalisten,' in which the general confusion of ideas on moral and political subjects is amusingly illustrated from scenes of real life. The facts to which we have alluded will be found there noticed—with some variations, as might be expected, in the detail. It is announced that an English version of the most striking chapters is to appear in Fraser's Magazine; but we could wish that some one would give a complete translation of this Prussian *Jérôme Paturot*. The lady who has lost her wits about the idea of the German fleet is an especially delectable personage; and the night of the 18th of March forms a picture of very remarkable effect. We must add that Count Sternberg's previous writings had not at all prepared us for a volume of such merit.

acknowledges for its leaders Mazzini and the persons who at this moment are at the head of the governments in Tuscany and the Roman States, such as Mamiani, Sterbini, Guerazzi, &c. The Poles have, in fact, become the Free-Corps of Democracy, the Knights-Errent of Revolution, and like the Companies of Adventure in the fourteenth century, they proffer their assistance in every quarter where there is a prospect of successful insurrection against monarchical authority. Nor should we omit to notice another influential body who have played a distinguished part in all the revolutions of Germany: we mean the Jews. At least one-third, if not the half, of the public journals in Germany have been for a long time conducted by Jewish editors. In Austria the most forward amongst the extreme democrats have been Jews. Dr. Jellinek, for instance, who was executed with Dr. Bekker on the 23rd of November at Vienna, and whose journal had been an organ of the Red party since the month of March last, appears to have been a Jew born on the frontiers of Moravia and Hungary. The names of Börne and Heine, both of whom died refugees in Paris, and both occupied a prominent position in the most advanced section of revolutionary writers, are doubtless familiar to many of our readers.* Both of these daring adventurers were Jews. In Austria the Jews have of late played so prominent a part in revolutionary politics, that out of ten leading men six or eight will be found to belong to that nation. In Prussia, likewise, the most violent journals are in the hands of the Jews, whose leader in the chamber at Berlin is Jacobi, a member of the extreme left. In Poland, on the contrary, and in Galicia, the contrast is remarkable; there, indeed, the Jews for the most part are ranged on the side of order, and the explanation is to be sought in their habits of agricultural and other industry.

'L'Europe est pourrie' has been of late a favourite saying amongst the advocates of organic changes; but it must be confessed that Austria has exhibited in the midst of domestic convulsions a vitality as surprising as that which baffled the destructive genius of Napoleon. Assailed at the same time in three different quarters, in Italy, in Hungary, and in the very capital of the empire itself, she has made head successfully against anarchy, whilst she has controlled revolt, and is preparing to put down insurrection. Whatever may have been the character of the Hungarian movement before the 15th of March, it is clear that the Batthyani-Kossuth ministry embarked at that time on a course of policy, the success of which was incompatible with the integrity of the

* An account of one of Heine's most mischievous works will be found in the Quart. Rev., vol. lv. art. i. This Hebrew was, or affected to be, in point of religious opinion, a heathen of the ancient Greek school.

empire. They demanded, for instance, a separate administration of war, of finance, and of foreign affairs for Hungary. It may be observed that the Emperor had already granted to them a ministry purely Hungarian, and responsible to their own Diet. The contemplated emancipation of the Magyars from the influence of the central power at once fanned into a flame the smouldering discontent of the Slavonian races. Croatia had been content to remain in theory a dependency of Hungary, as long as Hungary was governed from Vienna; but the national feeling of the Croats revolted against becoming in reality the subjects of the Magyars, and obeying a Magyar minister of war at Pesth. Hence arose the Croat movement, which was at first an independent struggle against the Magyars, but gradually, with the course of events, became fused in the common cause of the Emperor against Hungary. We have already alluded to the growth of Illyrism. This feeling had already acquired in 1845 an intensity which caused some anxiety to the central government: for in that year the Ban* or Viceroy Haller, who had endeavoured to control it by force of arms, saw himself under the necessity of laying down his office, in deference to the indignation which his measures had produced at Agram. The Ban of Croatia is the third person of the realm of Hungary. Since the resignation of Haller the government had been carried on by the Bishop of Agram as Interim-Viceroy. Now, however, when deputations were hurrying up to Vienna, in March, 1848, from so many parts of the empire, to lay their complaints and wishes before the Emperor himself, the Croats did not lag behind. Their envoys came to express to their Lord and King their devotion, their loyalty, their most sincere desire to remain for ever united with the common monarchy (*Gesammt-Monarchie*), and soliciting the appointment of the Baron von Jellachich as Ban. The Emperor granted their request, and Jellachich was henceforth to maintain with his sword the liberties which the pen of Gaj had won.

Count Kolowrath had succeeded to the helm of the state on the retirement of Prince Metternich, but Kolowrath was unequal to the difficulties of the crisis, and he gave way early in April to the ministry of Count Fiquelmont, formed under the auspices of the Archduke John. Fiquelmont, in his turn, was forced by the threatening aspect of affairs to retire on the 5th of May, and was succeeded, *ad interim*, by Baron Lebzeltern. His colleagues followed his example on the 15th, and were only provisionally in office when the Emperor fled from his capital to Innsbruck.

* *Pan*, or *Ban*, in the Slavonic dialect, means *Lord*. The ruler of Croatia, in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was styled *Pan*.—Sir G. Wilkinson's *Dalmatia*, i. 25.

On the 20th the Emperor issued his proclamation from Innsbruck, countersigned by Count Montecuculi, which was followed by a decree of the 26th, dissolving the academical legion, and incorporating its members in the burgher guard. Now came on the troubles of Vienna. Those of the students who would not enter the burgher guard were ordered to lay down their arms within twenty-four hours; the military were called in to enforce the decree, the students resisted, barricades were immediately raised, and workmen and burgher guards took part with the students; a committee of public safety was then formed, which entered into negotiation with the Emperor's ministers; at last the insurrection was appeased by a declaration on the part of the ministers on the 29th that they would maintain the liberties granted by the Emperor in the constitution of the 25th of April. All things seemed now to augur calm and repose. The Viennese besought their Emperor to return to his capital, but he did not comply as yet with their wishes. On the other hand, the Emperor by an autograph letter declared himself willing to consider the assembly at Vienna as a Constituent Assembly, and promised to send forthwith the Archduke John, as his Vicar, to open the Diet.

The disturbances at Vienna operated meanwhile in favour of the Slavonic movement in Bohemia, and the moment seemed favourable to enforce the opinion that the Slavonic element constituted the real strength of Austria, and that the Slavonic population was the mainstay of the empire. With this object in view, a Congress of Slavonian nationalities was invited to meet at Prague, and accordingly, on the 29th of May, deputies from various Slavonic races assembled there, and it was agreed to send forthwith a petition to the Emperor in favour of Bohemian independence. At the same time it was announced that the Ban of Croatia had convened a Diet for the triple kingdom of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, to meet on the 5th of June, and that the Austro-Slavonic countries were invited to send representatives to the 'Diet of the Croatic-Slavonic nation.' The minister at Vienna at once replied to the petition from Bohemia, by declaring Count Leo Thun and the Bohemian Provisional Government to be rebels, and ordering all persons to resist their usurped authority. The Czechs were not disposed to yield without a struggle, and the bombardment of Prague ensued, which put an end to this effort in favour of Bohemian separatism. •

During the interval which had now elapsed since the month of March, Croatia had gradually assumed an apparent attitude of hostility towards Vienna. The Ban had been summoned to attend the Emperor at Innsbruck, to give an account of his conduct; and he was ordered to prevent the assembly taking place, which had been convened for the 5th of June. Jellachich, however, deter-
mined

mined not to comply with this latter command. The Diet accordingly assembled at Agram, when Jellachich was solemnly elected Ban, and installed by the Patriarch of Carlowitz. The Emperor had, meanwhile, declared Jellachich to be a traitor, and deprived him of all his dignities, but the high-spirited Croat was not to be diverted from the path which he had deliberately chosen. He presented himself at Innsbruck on the 19th of March, with a deputation of Croats, to justify their conduct, and to certify their allegiance to the house of Hapsburg. The new Hungarian minister for foreign affairs attempted to bar his approach to the Emperor, but Jellachich succeeded at last in forcing his way to the foot of the throne. The result of his audience with the Emperor was, that a compromise was arranged to take place, under the auspices of the Archduke John, and the Ban, although not formally reinstated, remained undisturbed in his post. In the meantime the Wessemsberg administration succeeded to office on the 20th of July. Scarcely had Jellachich returned to Agram, and organised the affairs of the province, when he hastened to Vienna to meet Batthyani and the Archduke Palatine; but no agreement could be effected, inasmuch as the Ban insisted energetically on the administration of war and finance being kept united, as heretofore, at Vienna. He left Vienna on the 2nd of August, with the conviction that the difference between himself and the Magyars could be settled in no other way than by the sword.

The month of August was occupied with preparations for the inevitable struggle. Early in September the Ban was reinstated by the Emperor in all his honours. A deputation from Hungary immediately went to Schönnbrunn to expostulate with the Emperor, but it was refused access to his presence. On its return to Pesth the Batthyani-Kossuth ministry resigned, and the Archduke Palatine undertook, in his own person, the conduct of affairs—but this measure was declared by the Diet to be illegal and dangerous, and a sort of dictatorship was therefore instituted, under the name of a Provisional Government, consisting of Kossuth and Szemere. This, however, soon made way for a Batthyani ministry, which received its inspirations from Kossuth.

The frontier towards Croatia was meanwhile lined with a cordon of Hungarian troops; and a numerous deputation of Hungarian deputies waited on the Emperor on the 12th of September, to request him to transfer his residence to Pesth. Of course their petition was declined—and they left the imperial presence with a resolution to separate themselves entirely from Austria. Jellachich had now crossed the Drave, and was marching towards Pesth, announcing to the Hungarian nation that he was at war only with a faction, represented by the Kossuth ministry, and that he would in all respects maintain the constitutional liberties of Hungary.

Hungary. The Archduke Stephen was now called upon, as Palatine, to place himself at the head of the Hungarian yeomanry (the 'Insurrection'), and on the 17th he showed himself disposed to take the command, when he suddenly quitted Pesth for Vienna, and so withdrew the countenance of the Imperial family from the cause of the Magyars. The Kossuth ministry then attempted to enlist the sympathies of the Austrian Diet in its favour; but the Diet refused to receive the deputation, which was sent 'not to the Emperor, but to the National Assembly.' The Slavonic element on this occasion showed its strength in the Austrian Chamber, and Czechism avenged upon the Magyars the long thralldom of the Slovacks and other kindred tribes. The Diet at Pesth now threw itself into the arms of Kossuth, and voted him unlimited powers, with the title of President of the Committee of National Defence. Batthyani thereupon withdrew altogether, and with him it may be said the main aristocratical element in the Hungarian movement was eliminated.

Kossuth and Batthyani had never been cordially united; they had indeed acted for some time together in the ministry which the events of March had imposed upon the King of Hungary, being both revolutionists and both separatists. They were, perhaps, the only two individuals of the ultra-Magyar party who had a sufficient knowledge of public business to carry on the government; but they were in other respects essentially discordant in character. Batthyani, for instance, was an inconsistent aristocrat; Kossuth, a consistent democrat. Batthyani was a high-caste Magyar, a member of the Chamber of Magnates; Kossuth, a Magyarised Slovack, a sort of political Pariah, who had commenced his public life as the reporter of the Diet, and had ultimately stepped at once out of a prison into the Chamber. Batthyani was anxious to decide his quarrel with Austria in the open field; Kossuth, on the other hand, was prepared to sanction any deed of violence and bloodshed, so long as it was likely to curtail the power of Austria.

The Emperor, encouraged by the progress of Jellachich, made one more effort to re-establish his authority in Hungary, by sending Count Lamberg, armed with extraordinary powers, to Pesth—but the attempt failed. The Imperial Commissioner was himself butchered by an infuriated mob on the 9th of September, and war thus openly declared against the Emperor. The two parties were now in presence of each other. The Magyars had been unable to arrest the victorious progress of Jellachich, who, having already occupied Stuhlweissenburg, the ancient city of St. Stephen, threatened the capital of Hungary with his right wing, whilst with his left, resting on Raab, he kept up his communication with Vienna. On the 3rd of October the Emperor issued a proclamation

tion dissolving the Hungarian Diet, and declared all its acts passed without his sanction null and void. The civil government of Hungary was at the same time intrusted to Baron Adam Recsey, whilst Jellachich was invested with full powers to put down the insurrection, and to inflict vengeance on the murderers of Count Lamberg. The contest, however, was suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly transferred to the streets of Vienna. Kossuth had resolved to strike at the heart of the empire itself, where a motley assemblage of Red republicans from all quarters of the world were prepared to second him in his desperate enterprise. Gold was with this object lavishly distributed amongst the working-classes on the night of the 5th: the leaders of the Democratic Union, having made common cause with Pulszky, sat in council up till midnight, and issued written instructions for the proceedings on the morrow. Care was meanwhile taken to supply intoxicating drinks to the grenadier battalion, which was under orders to march against the Magyars; and on the 6th the insurrection commenced with an attempt to arrest the march of the troops. With this object barricades were thrown up on the Tabor Bridge by a body of national guards, in accordance with a preconcerted plot, and the grenadiers, at once abandoning their colours, joined the ranks of the insurgents. A murderous conflict now ensued: on both sides might be seen the uniforms of the imperial troops mingled with those of the national guards. The cry at the barricades had been 'Ungarische Freiheit der Ungarischen Brüder,' and accordingly, as the tide of insurrection rolled onwards, it might be observed for a moment to gather up its strength, and then suddenly dash forward towards the quarter where the plans were supposed to be maturing for the reconquest of Hungary. The War-Office at once became the object of attack; it was speedily stormed, and the Minister of War mercilessly slaughtered. A commission of inquiry, now sitting, has ascertained that this was not an act of blind impulse on the part of an infuriated mob, but that the murder of Count Latour was paid for with the gold of the Magyars. The troops were now withdrawn, Vienna remained in the hands of the insurgents, and the Emperor quitted his capital a second time, to seek a refuge amongst his faithful Slavonians. We must not however suppose that the Emperor on this occasion fled from his German subjects. The Viennese, as already stated, were not the originators of the insurrection; on the contrary, the leaders in the great struggle, which was soon to be decided in favour of order, were the members of the Democratic Union, the great antagonist association against the sovereigns of Germany, whose head-quarters had been at Frankfort, and were now at Berlin—men collected from all the winds of heaven, and having no other bond of union than
that

that of hatred against monarchical institutions. The military organisation was in the hands of the Poles, General Bem being charged with the command of the Proletarian Legion; and, to complete the heterogeneous picture, two deputies from the extreme left of the Frankfort Assembly, Blum and Fröbel, arrived to offer the congratulations of their party, and to stimulate the courage of the German Radicals. These zealots both armed themselves, and fought on the side of the Republican rebellion. The former (well known as a radical publisher at Leipzig) has justly paid the penalty of levying war against the Emperor of Austria in his own capital, by his death: his companion Fröbel, a Socialist of an extreme colour, and the president of the Democratic Union, has had his life spared, and has since returned to Frankfort to assist the Assembly with his counsels. The issue of the siege of Vienna is too well known to require further notice here. It may perhaps form an epoch as momentous in the political history of Europe as was the second siege of Vienna in 1683 in the religious history, when Sobieski routed the army of the Turks beneath its walls, and secured for the Cross a lasting triumph over the Crescent.

After the rapid survey of events which we have now completed, we may proceed to discuss the political idea upon which the Frankfort Assembly is based. In the first place, then, we cannot overlook the historical considerations arising out of the divisions which have at all times existed between the various parts comprised under the generic name of Germany, and the special organisation of these divisions according as they either form in their turn parts of other independent political societies, such as the empire of Austria—or make up within the territorial limits of the Confederation an aggregate state, such as the kingdom of Prussia—or exist singly and apart under the denomination of kingdoms, grand-duchies, duchies, principalities, and free-towns. These divisions have a *real* existence; but the political *idea* of the Frankfort Assembly tends to the fusion of all these divisions into one Empire, of which the Frankfort Assembly claims to be the exponent. Under what conditions is such a result capable of being realised? It is obvious that two combinations are admissible: either the complete fusion of the several parts into one; or an union of a less intimate nature between the various countries, which are to make up the Empire, in conformity to which the independence of each of them will be respected within certain limits. Again, a complete fusion may be effected under the sovereignty either of an individual or of the German people; but this question has been cut short by the decision of the Constituent Assembly of Frankfort, which has declared itself to represent the German people.

Such are the most obvious theoretical combinations; but when

we come to apply them to the German portions of the Austrian empire, we find that the idea of a complete fusion involves the dissolution of the existing Austrian empire, in order to allow the German portions to be incorporated in the new German empire. By this arrangement, however, the new Empire would gain no additional strength beyond that which the existing Germanic Confederation possesses, whilst it would lose the aid of the non-German power of Austria, which was always at the disposal of the ancient Empire, and in like manner of the existing Germanic Confederation. The secret article of the treaty of Campo-Formio may serve to remind us of the importance which Napoleon attached to the severance of the non-German power of Austria from the Empire. The idea, however, of the complete fusion of the German states of Austria in the new German body loses ground daily, whilst the eyes of the Frankfort Assembly turn more and more in the direction of Prussia.

Let us then consider the position of Prussia in relation to the other states of Germany. Before the disastrous results of her later conflicts with France, Austria had been the encompassing power of Germany. Her possession of the Netherlands and Alsace constituted her the natural bulwark of Germany towards the west. Stein was most anxious that Alsace and Lorraine should be severed from France at the peace of Paris, and restored to the Archduke Charles. He had most probably in view the revival of the territorial responsibility of Austria. Prince Metternich, however, as Gagern in his 'Zweite Pariser Frieden' informs us, considered French Flanders to be the important quarter where Germany required a barrier against France; and as Prussia and Bavaria were the two powers whose intimate relations with France had been on various occasions so prejudicial to the interests of the Empire, it was determined that they should be compromised with France by being placed in close juxta-position to her on the left bank of the Rhine. This was the great object in view in assigning the Rhenish provinces to Prussia, and Landau to Bavaria. Prussia struggled hard against this arrangement, and was most urgent that the King of Saxony should be transferred to the left bank of the Rhine, so as to enable Prussia to absorb the whole of Saxony into her dominions. This, however, did not suit the policy either of Austria or Germany. It was obvious that the Prussian plan would have placed the left bank of the Rhine in the hands of Napoleon's most faithful partisan, and so have defeated, in all probability, the object which Germany had in view. But Austria for other reasons could not assent to Prussia's proposal. She wished to maintain Saxony, not merely in accordance with the general sentiment in Germany, but as a shield between her Bohemian frontier and Prussia. The same cautious policy which
had

had led the Emperor Francis to refuse, in spite of the strongest remonstrances on the part of his allies, to resume a position which would in any way bring him into collision with France, and which induced him to give up even the Brisgau, the cradle of his race, indisposed him to augment the contact between the Austrian and Prussian territories. Prussia thus received accessions of territory which gave her a most inconvenient geographical extension; on the other hand, by her position on the middle Rhine and by her possession of Coblenz, Saarlouis, and Erfurt, in connexion with the federal fortresses of Luxembourg and Mayence, she has acquired a most commanding military influence in north and central Germany, and is in fact the advanced-guard of Germany towards the west. Prussia, however, has occupied an essentially false position from the earliest period of her existence as a kingdom. When the Elector of Brandenburg in 1701 assumed the title of Frederick I., King of Prussia, he committed an act of sedition, as it were, against the Empire, and bequeathed to his successors a position of necessity. It was the object of the master-mind of the great Frederick to give to this position a political signification which might compensate for its inconvenience in other respects, and in accordance with this policy of the King we find the minister Herzberg thus define, for his successors, the peculiar destination of Prussia:—‘Cette médiocre monarchie Prussienne est plus propre que toute autre puissance en Europe—elle est même principalement appelée par sa position géographique et par ses intérêts—à maintenir l’équilibre de l’Allemagne et par conséquent celui de l’Europe *contra quoscunque*.’ The minister Haugwitz inherited the traditions of Herzberg’s school, and whilst his influence was paramount at Berlin, Prussia carefully studied to fulfil, in respect of Europe, the ambitious destiny which the great Frederick had marked out for her; she still strives to work out the same destiny in respect of Germany.

The question between Prussia and the new Germanic empire is not embarrassed by the complications which beset the Austrian question, but resolves itself into a simple alternative. As Prussia has proposed to include her non-German provinces within the political nationality of the new empire, either her own nationality will be swallowed up in the new empire, or the new empire will be absorbed by Prussia.

As to the secondary and still smaller German states, the solution of the *political* question is clearly not in their hands; but in regard to the *historical* question they must not be overlooked, inasmuch as the spirit of division, which is rooted deeply in the interest of the populations of the kingdoms of Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover, forms a serious obstacle to the realisation of the idea

idea of unity which gave life to the Constituent Assembly at Frankfort.

Germany, indeed, has never known unity in the sense of indivisibility; her unity has always reposed upon certain conditions of division, not hypothetical, but real and practical. It can hardly be expected that the calculations of interest and the associations of position will give way to an idea, though it be invested with all the attractive grandeur which attaches to the idea of historical nationality. On the other hand, the political nationality of Germany in its true acceptation has existed from the earliest times, and still continues to exist, whether we turn our eyes to the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation (*Das Heilige Römische Reich Deutscher Nation*), or to that of the Confederation between the sovereign princes and free towns of Germany.

This Confederation, which was declared by the Federal Act of 1815 to be perpetual, it is proposed by the Assembly at Frankfort to convert into a Federal State. Three different modifications of this idea have been under consideration. The first involved a total separation of Austria from the German empire; this plan was rejected by the Wessenberg ministry. The second contemplated the complete incorporation of the German provinces of Austria into the political body of the federal state, and was advocated by the most influential of the Austrian members of the Frankfort assembly; this project, however, which was never countenanced in high quarters, has now been abandoned as impracticable. The third scheme, which embodies the views of the President von Gagern, and coincides in many respects with the proposal of the Chevalier Bunsen, adopts a middle course, and seeks, as it were, to combine the idea of a Germanic empire with that of a Germanic confederation; the former designed to be a closer body, from which Austria would be excluded, the latter being intended, as at present, to embrace the German provinces of Austria. According to this plan, the relations which the latter states would bear to the other states of Germany would present a strong analogy to the ancient relations of the three leagues of the Grisons to the other cantons of Switzerland.

The problem, however, which the Frankfort Assembly has undertaken to solve is neither more nor less than the construction of a Federal State upon Monarchical Principles, for which as yet history affords no precedent. We do not, however, attach so much importance to the apparent contradiction of ideas involved in this novel combination, inasmuch as our own Constitution is a purely practical result, at variance with all theory, but to the circumstance that the tendencies of Germany have been quite the

the other way, divergent as a matter of fact in respect of government, rather than convergent. It did not escape the penetration of M. de Tocqueville, who has noticed the circumstance in his work upon Democracy in America, that the States of the North American Union had been subject for a long time to a central government before they achieved their independence, and that they had not as yet acquired the habit of complete self-government, so that local prejudices had not become deeply rooted, and they hardly felt the influence of those passions which are generally found arrayed against all enlargement of the federal power; whereas in Germany the sovereignty has been morselled out from the earliest period of the empire, and the shadow of central authority has not been endured since the peace of Presburg.

With this object then in view, it is proposed that the executive power shall be vested in an hereditary Emperor, assisted by responsible ministers, and that the legislative functions shall be shared between this Emperor, a House of States (*Staaten-Haus*), and a House of Commons (*Volks-Haus*). The majority of the Frankfort Assembly incline to strengthen the hands of the central executive as much as possible; the Chevalier Bunsen, on the other hand, is adverse to this, considering a very strong central executive to be at variance with the fundamental principle of a federal state. Whilst, then, the central executive would thus represent the principle of hereditary monarchy, it is proposed that the House of Commons or House of Representatives should be elected according to population, and so represent the democratic element. Both these bodies will evidently exercise a centralising influence, but it is proposed to control this by the action of the House of States, which forms the characteristic and most curious feature of the design. The Frankfort Assembly has already, by its vote, recognised the principle of two Houses, but the composition of the House of States remains yet to be discussed. Some advocate an admixture of three elements, to wit, members who should represent the several German sovereigns, and others named partly by the State-governments, partly by the State-diets. The Chevalier Bunsen objects to the first element, as out of place, and suggests that it should rather be combined separately in the form of a council of the realm (*Reichs-Rath*), advising with the Emperor in matters which fall peculiarly within the province of the central executive, and having a confirmatory voice in them. This latter arrangement seems to be less complicated, as a matter of theory, and is calculated to strengthen the federal element. The peculiarity, however, of the general plan in its special reference to Germany consists in the administrative division of the empire into electoral and military districts, analogous in many respects

respects to the ancient imperial circles of Maximilian, the basis of such districts being a corps d'armée of 25,000 men. The result of such a division would be that Prussia would embrace four such circles, Bavaria with Hesse two, Würtemberg with Baden one, Saxony with Thuringia one, and Hanover with Brunswick and the coast-districts one, whilst Austria would contain three such circles.

Such is the hasty sketch to which we propose at present to limit ourselves, of the Federal State which is now under consideration at Frankfort. Our object has been on the present occasion, not so much to criticise the design as to furnish our readers with some clue to guide them through the labyrinth of German politics. Already, indeed, has the Frankfort Assembly abandoned the basis of an historical nationality, by the first article of the fundamental law, which declares the German empire to consist of the territory of the Germanic Confederation. We trust that this is really the commencement of a return to legality. In the mean time Austria has announced her future course of political action in relation to Germany, in the language addressed by Prince Felix Schwarzenberg to the Diet at Kremsier on the 27th of November :

‘To rend asunder the monarchy cannot make Germany great ; to weaken it cannot make her strong. The continuance of the political unity of Austria is necessary for Germany, no less than for Europe. Penetrated with this conviction, we await the natural development of the process of reconstruction as yet incomplete. When reinvigorated Austria and reinvigorated Germany shall have obtained a new and solid organisation, then, and not till then, will it be possible to fix their mutual relations. Up to that time Austria will continue loyally to discharge her federal obligations.’

ART. VII.—*La Révolution et les Réformes en Italy.* Par S. Ferrari (extrait de la Revue Indépendante, Janvier, 1848). Paris. Pp. 48.

IT was not our intention to revert so speedily to the painful and complicated subject of Italian politics. Recent events, however, have materially changed the character of the original dispute, while our Government remains pledged to those measures of mediation of which every succeeding day seems to render the mischief and danger more conspicuous. Our readers are aware on what grounds we, from the first, beheld the ‘Italian movement’ with but little of hope. We have assuredly no pleasure in the fulfilment of all our predictions ; the speed with which they have been accomplished exceeds our expectations, while
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the atrocity of the means adopted surpasses our worst apprehensions.

Our object is now to register a protest—the resource of the vanquished—since our warning voice has been neglected. It was in asserting the principles of non-intervention, and with the menace of ‘grave results,’ that the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs deprecated the interference of Austria in the affairs of central Italy, while professing to disbelieve the existence of any danger that threatened to disturb the tranquillity of the Imperial dominions. Shortly after this communication was made, those national dominions were invaded by the troops of every state in Italy, was re-assailed with hordes of private adventurers from France, from Portugal, and from Switzerland; the Pope pronounced the warfare a government enterprise, and bestowed his benediction on the warriors who were engaged in it; every species of tacit encouragement, at least, was necessarily England—and French armies, hovering on the frontiers, would have been in readiness to descend into Italy whenever it might have been fancied that it should, or should be deemed expedient to recommence the struggle which was now before them. Austria, in spite of all these disadvantages, convulsed, and torn to her centre with internal troubles, has signally triumphed; but she is not to enjoy the peace that loyalty and valour have purchased, for, in defiance of the principle of non-intervention, which England and even France so loudly proclaimed but yet she has not, these two great powers step forward to shield the lawless aggressors from the consequences of their own temerity; and while the Imperial army, arrested in its career of victory, has scrupulously observed the stipulations of an armistice, they have been violated by the vanquished party, not with impunity alone, but with unbounded admiration.

The enthusiasm which followed the election of the Pope, and the brilliant hopes that the few first months of his reign created, spread into neighbouring states, and excited a vague but passionate desire for change, which cautious men looked on with apprehension, and even the most determined Reformers, properly so called, have desired to check. Those who really knew Italy, however, were of old aware that revolution and not reform was the aim of the men who guided the Italian *Liberals*—nor did they lose much by the confessions of such persons as Signor Ferrari to assure the attack, wherever *Reform* might be the pretence, these guides would take no step but with a view to things far from the contemplation of the shortsighted and self-conceited Pius IX. The revolution in France and the insurrection in Vienna gave a preponderance to their small but active party, which there was now no longer any influence to counteract. The invasion of Lombardy was the immediate result. The defeat of the King of Sardinia

Sardinia and the disgrace which fell on the Italian arms—a disgrace which must have been felt in spite of the efforts of the newspapers to conceal it—would have restored the influence of Austria and secured the settlement of the peninsula, but for the fatal interference of France and England, which snatched the fruits of victory from the conquerors and encouraged the conquered to hope that diplomacy was to secure to them those advantages which they had lost in the field. Nor could there have been any just cause to fear that the opportunity would be abused by the victors; the moderation of the Austrian cabinet had been manifested on some most remarkable occasions, and a government which had voluntarily accorded so much to its subjects was not likely to trample on the liberties it had promised respect.

We believe that there are few persons in this country connected with the government) who do not now look on the Italian revolutions with the same feelings which we have expressed, or who can now believe that the Italians are to enjoy that constitutional freedom they profess to covet. The character of a nation will always fix its destiny. No less political sagacity than the modern Italians, and it is a singular mixture of indolence and vanity of which the national character is compounded that has ever kept them in ignorance of political science, and which, on the downfall of their absolute governments, has exposed them to the seduction of French democracy, and plunged them into excesses that disgrace the name of Christendom.

In Rome, where the national character has always appeared in its worst extremes, the revolution has been stained with the darkest crimes of cruelty and ingratitude. The constitution, which secured ample liberty to the subject, was no sooner granted than cast aside, and the Pope—betrayed by those he had trusted—abandoned by those for whom he had sacrificed the interests of the church—has learned, by bitter experience, the real nature of the revolution he had so blindly forwarded. His character, however, unfitted him to struggle with the difficulties and situation: he would neither intrust his cause to his friends nor confront his enemies with vigour. After a series of expenses, all ending in disappointment, he called Count Rossi to his councils; and thus afforded undoubtedly every possible aid and facility for consolidating a constitutional government. We were not among the warmest admirers of this unfortunate gentleman. In commiserating his fate we cannot forget some very questionable passages of his life—nor were we ever very sanguine as to the result of his nomination: no one, however, can deny

deny that his measures, as minister to Pius IX., were prudent and well timed, and that he had done nothing to infringe the constitution which he had been influential in framing. It was, in truth, his success and his prudence that provoked his murder. The Socialist and Communistic party—in other words, the Italian ‘liberals’—dreaded, above all things, the quiet establishment of a limited monarchy; and the cautious minister, whose measures seemed to promise such a consummation, must be the chief object of their aversion and the first victim of their vengeance. His assassination, decreed in the clubs, which mould the popular passions, was rendered easy by the connivance of the Civic Guards and the treachery of the regular soldiery. With him fell the temporal government of the Pope—the last hope of social order. Even the life of Pius was now in danger; his escape was a measure of necessary precaution—it was well known that his destruction would have been inevitable had the dominant party perceived or fancied that issue to be for their interest. The flight of the Pope, which was preceded by that of the Cardinals, plunges the church into the anarchy of the twelfth century, while the actual state of Rome differs little from that which existed during the first barbarian invasions. The people, dependant on the arts of luxury for subsistence, and supported mainly by the advantages derived from the presence of the Papal court, are reduced to a state of misery that might well excite less inflammable natures to outrage; while dark-souled adventurers still keep mocking them with promises more and more impudent, and exhort them to expect from yet wilder measures those benefits which one triumph of rashness has failed to afford.

The larger portion of the population live in a strange apathy—or rather abandon their dearest interests with miserable cowardice to those who arrogate to themselves the right of directing the rest; while the government, placed in the hands of demagogues named by the rabble which assaulted the Papal residence, has now the opportunity of directing popular fury against the real objects of hate. The nobles—whose power was extinguished in the revolutions of the last century, and who with their power lost much of their possessions—are exposed without defence to the attacks of these upstarts, who view them with peculiar aversion, not indeed any longer as a *powerful* but as still a *rich* body, in which capacity they share the feelings with which the Jew, the Jesuit, and the banker, are equally regarded. In this posture of affairs it is impossible to foretell with what horrors—unknown to a state of civilization—the devoted city may be overwhelmed. The most alarming feature of the present revolutionary movement throughout Europe—the most discouraging

to the hopes of the improvement of mankind—is the lowered standard of morality. The murder of an obnoxious minister is a crime that most countries have exhibited—a conspiracy can at least plead many precedents—the assassination of Count Rossi is less shocking in itself than in the favour with which it has been received. It was viewed by the Legislative Chamber, in the precincts of which it took place, with an air of cool indifference more revolting than any excess of emotion: the dying man found no assistance—his son no sympathy. By the public the deed was enthusiastically applauded in songs and hymns, in which the name of religion was profaned. The bloody knife was carried in savage triumph round the streets, which were illuminated as if for a *fête*. In every Italian capital the crime has found admirers—imitators, doubtless, will follow. Roman consuls, the countrymen of the assassins, have been honoured with cheers and serenades; and the liberal functionary at Florence, in acknowledging the compliment from the window of his residence—though he expresses a pious hope that the soul of the slain may find mercy—yet extols the patriotic hand that dealt ‘the Godlike stroke’—and menaces other tyrants with a similar fate. Nor are these enormities condemned and rebuked by any class of influential persons, by any Italian government, or by the clergy of any Italian state. Timidity and selfishness, the result perhaps of an over-civilization, have increased to a degree almost incredible; and no man will risk his wealth, his social position, or even his ease, till the possessions he so dearly loves are actually wrenched from him. Nay, crimes which revolt humanity are not only unreprieved, but are even urged on the people in Proclamations put forth by authority. Will our readers credit us? Such a Proclamation, recently published at Venice—placarded on every wall—denounces the German soldier to the assassin’s knife—to every device of secret and cruel murder—by missile weapons, by fire, by poison! This address, too, has been much quoted, and with great applause, by the Italian newspapers; it bears the title of ‘ORA O MAI,’ and, among many paragraphs of similar strain, includes the following:—

‘*Dunque Massacro dei nostri! Vespro sui barbari!*

‘*Vespro d’Alpe dal culmine al mar!*

‘*Suonate di nuovo a stormo tutte le vostre campane! rialzate le barricate! riempite le vostre case d’ogni strumento mortifero! Acqua bollente, calce viva, oglio ardente, ciottoli, grondie, tegole, masserizie, tutto tutto gettate su quelle teste maledette. Arceccateli con sottile sparsa per l’aria arena infocata; avvelenate lor l’acqua nelle cisterne, il vino nelle cantine, le frutta, tutti gli alimenti, i fiori, il tabacco!*

In ancient days, though crimes were committed in the struggle
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for liberty, they were often accompanied by shining virtues and dauntless valour. In the fearful contest with which the last century closed, great abilities, at least, were displayed; but in the revolutionary phrenzy of the present year we discover no more of virtue than of talent. To whatever part of the world we bend our eyes the same unvarying prospect is before us: in Germany, in France, in Ireland, or in Italy, we can discover as little to bribe the judgment as to touch the imagination.

The state of Florence is not less critical than that of Rome. The Grand-Duke, after having been exposed to a coercion as degrading, and only less dangerous because less resistance was offered, than that of the Pope, has finally broken down utterly, and withdrawn in despair. If the streets of Florence have not flowed with blood, its government has been changed by a mob of ragged boys, and the leader of 'the people' was a galley-slave escaped from the hulks of Leghorn. What a change has been wrought in this fair city, so lately the scene of contentment, industry, and social enjoyment! The Prince, so recently surrounded 'by honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,' has fled from the insults of the rabble to find security and, we hope, consolation at Siena, ironically termed by the Liberal orators *the Innspruck of Italy*—for the reproach of loyalty and fidelity is now the bitterest that the Italian vocabulary affords. Could the 'advocates of reform' in high places contemplate this spectacle, and contrast it with former prosperity, we feel sure they would regret the share they have had in fostering 'the movement of 1848.'

The early reforms of the Pope and of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany are well known to have received the approbation and encouragement of our Foreign Secretary. For our own parts, we saw as little of wisdom in them as of policy; but as he was ignorant, by his own confession, of the state of the country, we were less surprised at the nature of the opinion he was pleased to volunteer than at his temerity in offering one at all. To the same cause only could we attribute his policy with regard to the Sardinian invasion of Lombardy. We know not whether his Lordship so far underrated the strength of the movement as to think it might safely be tampered with to forward other views, or whether he overrated it in an equal degree, and supposed it irresistible, or, perhaps, so far mistook its nature and its object as to believe he could guide it: it is quite certain that his ignorance rendered him reckless rather than cautious, and has plunged our continental relations in inextricable confusion. Had he not unexpectedly appeared as the patron of Italian revolutions, we should not have been surprised, in the multiplicity of business which presses on English ministers, that

the plots and conspiracies of the Liberals of that country had escaped his notice. Revolutionary schemes planned in secret societies, propagated by unrecognised agents, and demanding the widest latitude in the interpretation of the laws of moral obligation, are so foreign to the tastes and feelings of Englishmen, that we could not wonder if the noble Secretary should have avoided all acquaintance with them; but it is singular that he should have espoused the cause of a foreign party without having condescended to learn from its own most accredited mouth-pieces what purposes, we do not say it held, but it professed. To do them justice, the Liberals had taken few pains to conceal their real *animus*, scope, and designs. Wherever they could speak out with immediate impunity, they had spoken.* Signor Ferrari, from Paris, in January, 1848, but repeats what many others of his class had said years before. 'There are two plans,' he says in the first page of his pamphlet, 'Reform and Revolution—we must choose between them. Reform leads to no great result—Revolution associates Italy with the great movement of free nations.' 'Reform,' he concludes, 'in Italy is impossible, and Revolution unavoidable.' The object *professed* is not to secure good government, but to change the hands by which government is administered. Even Signor Ferrari has, to be sure, his reserves. He wrote before the French outbreak of February, 1848, had rendered all appearance of moderation unnecessary, and he affects in various passages to conceal his aversion to religion and monarchy under a very transparent veil of respect. The abuses of the Papal and Piedmontese governments afford him, however, a wide field for undisguised attack, and the *reforms* he recommends for them would leave the one without a king and the other with a secular government. To Austria, even he is obliged to render an unwilling homage: 'Elle proscrivait les idées libérales, mais elle réprimait le clergé et la noblesse. Devant les tribunaux, devant l'administration Autrichienne, il n'y eut point de privilégiés, tous les sujets furent égaux' (p. 6). Of the Neapolitan administration, again, he observes (p. 17), 'Doit-on réformer l'administration

* General Pepe, in that impudent record of folly and perfidy, which he calls his *Memoirs*, tells us that he visited England when driven from Naples after his unsuccessful attempt to revolutionize the government. He was received, he says, with great distinction by the principal members of the Whig party, at that time in opposition. To some of the most zealous of these he proposed the formation of a secret society, whose object was the emancipation of Italy and the propagation of *liberal* principles. His proposal met with no encouragement; some even of the warmest partisans coldly assured him that there could be no reason for secrecy, as they openly avowed the sentiments he wished to conceal; others replied that it was a common maxim that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and a peer since deceased, on whose support he had calculated, legged that, if there were a secret, he might not be told it, as he was certain to disclose it in the heat of debate.—See Pepe, vol. iii.

du royaume de Naples? Ce serait inutile. Le royaume est régi par les lois de l'empire, et, à quelques détails près, on ne saurait y toucher.' He trusts in a total change of government to find for Naples that honesty and administrative talent which a monarchy had not been able to produce (p. 24). For Italy at large his hopes lie only in *revolution*. We know not whether the consummation of his desires has satisfied him. We should think the result of these organic changes not calculated to convince the English public of their necessity, nor to reconcile it to the means by which they have been accomplished.

In Rome the behaviour of the democratic party has been such as to deprive their warmest advocates of an apology; and the Pope himself, so lately held up to the idolatry of the people—besieged, abandoned, and imprisoned in his palace—escapes the insulting protection of General Cavaignac by flying from the Quirinal disguised as a liveried menial of the Bavarian envoy!

We are not surprised that the attempt to establish constitutional government in Italy should at first have met with general sympathy in England. It is difficult for our countrymen to conceive that ideas and habits which are so familiar to their own minds should be unintelligible to others, and it is pardonable that they should have continued to hope even after all reasonable hope was extinct; but to those whose business it was to discover the truth, the truth had long been clear, if they had but chosen to see it:—nor was the violence offered to the Pope, or the assassination of a Rossi, necessary to proclaim of what crimes the Italian republicans were capable. We must, however, warn our readers against supposing this party more powerful—more influential—than it really is. It is compact and undivided—it has the singular advantage of a unity of purpose unknown to any other section of political speculators. It is composed of needy men, incensed against society, careless of opinion, eager to improve their fortunes, and all totally unscrupulous as to the choice of means—men such as of old swelled the bands of Catiline, bankrupt in purse and in character, encouraged throughout by foreign emissaries, and applauded by a corrupt and licentious press. These seem formidable elements—but it is not less true that the importance of this party is essentially that of clamour and perseverance merely, and could not have grown to any head but for the absence of the spirit of active loyalty in the upper classes everywhere around it, and but for the fatal truth that among such classes national vanity feebly supplies the place of public principle. It cannot have escaped our readers how large a portion of those who have any claim to respect, or any stake in the country, shrink from a movement to which long impunity and foreign countenance have given a boundless audacity.

On the other hand, no one at all versed in the history of the last half-century can have failed to observe, that, while the republican and anti-religious cause has been advocated with the utmost noise and violence, it is the cause of time-honoured authority alone which has excited any real honest popular enthusiasm. At the close of the last century the peasants of Verona and Arezzo rose against the republican usurpers and their French patrons, with eager but bootless zeal, and drew on themselves the severest chastisement from the foreign army. In Naples, when the capital was abandoned by the court and the king, it was defended for three whole days against the invading military by the unassisted valour of the people; and it was not finally surrendered till the treacherous 'patriots,' in league with the enemy, gained the heights of S. Elmo, and turned the batteries of the fortress on their fellow-citizens. The army of Cardinal Ruffo, supported and kept together by enthusiasm alone, marched triumphantly from one end of the kingdom to the other, and replaced the king on his hereditary throne. We trust it will soon become evident, even to the English Cabinet, that the mass of the people are not materially changed in feeling, and that, in spite of the boasted unanimity, the real well-wishers of the movement party are diminishing daily both in number and in influence.

No man, we suppose, could be found in this country so ill-judging as to desire any interference with the internal government of France, but that independence which she justly claims should be extended to every other country, and a strict neutrality and honourable forbearance ought to have been the conditions on which England based her future relations with the young Republic. Does Lord Palmerston know his own country so ill as to believe it could be agreeable—we will not say to national vanity, we appeal to much better feelings—to see an English Government placed in even a more humiliating position than that to which Charles II. condescended—the obsequious satellite of the ephemeral chief of French anarchy—the blind instrument of his feeble and disloyal aggression? Both countries have shown prudence in respecting the free action of each other; but surely the voice of England should have been raised in defence of the independence of neighbouring states—of those principles of inter-national law on which peace and order are founded, as well as those treaties by which Europe is bound together.

If the principle of intervention on which the Foreign Secretary has acted be bad, the cases to which he has applied it will furnish no palliation; and the results of his policy are likely enough to prove as injurious to British interests as to the foreigners who have chanced to engage his solicitude. Should a misunderstanding arise with France (no great improbability, as long as

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the noble lord holds the seals of office), we are left without an ally, and the persecution of Austria at the moment of her weakness would then appear as impolitic as ungenerous.

It has ever been understood as a prime maxim of our Mediterranean policy, that the island of Sicily should be retained in friendly hands. Ferdinand IV., when driven from his continental dominions, was supported on the Sicilian throne by British arms; and the anxiety of Buonaparte to reannex that island to the kingdom of his brother Joseph, and the obstinate refusal of our Government to cede this point, was the main obstacle to the establishment of the peace attempted in 1806.* The French have never lost sight of this matter—least of all since their colonization of Algeria. When certain projects of marriage were under discussion, repeated efforts were made to gain a footing in Sicily; and this arrangement, which the firmness of the King of Naples, supported by British advice, had hitherto successfully opposed, the extraordinary policy of the present cabinet is actually labouring to facilitate. It is said that the joint mediation of England and France has produced a plan which the King of Naples declines accepting: and if it be true that, according to that scheme, Sicily was to be permitted a separate government and an independent army, we cannot wonder at his decision; in such a case it is scarcely possible that even a nominal allegiance would be long preserved, or a civil war averted—nor that the active interference of France could be prevented after her right of intervention has been admitted. Nor is this the only danger that is to be apprehended. What if Russia, who has hitherto been a watchful though inactive observer of these transactions, should, under such circumstances, offer herself as an ally (an interested one it may be) to the King of Naples? Is our Foreign Secretary prepared to advise his sovereign to unite, in such an event, her fleet to that of France, and aid the spoliation of our ally? Or is England to stand by with folded arms and watch the upshot of the fight, while Sicily

* Sir Robert Adair, in the instructive *Memoirs of his Mission to the Court of Vienna*, points out the extreme importance that was attached to the possession of this great island. The reader will find a quotation from the pages of M. Bignon, in which the candid historian avows the object of the French diplomacy. 'Relativement à la Sicile,' he says, 'ce serait une étrange méprise de supposer que le seul but de l'Empereur fut de procurer à son frère le Roi Joseph la totalité des états du Roi Ferdinand. L'objet véritable, le digne objet de la politique de l'Empereur, quand il se voyait contraint d'abandonner Malte au pouvoir de l'Angleterre, était de balancer l'influence de la navigation de cette puissance dans la Méditerranée en y donnant pour point d'appui à l'influence et à la navigation Françaises l'admirable établissement de la Sicile, soit qu'il dût laisser cette île exister comme province dépendante de Naples, soit qu'il nourrit le projet d'en faire céder plus tard la propriété à la France. Telle était certainement la pensée de Napoléon, et c'était par le même motif que l'Angleterre, qui ne s'y trompait pas, avait montré sur ce point une si longue résistance.'—It was a cabinet of Whigs—but Whigs of 1806—which showed itself thus stubborn in resisting the attempts of the French to increase their power in the Mediterranean.

is to be the prize of the conqueror, veiled it may be under the thin pretext of military protection? If our Government is not prepared to accept this alternative, what, we ask, means an intervention which has been once rejected, and blusterings which at all events can frighten no Emperor of Russia? The pretence of humanity upon which the interference has been defended is equally false and flimsy. It is this very interference of foreigners alone which alone has caused the greater part of the bloodshed they affect to deplore. Had the Neapolitan expedition been suffered to depart when ready, it would at once have ensured submission. But for the French and English fleets in the Bay of Messina, which kept up the hopes of the insurgents, the bombardment of the city would never have been necessary. Again, when necessity had enforced that step, the peaceable occupation of the whole island must inevitably have ensued, if another act of interference had not deferred the termination of the quarrel. In the mean time a state of suspense and distress is prolonged by powers too strong to be resisted—commerce and industry are suspended—the just rights of the King of Naples are violated—and his subjects are encouraged in a rebellion in which they will not be permanently supported, nor, we venture to predict, ultimately successful.

In what form of absurdity and injustice our Government proposes to inflict its good offices on the Emperor of Austria, as an Italian sovereign, we cannot tell. We presume it is not the intention of Ministers to unite the British forces with those of the French republic, and despoil him of the provinces he has reconquered for the benefit of the upright King of Sardinia? It is said that the plan is to demand from Austria 'liberal institutions for her Italian dominions'—that is to say, reform but not revolution. We know too well that the Italian Liberals reject everything short of the entire abolition of Austrian royalty beyond the Alps: nor is it easy for us to conceive how any chief of the French republic can stipulate for a form of government to which he—even if his name be Buonaparte—must be avowedly opposed. The organs of all parties in the '*bel paese*' agree in deprecating English interference. We wish the noble Secretary would listen to the Italians themselves, and learn from their own lips the estimation in which his country and his policy are held. See in what terms a prominent member of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies, in discussing the prolongation of the armistice* in the

* As a proof of the value attached to treaties and national obligations by the Italian Liberals, when the news of the insurrection at Vienna arrived, it was instantly proposed in the Piedmontese Chambers to break the armistice and march the army back into Lombardy. The disaffection of the capital it was hoped had reached Marshal Radetsky's camp! The recollection, however, of the Lombard campaign was yet fresh, and the motion was negatived.

sittings of the 21st of October, repudiates all reliance on English assistance. 'When,' he asks, 'was England the friend or advocate of real liberty? Was she not the inveterate enemy of the French republic in the last century—the obstinate opponent of Napoleon in this? Her interest in our cause proceeds from the vile speculations of mercantile avarice. From such friendship the cause of Italian liberty has nothing to hope.' We do not wish to disprove the charge of Signor Brofferio. England does indeed refuse her sympathy to the scaffold of Robespierre and the throne of Buonaparte, and to that form of 'liberty' which leads to either. On the subject of the proposed mediation also we agree with the candid orator of Turin; and our feelings, we believe, are shared by the whole kingdom—that narrow majority in the House of Commons perhaps *not* excepted, which affords the Foreign Secretary a reluctant support, for fear of embarrassing the Ministry of which he forms a part, and which, alas! there seems as yet little or no prospect of replacing by a government uniting sound principles with solid power.

It might have been hoped that the ill success which attended our interference in the Spanish peninsula would have deterred any English administration from volunteering unrequired assistance elsewhere. On the present occasion, we are aware that our intervention is not desired, and our arrogating the right to intrude it is a direct infringement on the independence of sovereign states, not less reprehensible in principle than those acts of insolent oppression by which Buonaparte tyrannised over Europe, and against which we exhausted for years our blood and treasure. But even supposing the mediation accepted and successful, by what machinery, we would inquire, are we to conduct our superintendence of the internal government of Naples or of Austria? How are we to enforce the stipulated conditions? Who is to decide whether they have been fulfilled, or whether the guilt of infringement lies with the people or with the crown? Are the Ministers of France and England to direct the domestic arrangements of those countries also? Is this additional burden to be placed on the shoulders of future functionaries, who may not possess perchance either the enterprise of a General Cavaignac, or the portentous activity of a Lord Palmerston? Has republican France, struggling, without funds or credit, in the agonies of a revolution only just commenced—has she, we ask, the leisure to watch the development of constitutional principles in Sicily and Lombardy, and to pronounce judgment on the conflicting claims of the prince and the people? Can England not find occupation enough for herself with her despairing colonies, her starving weavers, her muttering farmers, and her rebellious Ireland? Is she not sufficiently

ciently embarrassed by the weakness of government, the factions of opposition, and her House of Commons wasting precious time night after night under the slow torture of imbecile and frivolous spouters, each anxious to throw the impediment of his vulgar prolixity in the way of the public service?

These general objections to mediation we think conclusive; but there are others behind. We do not believe Lord Palmerston possesses sufficient knowledge of the continent generally, of Italy in particular, to qualify him for the post in which we see him. We believe, moreover, that the cause of revolution which he undertakes to protect is losing ground—the crimes that have attended it have shocked the good—the ruin that has followed it has frightened the timid. The solemn farce enacted at Frankfort has lost with its novelty all its power of imposition, and the admirers of German wisdom must rejoice that it at length has discovered the absurdity of a Senate uttering decrees which there is no one to obey, and voting the levy of taxes and armies without a territory or a subject. The legislative assemblies of Berlin, Turin, Florence, and Vienna, have not given greater satisfaction, nor answered any purpose that we can discover, except that of justifying the opinion of persons who pronounced those countries utterly unfit for representative government.

On a former occasion we expressed a hope that the soldiers and gentlemen of Germany would reappear amidst the degrading confusion of anarchy, and assert once more the ancient claim of their country to respect and consideration. In Austria *they have appeared*; Radetsky, Jellachich, and Windischgraetz, have displayed a noble combination of skill, valour, humanity, and forbearance. We have no shame in confessing that the misfortunes and humiliations of the Austrian monarchy had caused us pain. We do not constitute ourselves the apologists of its old despotic system—nor of any other despotism; but we wish to be just to its merits. We cannot forget its constancy and unconquerable steadiness, nor the elasticity, with which when bowed to the earth, it has always risen again with fresh vigour. Nor can we refuse our admiration to the enthusiastic attachment with which it has inspired many portions at least of a vast and various population. It is acknowledged by all to have been impartial in the administration of justice. In the main, we believe it to have exercised its influence for the benefit of its subjects, and thence to possess sufficient vitality to preserve it from perishing. M. Ferrari charges it with an obstinate torpidity and neglect of the resources its natural advantages afforded. It would be an easy task, we believe, to rebut these allegations, by an appeal to progressive improvement, increasing wealth, and extended commerce. On
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the management of the Austrian army he is also very severe; the officer he paints as detestable for insolence, ridiculous for incapacity—the soldier as a mere sulky slave, ill-treated, dejected, and ready to desert. We think he uttered his hope rather than his belief; at least, he will not now be inclined to deny the efficiency of the Austrian army, or to doubt its loyalty. On Signor Ferrari's general vituperation of Germany and the Germans we shall not dwell. It has been the immemorial practice of Italians to bestow the epithet of 'barbarians' upon all nations dwelling beyond the Alps, and particularly on the Germans, with whom they are most frequently thrown into contact. This delusion (a tradition of the Roman supremacy), still obstinately maintained, and—as respects the Germans at least—re-echoed even by foreigners, has served to confirm national vanity, and to render the task of government more difficult. That superiority in intellect and taste which once was the just glory of Italy has long since disappeared; and even in the ornamental and luxurious arts she is now not more superior to the rest of Europe than in warlike and political science.

The point to which we particularly wished to invite the attention of our readers, when we first noticed the revolutionary tendency of Italy, was the true motive and design of the agitators. We well knew that 'liberal institutions' had ever been much more the objects of their aversion than absolute monarchy itself. We well know that their purpose was not to improve the governments of Italy, but to change the governing power everywhere. Signor Ferrari admits that, if the Italians would be contented with 'reform,' there is no alteration of law or administration which might not be gradually obtained without any violence. He is forced to confess especially the great progress of material comfort which had already been attained in the provinces governed by Austria or by princes of her house—the striking example of security for person and property which distinguished all the wide region under the influence of his 'Barbarians.' But all this lay out of the scope of the Liberal agitators. They 'cared for none of these things'—and M. Ferrari bravely confesses it. What they desired to clutch at was the power of governing. See the result hitherto! In former days it lay with sovereigns, their ministers, and nobles; now it is claimed and exercised by the ignorant mechanic, the *proletarii* of the capital, the liberated convict. The simple truth is, that to adopt the theory and imitate the practice of France is the highest ambition of the Italian liberal. Yet France at its wildest moment of anarchical licence has never enjoyed as much personal and individual freedom as would render life bearable to an English day-labourer. Liberty in France seems

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to mean a direct right of interfering with the process of administration. Real freedom is not understood by any part of the population of town or country, by the philanthropists and philosophers, in the Utopian theories of MM. Blanc and Cabet, or in M. Lamartine's tomes of prurient fustian. In special proof of our argument we would appeal to the state of Tuscany, which has passed from the rule of the constitutional ministers named by the sovereign to those imposed upon him by the mob; we would ask our republican readers (if indeed we have any) to contrast the Tuscany of former years with the Tuscany governed by MM. Guerazzi and Antonelli, and threatened with the national synod of the philosopher Mazzini. But every state, as well as Tuscany, has given abundant proofs of the contempt in which constitutional government is held. The freedom of the press is valued only as an instrument of calumny; the freedom of debate is daily infringed by outrageous auditors, and neither life nor property is safe from the fury of the rabble. The boasted unanimity of the peninsula has brought even more hatred to light than we believed to have existed. Each pamphlet and each speech is a fresh proof of mutual antipathy.* The noble and the priest are incarnations of treachery—no one is honest—none sincere but the declaimer and his supporters. The Milanese charge the Piedmontese with selfish ambition; the Piedmontese retort avarice and cowardice on the Milanese. The Venetians declare they are deserted by their Italian brothers;† the Romans accuse the Neapolitans of *loyalty*; and the insurgent Sicilians have roasted Neapolitan soldiers alive in the streets of Messina, and with their teeth torn the flesh from the yet palpitating bodies.

Such a spectacle all must behold with disgust; but it is the doing of our ministers that we are obliged to view it with humiliation. It is the policy of Lord Palmerston that prolongs this fiendish state of animosity; it is the intervention of the great power, which he is by an unparalleled combination of unhappy circumstances allowed to guide, that defers peace. In spite of

* See for example 'L'Insurrection de Milan en 1848,' a pamphlet lately published in Paris, by Carlo Cattaneo. He is a Milanese, was deeply implicated in the rebellion, and a member of the last administration. He attributes the defeat of the Italians to the treachery of the king of Sardinia and of the noble party in Milan, between whom, however, he hesitates how to divide the blame. He does not even allude to the royal explanation to the deputation from the legislative chamber of Turin, in which Charles Albert asserts that he did not sign the armistice until he had discovered that the Milanese government was negotiating for a separate treaty with Radetsky.

† The Venetians assert that the sum total of brotherly assistance afforded them by the united generosity of the whole peninsula comes exactly to 90,000 Austrian lives—something less than 3000*l.* This assertion will be found in a recent number of the Venetian Gazette—the paragraph being signed by Tommasio, a member of the revolutionary government.

the charges of the Piedmontese orators, there is in this country the strongest sympathy with the struggles for liberty, the firmest determination to hope the best, and the most generous wish to be blind to error; but for cruelty and treachery *England* has neither sympathy nor toleration. Whoever watches our daily press must have noted the reluctant but decided retrocession, step by step, according as intelligence arrived, of the more influential organs of public opinion which at first joined in the applause of the Italian movement. That cause has now, we may venture to say, no presentable advocate in this country beyond the immediate circle of the Government. We trust that Government will also take warning. Our desertion of Austria was more than a blunder; our encouragement of rebellion was a crime: and if our ministers do not change their policy, and that with speed and decisively, they may rely upon it they will be called to a severe reckoning. We trust no dread of apparent inconsistency will confirm them in an erroneous course; it is yet but the eleventh hour. Let the British fleet be recalled from the Bay of Naples, where it serves to excite insurrection in one kingdom and to support it in another. Let the attempted mediation as to Lombardy be abandoned. If France will send her M. de Tocqueville on such an errand, let not England misuse such a public servant as Sir Henry Ellis by deputing him to take a part. Let it be clearly understood that the assassins of Rome and the rebels of Florence have nothing to hope for from English friendship. Let the Italian republicans learn that they will not again be supported in a war of aggression; that if they draw the sword they will not be protected from the consequences of their temerity. Let the Imperial cabinet feel that its complicated difficulties shall not be increased by our wanton hostility. Let the governors of France, whoever they may be, be made aware that no insolent aggression on neighbouring states will have our sanction; that existing treaties will be respected, and that the policy which both honour and interest dictate is that which we shall pursue without flinching. Let the ministry adopt this policy—there still is time: if not, they will not again escape. They have hitherto been favoured by the unpopularity of the persons who attacked them, as well as by the nature of the attack: but it is not doubtful that censors will now arraign them, to whom an account must be rendered; nor will the supercilious *persiflage* of Lord Palmerston, nor the laconic sarcasms of Lord John Russell be accepted as an explanation.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Rapport au Roi Louis Philippe, par M. Guizot, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, sur l'exécution de la loi du 28 Juin, 1833, relative à l'Instruction Primaire.* 1 vol. in 4to. 471 pages. Paris. 1834.
2. *Rapports au Roi Louis Philippe, par M. Guizot, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, sur les recherches relatives à l'Histoire de France (1833, 1834, 1835).* In 4to. 88 pages. Paris. 1835.
3. *Rapport au Roi Louis Philippe, sur l'Instruction Secondaire, par M. Villemain, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* In 4to. 358 pages. Paris. 1843.

WE have availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the residence of M. Guizot in England, to improve our knowledge as to the system of Public Education in France, and its present condition. Nobody can be better able to explain these things than the man who, as teacher and as administrator, has successively served and guided the public education of his country. It is from his conversation, and from documents he has had the kindness to afford us, that we have obtained, in particular, a distinct acquaintance with his ideas and his acts as Minister of Public Instruction from 1832 to 1837. The information thus acquired we now intend to lay before our readers; and while we trace the progress of this most important branch of French administration, we shall endeavour to form an estimate of its efficiency: While we describe what was done in France during one of the most active and remarkable epochs of public instruction, we shall frankly state our opinion on the fundamental questions we may encounter on our way; and shall endeavour to point out what England, in an enlightened pursuit of her best interests, would do well to imitate or to avoid in the system and practice of her neighbours.

M. Guizot entered, as Minister of Public Instruction, the Cabinet formed on the 11th of October, 1832, in which Marshal Soult was President, the Duc de Broglie Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Thiers Minister of the Interior. The department confided to M. Guizot was of recent creation, and its arrangements were still incomplete and indeterminate. His first care, therefore, was to give a strong and effective organization to the office over which he presided.

Here, at the very threshold of our inquiry, we are met by a paramount question. In the actual state of civilization, is a special ministry of public instruction necessary or desirable for every country?

For England, we should answer without hesitation, No. We have not, like France and Prussia, a general and uniform system
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of public instruction; but we have numerous establishments for every kind and degree of public instruction; we have establishments analogous, both in their nature and their classification, to those which exist elsewhere; elementary schools for the people; public or grammar schools (*colléges* in the French acceptation of the word) for classical and literary studies; universities for higher instruction in every branch of science. In France, and in most of the states of Germany, the various schools form a vast whole, all the parts of which are held together and governed by one central authority. In England, on the contrary, the corresponding institutions are—1st. *Isolated*; i.e., each subsisting apart, and having its own particular administration. 2nd. *Heterogeneous*; i.e., differently organized, according to the opinions and wishes of the persons by whom they were founded, or by whom they are directed, or of that portion of the public which intrusts its children to them. 3rd. *Independent*—to all practical purposes and under all ordinary circumstances—of the government, which exercises, indeed, a certain supervision over them, but does not even claim the right to manage them. 4th. *Subject, generally, to religious influences*; the greater number being under the influence of the Church of England, the rest under that of the various sects of dissenters.

It is not to be denied that, in the internal system of these establishments, many imperfections may be discerned; there are abuses to reform, defects to repair, and improvements to introduce. Much has in our own time been done for their amendment, but more still remains to be done. For the most part, however, if not in every case, each such establishment here has within itself the power and the means of all desirable changes; and it cannot be alleged, of late years at all events, that those in immediate charge of them have shown aversion to salutary innovation. Such being the case, it would surely be very shortsighted policy not to leave the matter, as far as possible, in their hands. No one can disapprove the intervention of the central power in the State, whether parliament or cabinet, so far as it may be necessary to supply the deficiencies, and to remedy the defects of the existing institutions; to reform their abuses, and furnish them with the means of development; to stimulate their zeal, and excite their mutual emulation. But we regard it as essential that the central government should stop there: we deprecate all interference that is not *necessary*;—above all, in spite of some weighty opinions to the contrary, we deprecate the appointment of a special ministry of public instruction, empowered either to found a general system of public schools, independent of and collateral with the existing establishments, or to lay hands on those establishments in order to unite them into one whole, and to place them under one

one authority. Any attempt of the kind would be a complete revolution, as far as public instruction is concerned. We infinitely prefer to maintain what exists. In the first place, *because* it exists; and because we attach infinite importance to respect for vested rights and established institutions, in this department of the commonwealth, as in every other. It is no easy task to create anything really endowed with vitality and permanence. Our elementary schools (whether those of the Church of England or those of the dissenting sects), our great classical schools of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Harrow, and Rugby, our universities of Oxford and Cambridge, have the two-fold strength of fresh and genuine life, and of long-tried and venerable age. It would be possible on paper to organize institutions for public instruction more complete and more systematic. But would they ever acquire any life or consistency, except on paper? Would they grow and bear fruit? Would they endure? On this last head especially we must be permitted to doubt. We have greater confidence in institutions which have been tried by time than in projects of the most ingenious mind which have not been subjected to that test.

The variety and the isolation of our actual establishments are, moreover, a security for liberty. Now, we are warmly attached to real and practical liberty, in public instruction as elsewhere. Liberty was the foundress of the majority of our schools, great and small. They owe their existence to the free and unconstrained intentions and the voluntary gifts of persons who resorted to this means of satisfying a certain sentiment, or of fulfilling a certain idea. The same sentiments, the same ideas, which inspired these founders, still undoubtedly exist; still probably exercise a powerful influence over the generation of living men. The world does not change so much nor so rapidly as superficial observers fancy; and liberty can ill brook the fetters of scientific uniformity. We wish to see the various establishments founded in past ages by the free will of beneficent persons, offer, in this our day, to the free choice of parents the satisfaction of their various wishes as to the education of their children; and we believe this to be no less essential to the prosperity of public instruction (to which the confidence of parents is absolutely necessary), than it is to the stability of social order.

We also attach an immense value to the religious character and the religious influences which prevail in most of our establishments of public instruction; a character and influences which would either wholly disappear, or be greatly enfeebled, if these establishments formed a great whole, subject to the direct and omnipresent action of the central government. In a country
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situated as this is, no man of common sense can dream of demanding that the entire government of public instruction shall be given to the Church;—but neither would we place it exclusively in the hands of lay authorities, who, probably by design, and perhaps without design, would soon strip the religious authorities of their legitimate influence. Continual appeal is made to the principle of the separation of secular from religious instruction; a principle which, while it confers the sole charge of religious instruction on the clergy, places secular instruction exclusively in the hands of the laity. But the principle is false and pernicious; at least in the extension which its partisans seek to give it. We need not at present enter into the question as respects institutions for students of advanced years and the higher branches of literature and science. That is a subject for separate consideration. The essential point in all Schools, whether Primary or Secondary, in which *children* pass years of their lives, is moral education. Intellectual education, however good in itself, and however valuable for the instruments it puts into the hands of man, derives its chief value and excellence from the means it furnishes for moral education, and from its intimate connexion with the development of the *character*. Now, instruction may be divided, education cannot. The lessons addressed to the understanding alone may be limited to certain times; but the influences which bend and fashion the soul—especially religious influences—are not to be measured and allotted by the hour. To attain their end these influences must be present in every place, and felt at every time. A purely secular public instruction may form the understanding, but it cannot form the moral character. There can be no moral education without domestic life, or religion. And where, as in public schools, the former does not exist, the influence of the latter is the more indispensable.

It is the honour and the happiness of England that this influence is generally powerful and efficacious in her establishments for public instruction. We do not perceive that it has diminished the independence, or impaired the activity, of the mind of the country. It will hardly be said that we are inferior to any nation in freedom or in intelligence. And whilst the influence of religion in education has caused us no detriment in this respect, it is evident that it has greatly served the cause of public order and of private morality. We should therefore regard as an incalculable evil, and should oppose with all our might, any general organization of public instruction which would seriously alter the actual state of our institutions and the influences reigning there. Whilst we should hail every internal reform or improvement which can be introduced into them, we would neither recast them

in one and the same mould, nor concentrate the government of them in one and the same hand.

In France the state of things is totally different. Before the year 1789, France possessed a great number of public schools, of all kinds and degrees—primary, secondary, and superior; without uniformity or connexion, founded at different epochs, and directed by religious congregations, such as Benedictines, Jesuits, Oratorians, Doctrinaires, Lazaristes, and Brothers of the Christian Doctrine—by the secular clergy—by lay corporations or individuals—or, lastly, by the State itself. These establishments were indirectly and unequally subject to the action of the central government, by the intervention, more or less independent and spontaneous, in some cases of the magistracy, in others of the administration.

In that vast body of different establishments, the lowest in degree and the highest—i. e. the primary schools for the instruction of the people, and the great schools for the study of the higher sciences (as, for example, the faculties of Law and Medicine), were very inadequate and very imperfect. On the other hand, the schools of the intermediate degree—the classical or grammar schools—were good and very numerous. Before 1789 it was computed that France contained 562 *collèges*, or public establishments, more or less complete, for classical instruction. That instruction was given to 72,747 pupils, among whom 40,621 received it (wholly or in part) gratuitously.* In these schools was formed, in every rank and for every career, that great, active, and varied society of France, whose progress in all the paths of civilization was, from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, so rapid and brilliant.

Between 1789 and 1794 all these establishments were destroyed. The masters were dispersed and the property sold. When, at the close of the revolutionary *régime*, an attempt was made to re-establish something like order in France, all the religious or lay corporations devoted to the instruction of the people, and all the ancient endowments, had ceased to exist.

To re-organize public instruction on these ruins, three systems were possible—1°. To abandon the matter entirely to private speculation; to have no schools founded and maintained by the State; the central government confining itself to the exercise of a certain supervision over the schools established by private

* Such was the state of classical instruction in France in 1789, for a population of twenty-five millions. In 1812, since which time the numbers have varied but little, France could reckon only 358 public establishments of classical learning, containing in all 44,091 pupils, out of whom 7567 received instruction gratuitously, or partially so. We ought also to take into account 1016 private schools in which classical instruction is given. But the total number of the pupils contained in all these establishments, public and private, does not exceed 69,341, and is therefore smaller than it was in 1789.

individuals.—2°. To vest the business of public instruction exclusively in the State; all schools, of all sorts and degrees, being instituted and governed by the central power.—3°. To permit the instruction of the people to be carried on concurrently between the State and private speculators; in the public schools instituted by the central power, and in private schools set on foot and managed at the discretion of the undertakers.

The first of these systems prevailed to a certain extent during the storms of the Revolution, from 1791 to 1798. The second was established by Napoleon, under the name of the Imperial University. The third was promised to France by the Charter of 1830.

We do not think the first system good, nor even practicable. Education and instruction, morality and science, are not wares, the production and distribution of which can be left entirely to private interest and commercial speculation. The teachers of successive generations of men must be actuated by motives more elevated than the love of gain, and must preside over establishments which are not mere shops for the sale of certain acquirements. There is, moreover (as Dr. Chalmers has so eloquently shown), this difference between the material and the moral wants of man—that the former pursue their satisfaction with unwearied ardour, whilst the latter become feeble and torpid if left to themselves. The hungry man struggles to procure himself food by any effort and at any risk; the man who has no moral or intellectual culture is contented to do without it; and the more complete his intellectual destitution, the less is he sensible of his want. It is necessary, therefore, that institutions destined to elevate the people, to develop their intelligence and their character, should subsist independently of all effort—almost of all demand—on the part of those for whose use they are intended. This is a matter above the reach of commercial enterprise, which does not speculate on so uncertain a consumption, and appeals only to those wants which it is sure to find eager and steady in the pursuit of satisfaction.

But if the education of a great people is to be left to private and voluntary speculation, the liberty to supply the deficiencies and to correct the radical vices of such a system must be real and complete; none of the efforts, none of the means, which society spontaneously resorts to in order to secure education for its members, must be prohibited or impeded. Religious zeal, the spirit of association, the desire of living honourably in the recollection of mankind as the founder of pious or learned institutions, have covered Europe—had covered France herself—with establishments devoted to public instruction, and with men

consecrated to their service. But, on the one hand, after—and even before—the year 1789 the sentiments and cast of thought which had mainly given birth to all these foundations existed no longer in France, or breathed but feebly; and, on the other, revolutionary governments and revolutionary legislation absolutely forbade their revival. Even if educational congregations had tried to reconstitute themselves—even if pious zeal had desired once more to found and endow establishments for instruction—it would neither have been permitted nor possible. While what we call the voluntary principle—the principle of the freedom of all private endeavours to satisfy the wants of national education—was loudly proclaimed, that freedom was, in fact and practice, curtailed or destroyed; it was denied to certain sentiments and to certain men—to almost the only men who would have used it with some beneficial results, and to useful and elevated purposes.

Weak and bad in itself, the system which intrusts private enterprise with the entire care of providing for national education, was, in France, after the ravages of the Revolution, more inefficient and more inapplicable than anywhere else; and accordingly, although often professed in principle, it has never been seriously reduced to practice. As soon as the void created by the ruin of the old establishments became manifest, the different governments which succeeded each other endeavoured to fill it, in the name and by the intervention of the State. They had then to choose between the two latter of the systems we have mentioned: either the monopoly of the State, and its exclusive authority over all schools, public or private; or competition between the State and those established by private persons. As these two systems equally require a ministry of public instruction, there was, on this point, no choice; centralization and the intervention of the State arose in France spontaneously out of the ruin of the ancient institutions. Public instruction being no longer distributed among a great number of establishments subsisting by themselves, distinct, dissimilar, independent, and subjected to powerful and permanent influences—a central and special administration for its direction must be regarded as a necessary consequence—a device absolutely indispensable. It may be very true that this system, which possesses great advantages in a scientific point of view, has less to recommend it in a moral one; that the part it assigns to the civil power is too large, and that left to the influences of family, and of religion too small. France will do well to struggle against these disadvantages of the system, but it is a system which she cannot abandon. In order to secure efficient public instruction, she must have a body of establishments of all degrees founded by the State, possessing

sessing the privilege of teaching exclusively, or concurrently with analogous establishments founded and directed by free enterprise. At the head of this body must be a chief presiding over and governing it in the name of the State.

The necessity of a special ministry of public instruction in France being admitted, a second question presents itself—Ought the head of this department to have a political character, and a seat in the cabinet?

It is impossible to deny that such an arrangement is liable to objections. It draws the administration of public instruction, in which calmness and steadiness are so desirable, within the stormy and fluctuating sphere of politics. A special, but not a political, head—one as little as possible affected by ministerial changes—would, in some respects, enjoy great advantages. But, on the other hand, if the head of public instruction has not a seat in the cabinet, there will be a vast power external to the government; not only to the executive government, but to those political assemblies or bodies which take part in the conduct of national affairs, whatever be their name, their form, or their number. It would in that case be extremely difficult to apply the principle of ministerial responsibility to the administration of public instruction. Questions would frequently arise in the representative assemblies—complaints would be made—relating to public instruction. How would it be possible to settle them if there were not a member of the cabinet able—in reality, and not merely in appearance—to reply to them? The power of the assemblies themselves over this important matter would be greatly impaired, for that power is mainly exercised through the responsibility of Ministers. Deliberative chambers can exercise an effectual check on the government only by calling to account an executive power which stands in need of their concurrence and support. A head of public instruction, without a seat in the cabinet, would be at once too independent of the government and too little connected with the body of the nation. This was one of the vices of the ancient educational congregations.

Public instruction itself would probably suffer by this arrangement. It is impossible not to be struck with the favourable manner in which this branch of the public service has always been regarded, for the last thirty years, by the French Chambers;—the facility, we might almost say the eagerness, with which they have invariably received all propositions tending to its improvement. This is to be ascribed not merely to the general respect of the age for intelligence and knowledge, or a just sentiment of the utility of the proposed expenditure. It is also to be ascribed to the fact that the Assembly has before it, as one of
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its own members, the Minister of Public Instruction ; that it is bound to learn through him, and to debate with him, the interests of the national education, of science, and of letters ; and that it therefore assumes some of the responsibility of the administration, and takes a pride in sharing the merit of the measures proposed, and contributing to the progress anticipated. If in such a country as the France of these days public instruction were not directly represented in the cabinet and in the deliberative assemblies, it certainly would not meet with such favourable attention, nor obtain such liberal and cordial support.

But if the Minister of Instruction is a member of the cabinet, precautions must be used as to the mode of conducting his department, to prevent its falling completely into the vortex and under the dominion of politics. The interests of stability and tradition, the *status* and the rights of persons, must be placed under strong guarantees. A permanent Council acting as assessors to the Minister, and invested with a certain degree of authority ; legal rules imposed on the administration, and in certain cases delaying its action ; are among the means of preserving national education from the tyranny of political passions and the mobility of political changes. The considerations which demand that the head of public instruction should be a member of the Government, are thus satisfied, while the disadvantages of that course are counteracted, and at least greatly diminished.

Such were the views which influenced M. Guizot in 1832. From the time when the revolutionary tempest was lulled, under the Consulate and the Empire, public instruction had had a distinct administration and a special head. The celebrated chemist Fourcroy, as Director-General, M. de Fontanes, as Grand Master of the Imperial University, and M. Royer-Collard, as President of the Royal Commission of Public Instruction, had successively presided over it. Under M. de Villele's government, in 1824, this branch of the administration was raised to the rank of a ministerial department, and its chief to that of member of the Cabinet. From 1824 to 1830 the Abbé Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, M. de Vatimesnil, M. de Montbel, and M. de Guernon-Ranville, had a seat in it in the character of head of public instruction. But the organization of this department was still very incomplete and very precarious. Functions naturally belonging to it were dispersed among other departments. When, however, M. Guizot became Minister of Public Instruction, that department underwent a much more efficient organization, which it has retained up to the present time. It was arranged under two grand divisions. To the first belonged the administration of public instruction, properly so called ; that is, of all schools, primary,

primary, secondary, or superior, which are considered as forming the University of France, and are directed or superintended in its name. The second division comprehends—1. Some public establishments for the higher branches of learning which are not attached to the University of France, and are in general older than that institution. Such are the *Collège de France*, the *Jardin des Plantes*, the *Bureau des Longitudes*, *l'École des Langues Orientales*, *l'École des Chartes*, &c. &c. 2. The scientific and literary societies which the central Government supports, and with which it has official communication: as the Institute, the Academy of Medicine, and the numerous learned societies of the Departments. 3. The public libraries, at Paris or in the Departments, which the State maintains, or over the management of which it exercises supervision. 4. Lastly, the encouragements of every kind given by the State to science and letters, whether by the publication of works at its own cost, or by subscription to great publications undertaken by individuals.

In principle, this organization of the ministry of public instruction is well conceived, and seems to embrace within its domain all that naturally belongs to it. But on a closer survey of the general distribution of the administration in France, we perceive that the ministry of public instruction is yet incomplete; and that functions which ought to be classed under the one or the other of these two grand divisions are still scattered over other ministerial departments. Thus, for example, while not only all the schools of the University of France, but great isolated schools, such as the *Collège de France* and the *Jardin des Plantes*, are placed under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, other very important schools are wholly independent of it. This may be accounted for in the case of institutions exclusively devoted to a special branch of instruction, such as the military or naval schools, or the School of Public Works. It is natural, and even necessary, that these should fall within the departments of the special ministers whose agents and servants are recruited from such establishments; but the learned or scientific schools (for instance, the Polytechnic School), which have a general character, and in which are formed, for every sort of career, the young men who afterwards enter the various special schools, ought, it should seem, to belong to the ministry of public instruction. That the Emperor Napoleon should have carefully kept the Polytechnic School under the authority of the Minister-at-War is perfectly natural and intelligible. What he principally required of that school was, that it should furnish him with soldiers—artillery and engineer officers; and he desired that even the civil functionaries trained in it—such as engineers of bridges and highways, or of
mines—

mines—should be strongly imbued with the military spirit, and early formed to military punctuality and military discipline. As he even prescribed military habits and forms—the uniform, the exercise, and the drum—in common day-schools, among children destined to become lawyers, physicians, merchants, and professors—it is no wonder that he committed the government of a school in which civil engineers and military officers were trained indiscriminately, to the Minister-at-War. Even of civil engineers, when they had quitted their college and entered on their career, Napoleon required nothing but the fulfilment of a special task—the able execution of certain professional works intrusted to them. Though they belonged to civil life, these men had no part to act, and no influence to exercise in it, beyond the strict performance of their material functions. Now, all this purely military and administrative *régime* has disappeared, and has been succeeded by a state of political liberty, of political influences, and of rapid and general intellectual movement. The men who possess certain acquirements, at once practical and rare, and who are enabled by those acquirements to render most valuable services to civil society—the men, for example, trained at the Polytechnic School—acquire by their knowledge a weight and influence which has a far wider range and application than the mere cutting a road or working a mine. They naturally exercise a moral influence over their fellow-citizens, which formerly they did not dream of, and they easily rise to political situations in which they command attention and respect. It is of the utmost importance to a society in which the sphere of such men has been so greatly modified and enlarged, that their education should be modified and enlarged in proportion. The school which was sufficient and suitable for pupils destined to live under the uniformity and discipline of the imperial administration, no longer suffices and no longer suits under the varied and agitated *régime* of political liberty. The France of our days stands in need of a Polytechnic School very differently organized and governed from that of Imperial France; for the men trained at the Polytechnic School have now a position and career utterly different from those which the Imperial Government could or would grant them. And if the Polytechnic School were placed under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, this necessary transformation may undoubtedly take place more naturally, and with greater facility than is possible while it remains under the government of the Minister-at-War.

Another class of schools, already numerous and important, and which will probably become more and more so, ought also, as it may seem, to be attached to that ministry. We mean the industrial

trial and commercial schools, of which there are two kinds. The former are entirely special and experimental, and are designed to form practitioners in the different trades and professions. Such are the *E'coles des Arts et M'etiers*, established at Châlons, Angers, Aix, &c., and the schools of practical agriculture recently instituted in several parts of France. Now these schools, as it appears to us, have nothing in common with the ministry of public instruction, and naturally come within the province of the minister who forms the link between the government and the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of the country. But there are other schools which combine a professional with a general and scientific character; which prepare men for commercial and professional life, without giving them positive and technical instructions in this or that particular branch. Such are the schools in which lessons are given in political economy, the history of commerce, mechanics, chemistry applied to arts and manufactures, foreign languages, geography, commercial statistics, &c. &c. These, we think, might be properly placed under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction; for the interests of the manufacturers and merchants themselves, their own intellectual progress, and their ascendancy over the masses of men of which they are the centres, require that their education should not be essentially different, nor very early separated, from the classical and scientific education received by those destined for the liberal professions.

The second grand division of the department of public instruction,—that which comprehends scientific and literary establishments, and encouragements to science and letters,—also appears to be still incomplete. Institutions which ought to belong to it have remained attached to the Ministry of the Interior. The institution for the deaf and dumb, and that for blind children, are establishments for education, at least as much as for charity. It appears indeed that the special and singular character of this kind of education (caused by the natural infirmities, the alleviation of which these establishments are devoted), the peculiar methods employed, and the psychological observations collected, afford additional reasons for assigning it to the Minister of Public Instruction; since his sphere includes philosophical and moral studies, and a knowledge of the questions and the facts necessary to the success of such establishments. But if, in the case of institutions which have this mixed character of education and charity, we might hesitate between the Ministry of Public Instruction and that of the Interior, there seems to be no doubt that the general Archives of France, and the particular Archives of the several Departments or Cities, ought to be assigned to the former.

It

It is not easy to understand why they remained attached to the Ministry of the Interior. They are establishments of a purely scientific nature, and ought to be placed in the same department with the *École des Chartes*, with the schools for the teaching of history, and with the general direction of the researches and publications relating to the national history, which are carried on in France with the concurrence of Government.—Lastly, the Fine Arts, the great schools in which painting, sculpture, and architecture are taught, and the encouragements distributed among them, would seem to be more appropriately placed within the province of the Minister of Public Instruction than in that of the Minister of the Interior. The department of the former would then represent the entire action exercised by the central government over the education and the intellectual culture of the nation; whilst, by their concentration on one point, and under one authority, the various means of promoting that culture would impart strength and splendour to one another.

This result is obviously not yet obtained. The ministry of public instruction, which, as we have shown, is necessary in France, is not yet completely organized in accordance with a reasonable and natural classification. But M. Guizot organized that department on large and solid foundations; he attached to it all the most essential functions and gave it its true character and importance; thus probably ensuring to it, at some future time, the possession of the powers and functions which it still wants.

After having settled the internal organization of his department, M. Guizot turned his attention to the field of its appropriate action. The first act of his administration was one of great importance. In consequence of a proposal which he laid before the King, and by an ordonnance of the 26th of October, 1832, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the Institute was re-established.

This academy, founded by the revolutionary government in 1796, and bearing traces of the passions of that period, had been abolished by the despotic instinct of the consular government in 1803, and had not been re-established by the government of the Restoration in 1816, when it remodelled the constitution of the Institute, and restored to the classes of that body their ancient name of Academies.

The value of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences depends on the solution of the following question: Can the moral and political sciences ever acquire the certainty and fixity which characterize a science? We have before us the ordonnance by which this Academy was instituted; and we find that among the sciences within its domain are comprehended legislation, public law,

aw, and jurisprudence. These are incontestably sciences, and have, in all times and in all countries, been considered such. Next come political economy and statistics. We are aware that on the Continent, and especially in France, there are men blinded by prejudice, or incapable of reflection, who still deny that these are sciences. But we also know that their motive for this denial is, that the principles and facts which it is the office of these sciences to bring to light are the mortal enemies of the ideas—socialist, communist, or whatever they may be called—in whose name these men would remodel society. But we are led by this very reason to a precisely opposite conclusion; and we are the more ready to acknowledge their scientific value in consequence of the arguments and the demonstrations which they have brought to the aid of good sense. There remain, among the subjects proper to this Academy, the philosophy of morals, and general and philosophical history. The genuine scientific character of these has been contested by some sounder thinkers, who have regarded them as rather falling within the domain of speculative opinion than as reducible to certain and invariable laws. For our own part, we are of opinion that in these also there are indisputable facts and immutable principles, which are accessible to the human mind, and may be discovered, stated, and classified; and this is all that is necessary to the definition of a science. The growing tendency of these noble and beneficent studies to assume the scientific character, by the rejection of mere hypotheses, and by more exclusive devotion to the accurate observation of facts, and the discovery of their natural laws, is indeed the peculiar merit and glory of modern times. It is of the utmost importance to sustain and to second this tendency of the human mind. In the present state of civilization, in which it is become impossible to impose any effectual restraints on the freedom of thought and of the press, the moral world, the sublime subject of these sciences, is incessantly laid open to question and dispute. Society has the strongest conceivable interest in the steadfast maintenance of a certain number of important facts and fundamental ideas; in their gradual elevation above the cloudy and tempestuous sphere of disputation, and their final and unquestioned position—at least to the eyes of all enlightened men—among the fixed stars of scientific truth. An academy of moral and political sciences, well conceived and carried out, is one of the most effectual means of attaining this end. Its bare existence is sufficient to prove to even the most suspicious, that neither society, nor the government at its head, fears these great inquiries, nor the liberty which they demand; on the contrary, that they hold them in honour, and
desire

desire nothing so much as their earnest cultivation. Whilst it enjoys and uses the liberty which it shares with others, an academy of moral and political sciences becomes a rallying point and a moderating power to those minds which the breath of liberty whirls about like the sands of the desert. In a despotic state such institutions are favourable to liberty; in a free state, to order. In the midst of the confusion and chaos of individual speculations, they create a fixed body of scientific opinion. An able and provident government might make great and important use of an academy of moral and political sciences, both to conduct serious investigations into questions of that class, and to diffuse ideas which had already undergone such analysis. M. Guizot probably had this in view in its re-establishment, which was not merely a homage to noble pursuits, but also an endeavour to secure an ally for that sound policy which employs light as a means of checking the disorders fomented by the violence of human passion and the arrogance of human error.

Having thus, on the one side, constituted the ministry of public instruction as the basis of the intellectual development of France, and, on the other, reconstituted the learned body at its summit, M. Guizot next inquired what was the point, in the department over which he presided, most urgently demanding his prompt and assiduous exertions.

He had before him three great classes of schools, whose office it was to diffuse respectively primary, classical, and higher instruction. He did not hesitate; he instantly undertook the reform, or rather the creation, of *primary instruction*,—the most urgent in the actual state of French society, and that for which at all periods the most had been promised and the least done. France, if not the Promised Land, is at least the land of promises. For the last sixty years promises have been showered upon her with boundless profusion, which, however, seems neither to satiate nor to weary her. Neither their ridiculous pomposity when uttered, nor their evident emptiness when the moment for performance arrives, seems to have the effect of disgusting our neighbours, or lessening the delight with which they listen to them. It is a potion which France always seizes with the same avidity, without thinking of the intoxication it excites, or the disappointments and disasters it brings upon her. In this perennial and everflowing deluge of promises, those relative to primary instruction have neither been the least pompous nor the least empty. We have just seen them reiterated, six months ago, with a presumption and a confidence in the national credulity which has perhaps never been equalled. By a decree proposed on the 30th of last June in the National Assembly, M. Carnot, for a moment Minister of Public

Public Instruction, promised that there should be a schoolmaster and mistress in every village in France; a house, a field, a garden, a good salary, and a pension for each of these schoolmasters and mistresses; that all the children in France should be compelled to attend the schools; and that forty-seven millions of francs (near two millions sterling) should be charged on the budget of the state to defray the cost of all these promised wonders. As to the precise time of their fulfilment, M. Carnot had the prudence not to commit himself.

M. Guizot was more moderate in making, and more anxious about fulfilling engagements. After inducing the Chambers to adopt the law of the 28th of June, 1833, and putting it in operation throughout France, he laid before King Louis-Philippe in the spring of 1834 a circumstantial report of the measures he had taken with a view to its execution. The Report says,—

‘Conceived in a practical spirit, exempt from ambitious views or dogmatical prescriptions, it is to be hoped that the law of the 28th of June will yield early and abundant fruit. It is time that the promise of instruction for the people should no longer be thrown out to France as an empty phrase, a transient and unprofitable glitter. The confidence of the public, whose distrust is but too well justified by a succession of fruitless attempts, can only be restored by prompt and efficient acts. Nothing but the certain prospect of great and proximate results can call forth throughout the kingdom the cordial co-operation and the persevering zeal so necessary to success. It is urgent that the country should be convinced that the work in question is earnestly undertaken and certainly practicable; the promises of the Government of your Majesty ought not to be confounded with those ambitious decrees which, framed to flatter the vanity of a day by ordaining what it is impossible to execute, could have no other effect than that of paralysing all action.’

The law of 1833 ordained nothing impossible. M. Guizot did not choose to promise more than he knew he could perform; and he only undertook to accomplish what was at once practicable and urgent. The principles of that law are large and simple: it ordains the foundation of at least one elementary school in every commune of France; but it disguises neither the extent, nor the difficulty, nor the burdensome cost of such a measure; and, therefore, it calls for the co-operation, on the one hand, of all the moral strength, on the other, of all the material resources of the various elements of society. The central government, the departmental authorities, the municipal authorities, the religious authorities, the heads of families, have each their sphere of action and their influence in the administration of schools. The resources of the state, the departments, the communes,

communes, and the contributions paid by the parents, concur to ensure the creation and the maintenance of the schools. Every schoolmaster has a lodging and a small salary; too small, indeed, but certain. In every Department of France the prefect and the general council annually draw up in concert a special estimate, in which the expenses of primary instruction are fixed, and the necessary revenues are guaranteed for the whole Department; in each Commune the Maire and the municipal council also make a special estimate of the same kind. If the revenues of the commune are not sufficient, the department must provide them; if the revenues of the department are not sufficient to supply the deficiencies in the revenues of all the communes, the deficit must be supplied by the State. The prefects, who represent the central administration, the rectors, who are the peculiar representatives of the Minister of Public Instruction, local committees composed of respectable citizens, and the ministers of the several religious confessions, habitually superintend the state of the schools. Primary Normal schools, the number of which may extend to 86 (one for each department), train masters, and provide for the annual supply of the numerous and humble corps of teachers. Lastly, salaried and fixed inspectors, the number of whom corresponds to the extent of each department, visit all the schools at different periods of the year, survey the conduct of the masters and the value and efficiency of the tuition, report their observations to the Minister of Public Instruction, and continually point out whatever may be deficient in the law, either as to its provisions, or the means of carrying them into effect.

After the promulgation of the law, M. Guizot presided over its execution with unwearied vigilance and accuracy. The report to the King, which we have just quoted, contains the *exposé* and the texts of all the measures which he employed for that purpose—ordonnances, instructions, circulars, recommendations, tables, &c. &c. The Report is dated the 15th of April, 1834; the law was passed on the 28th of June, 1833. In this short interval considerable results were already obtained; we will only point out the most remarkable.

The number of primary normal schools in activity throughout France in 1828 was three; in 1830 thirteen; and in April, 1834, sixty-two. These sixty-two establishments contained 1944 pupils, or future schoolmasters. Fourteen other normal schools were in a state of preparation.

The number of primary schools for boys, which in 1832 did not exceed 31,420, at the end of 1833 amounted to 33,695. The number of children frequenting the schools, which in 1832 was 1,200,715, rose in 1833 to 1,654,828.

In the course of 1833 a sum of 3,000,147 francs was expended by the communes for the purchase, construction, or repair of school-houses, and the municipal councils voted for the same purpose a sum of 2,350,877 francs in their estimates for 1834.

We shall not multiply our statements. The foregoing will suffice to show how general and rapid was the impulse given to the progress of popular instruction in France by M. Guizot's law and administration. That progress continued under the administration of his successors in the department; as is sufficiently proved by the reports and the statistical documents which they have published at different epochs. Experience has likewise brought to light imperfections and deficiencies in the law of the 28th of June, 1833; some of these have already been remedied or supplied; others were about to be so, by a bill which M. de Salvandy, the last Minister of Public Instruction under King Louis-Philippe, laid before the Chambers in 1847, and the course of which was interrupted by the Revolution of February.

If we were to enter into a detailed examination of these questions, we should have to state serious objections to certain provisions, or certain omissions of the law of 1833. It does not, in our opinion, give sufficient weight and authority in the primary schools to religion and to its ministers. It is not sufficient that the priest should give religious instruction in them, as any other master may teach reading or arithmetic, or that he should have a seat in the committee by which they are superintended. It is necessary that religious influences should be habitually present in them, and should make their presence felt in the whole conduct and demeanour of the pupils, as well as in all the lessons of the master. We do not know if this be possible in France. Perhaps the sentiments of the people would not permit it; perhaps the dispositions of a great portion of the Roman Catholic clergy would render such an influence dangerous in their hands. If that is the case, it is so immense an evil for France, that her government and all her enlightened citizens ought to apply their earnest and unceasing efforts to remedy it. There is no middle course for the mass of any population between piety and impiety; they never stop at indifference. And in the torrent of insane ideas which minister to the most destructive passions—in presence of socialism and communism, ardent and indefatigable in spreading their poison—it would really be puerile blindness to haggle with religion as to her share of influence in these schools, where communism and socialism will find their way, to pervert the people from their very cradle, if religion is not at the door to forbid their entrance.

It seems to us also that the law of 1833 has introduced too
great

great a multiplicity and variety of machinery and persons into the administration and superintendence of schools. At every step it asks advice and requires consent, as if it were afraid of the means of its own creation and the agents of its own appointment, and mainly anxious, even while using them, to defend itself from them. This is a misapplication of the principle of the separation and mutual control of the powers which preside over great political institutions. Wherever, for the maintenance or re-establishment of order, it is necessary to be always ready to decide and to act, too many different opinions stifle good counsel—too many distinct authorities destroy authority, instead of affording any guarantee for its wise exercise. We apprehend that the schoolmasters are likely to be at once too much harassed and too little governed by so many committees, deliberations, inspections, and influences of various kinds; and that the power which ought to direct and superintend them efficiently may be nowhere found.

M. Guizot cannot be reproached with being too much inclined to make concessions. But on a close examination of his law on primary instruction, the debates to which it gave rise, and the documents which contain the history of its execution, it is easy to discover that he did not always do all that he thought desirable—in short, that he came to a compromise with ideas and sentiments which he did not share. He struck into the right path, and pursued it; but he had to bear a burthen and to struggle against obstacles which necessarily impeded his course. But with all its imperfections, his law of 1833 is a good and efficient law. It has given a great impetus to popular instruction in France, and it continues to accelerate its progress. From the time when primary instruction was promised to the French people, it is the first law that has been really executed, and it is the only one which is executed at this moment.

Classical, or, as it is called in France, *secondary* instruction, did not excite the interest or employ the labours of M. Guizot in an equal degree with primary instruction. Classical studies and tuition constitute the principal duty and the highest honour of the body comprehended under the name of the University of France. It is certain that, from the foundation of the University, those studies have been cultivated in the *colléges*, or grammar-schools, with a solidity and a brilliancy which, in spite of some intervals of momentary decline, have been steadily on the increase. The study of Roman antiquity, in particular, has perhaps never been more vigorously pursued than for the last thirty years in France; especially the study of the Latin language, its grammar and literature, the just and delicate appreciation of its great authors,

authors, and the art of writing in their idiom with correctness and elegance. The archæological portion of the Latin course of study, *i. e.* all that relates to manners, customs, laws, and the social condition of the Roman world, is less complete and more superficial. The Greek language and literature are not so well taught in the French *collèges* as the Latin. Nevertheless there has been, within the last thirty years, a considerable progress in them also; and, on the whole, the University of France has a right to regard herself as the worthy heir of the band of illustrious philologists who, from the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, raised the literary renown of their great country to so high a pitch.

Profoundly convinced that these are really studies of the highest order; that by their very nature and by the beauty of the models which they place before the eyes of the young, they are best calculated to train minds to the acquisition of the measured strength, the elevation, precision, and elegance, and the refined and rigorous judgment which are the great distinctions and the certain signs of a well-cultivated intellect, M. Guizot has constantly laboured to uphold the just claims to pre-eminence which classical studies anciently enjoyed in France. There were two schemes, pursued by their respective partisans with a sort of mania, which threatened to gain some ground in the French *collèges*: the one, that of varying to infinity the objects of secondary instruction; the other, that of initiating boys at a very early age into the study of mathematics and physics. Some wished to teach geometry, algebra, physics, chemistry, natural history, anatomy, physiology, and cosmography, in an elementary manner, contemporaneously with Latin, Greek, and history; while others wanted the boys to begin all these studies at about the age of twelve. M. Guizot combated these ambitious and frivolous projects, which could have no other effect than that of enervating young minds under pretext of enlarging them, and of weakening both literary and scientific studies by mixing them prematurely and in ill-judged proportions. He took measures to concentrate the whole stress of education during the first years on classical studies; and to reserve solid instruction in mathematics and physics for the age when the mind, already formed by vigorous exercise, may apply itself to a greater variety of objects without loss of strength; and when, as the prospect of some professional career begins to open upon boys, it is desirable that they should take the first steps in the particular road which leads to it.

History and modern languages are among the branches of learning which M. Guizot particularly encouraged, both on account of their intrinsic value, and as being naturally connected

with classical studies, and tending rather to strengthen than to enfeeble them. History especially, both ancient and modern, general and particular, is taught with great care and fulness in the *collèges* of France; indeed, with a fulness which does not sufficiently discriminate between different ages and parts of the world. That Greek and Roman history, the general history of Europe during the middle ages and in modern times, and the special history of France, should be taught at considerable length in those schools, is perfectly natural and proper; but to teach the history of the nations of Asia, or the Spanish and Portuguese expeditions to the East or West, or the British settlements in India, in nearly equal detail, appears to us quite superfluous, and rather calculated to gratify the systematic spirit of professors, than to give the mass of students instructions duly proportioned to the time they have to devote, and the advantages they are likely to reap from them.

A great question raised by the Charter of 1830 weighed on the Minister of Public Instruction in 1836, and still weighs on his successor. That Charter had promised the abolition of the monopoly of the University in matters of Primary and Secondary instruction, and the establishment of the liberty of teaching, *i. e.* free competition between the State schools and those set on foot by private persons.

By the law of 1833 M. Guizot decided this question in so far as it related to primary instruction. He also undertook to solve it in regard to secondary instruction, and thus to fulfil the promise of the Charter. In 1836 he presented to the Chambers a bill drawn up for that purpose, and in 1837 this bill underwent one discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. A few months afterwards M. Guizot went out of office, and, when he returned to it in 1840, it was not as Minister of Public Instruction, but as Minister of Foreign Affairs and head of the Government of France. The bill which he brought forward in 1836, on secondary instruction, consequently remained without effect. It left, however, on the minds, even of its opponents, an impression that it was perfectly sincere, and that M. Guizot, while maintaining what he regarded as the rights of the State and the interests of public order in the matter of national education, had fully recognised, and endeavoured to guarantee, the claims of freedom. The mighty events which have taken place since that period have wholly changed the state of the question, as well as the temper of the public mind; and, if he had now to express his sentiments on this great subject, M. Guizot would probably be the first to admit that times so utterly different may well suggest other views, and demand other measures.

Considered

Considered solely in a scientific point of view, the instruction given in the higher branches of science and letters is, in France, in a state of good organization and steady prosperity. The superiority of the instruction given in the *École de Médecine* of Paris—its extent, solidity, and practical merit—are universally acknowledged throughout Europe. The course of literary, philosophical, and scientific study, in the Faculties of Letters and of Sciences of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, rather sins by excess and variety than by narrowness or insufficiency. The special lectures which are given at the *Jardin, des Plantes*, at the School of Oriental Languages, and at the *École des Chartes*, form and furnish, in greater numbers than the public necessities require, learned men, capable not only of diffusing, but of advancing, the sciences to which they devote themselves. In all this department of his ministry M. Guizot had only to second the natural progress of men and things. The chief aid he gave to it was by creating, at Paris and in certain provincial cities, new courses of study answering to practical wants, or to tastes and pursuits, which began to manifest themselves. At Lyons, the establishment of a Faculty of Sciences and one of Letters has given rise to a remarkable industrial progress, and a no less remarkable intellectual activity. At Paris, a chair of foreign literature, instituted at the Sorbonne, was immediately graced by one of the most remarkable men for profound and accurate erudition, and for modesty and talent, that the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* ever reckoned among its members—M. Fauriel, whose labours on Provençale, Italian, and Spanish literature excited the attention of all scholars in Europe, and whose death, shortly after, was an irreparable loss to learning.

Among the studies which have done honour to the human intellect, there are two, theology and law, which have greatly declined in France from their ancient splendour—a decline much to be deplored; and one which, if it continued, might cause an essential deterioration of the mind of France, notwithstanding its powerful activity; for these are the two studies which demand the most vigorous exercise of the human intellect, and urge it to its highest flights. As to theological studies, M. Guizot could do nothing; since the Faculties of Catholic Theology, though charged upon and paid by the Ministry of Public Instruction, can hardly be said to exist without the good pleasure and the concurrence of the bishops. Now, the great majority of the bishops of France, through distrust either of a lay government, or of the effect of the public teaching of this science, do, in fact and practice, annul the Faculties of Theology maintained by the State, by not sending the students of the great ecclesi-

astical seminaries to their lectures—almost the only audience likely to attend these lectures,*since all the aspirants to priests' orders are trained in the seminaries, and under the exclusive direction of the bishops. Such a state of things appears to us very perilous to the consideration of the Catholic clergy in France, and to their authority over the minds of the people; for we do not understand how a clergy can maintain itself in the rank which it ought to occupy, without vigorous study, and solid learning acquired in great public schools open to the eye of the public, nor unless the students of theology have sufficient intercourse with the young men who are training for other professions to feel the animating influence of social emulation. Can it be wise to bring up secular priests as if they were to be monks?

The state of instruction in the two Faculties of Protestant Theology, the one at Montauban, the other at Strasburg, is also on many points unsatisfactory. It has more than once been proposed to transfer the Faculty of Montauban to Paris, as a means of enlarging and varying the intellectual horizon of the students. We will not undertake to say whether it is well placed at Montauban, but we greatly doubt whether it would be better placed at Paris; and we are inclined to think that internal improvements, harder study, and a more ample provision for the professors, would be found far better remedies than its transplantation into the tumult of a great capital.

The schools of law were much more accessible to M. Guizot than those of theology, and he did what he could to promote their progress, but with a reserve, the motives of which we can readily understand. The studies pursued in them are of an essentially practical nature; they correspond to, and ought to subserve, the civil interests and every-day business of the country. The schools of law are instituted to train notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, and not merely juris-consults or erudite professors. Pure science cannot be made the first requisite in public education, unless when it happens to be a practical necessity. Now, extensive and profound legal learning was a practical necessity in old France; for so complicated were her legal institutions, that it was incumbent on a French lawyer to know the Roman law, the *droit coutumier*, the feudal law, the canon law, the edicts or ordonnances of the kings, the jurisprudence of the parliaments, and, in short, all the varied sources from which the law of the country was derived. Nothing analogous exists now. Under the empire of the brief and perspicuous codes into which the whole law of the country has been condensed, science may be dispensed with; or rather, it is easy to think that it may be dispensed with. It would be vain to attempt

attempt to impose science on a public which feels no want of it. It is impossible to make that a condition in the education or the labours of all, which is only sought by a few as a luxury, a pleasure, or an honour.

M. Guizot did not attempt therefore to effect a reform in the legal studies of France, which is not called for by society ; and which, while it satisfied some of the more fastidious thinkers, would run counter to many powerful interests. But being profoundly convinced that, for the honour and the intellectual progress of his country, it is important that this study should be raised and enlarged, he adopted a course which, though slow, is sure to accomplish that end. In the most frequented schools of law (at Paris and Toulouse for example) he instituted chairs specially devoted to those branches of law in which the highest science, historical and philosophical, is indispensable ; and he bestowed those chairs on the most eminent men whom he could induce to fill them. Among these we find one distinguished name, which it is impossible to pronounce without grief—the name of Rossi, who has just died at Rome, under the dagger of an assassin, for the cause of those same principles of constitutional and public liberty which he had lately taught at Paris with such brilliant success. M. Rossi was the friend of M. Guizot. As Minister of Public Instruction, M. Guizot had invited M. Rossi to Paris, to fill the chair of constitutional law. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he sent him to Rome, there to uphold the moderating influence of France, and to second the Italian States in whatever endeavours they might make to introduce reforms compatible with, nay friendly and even necessary to, the maintenance of order and peace. The revolutionary fury which has raged with peculiar violence against these two eminent men may have condemned the one to death, and the other to exile ; but it cannot efface their united names from the standard of the great cause which they loved and served together—a cause worthy of such a friendship, and of such service.

We render full justice to the highest order of instruction in France ; we admire the truly liberal and comprehensive spirit in which it is distributed ; its fecundity and depth in certain branches of human knowledge (especially the physical sciences), its variety and brilliancy in others. But the more we consider it, the more we are struck by two facts which do not come within the domain of science ; they belong rather to the mode in which these studies are carried on, than to their subject or nature, and are more important with reference to social policy than to science ; but it appears to us that they are of considerable moment, and unquestionably exercise a great influence over the moral and intellectual condition of France.

All the higher schools of learning and science, excepting some few courses of lectures or schools of inferior importance, scattered over the departments, are concentrated in Paris. Almost all the young men who want to complete their studies, whether in letters, law, medicine, or the arts,—in short, in all those preparatory to any learned or liberal career,—are forced to live in Paris.

The young men thus congregated together, whatever be their origin or their destiny, are completely abandoned to their own guidance, and dispersed at hazard through that vast metropolis, without any common bond, or any moral discipline or supervision; seeing their masters only during the hours of instruction, emancipated from all the rules, and withdrawn from all the influence, of education.

From such a state of things we cannot but turn with satisfaction to that exhibited in our universities of Oxford and Cambridge—sanctuaries exclusively consecrated to learning, secluded from the agitations, whether serious or frivolous—from the troubles or the pleasures—of a great capital. There we behold our young men gathered together, most of them under the roof of the venerable colleges, whose very walls seem conscious to ages of learning, whose umbrageous walks are peopled with mighty and illustrious shades; here they live together a life conformed to the same rules, and devoted to the same studies; they are placed under the authority of the masters from whom they receive instruction; they are subject, up to the extremest limit of their education, to uniform discipline and invariable habits, which neither the liberties they enjoy, nor the disorders which occasionally arise, can materially affect.

We cannot look upon this picture without a deep-felt satisfaction, whether as it affects the moral interests or the social repose of our country. In proportion to our reverence for these matchless institutions, now standing alone amidst the ruins of all that the piety of past ages bequeathed to other nations, is our anxiety—our hope—that, without altering their time-hallowed forms, or impairing their invigorating discipline, they may receive such wise and timely adaptations to the intellectual wants of our age, such increase of culture in all the great sciences which have the condition and destiny of man for their object, as may secure to England an unbroken line of teachers, lawgivers, and rulers, armed with knowledge, wisdom, and virtue, which are the only powers that can now command permanent and willing obedience.

We believe we have exactly traced the essential principles and the chief results of M. Guizot's administration in what relates to public instruction, properly so called, in its elementary, classical, and superior or scientific branches. We shall pass briefly over his measures in favour of those establishments which are
destined

destined to the advancement, rather than to the teaching, of science and literature; and which formed, as we have just seen, the second division of his department. Great improvements at the Jardin des Plantes, in order to enable that establishment to exhibit and to use all its treasures (among others, a new gallery for the mineralogical collections, and vast hot-houses for tropical plants); considerable additions to the funds, and important reforms in the service, of the Royal (now called the National) Library, whether for the purpose of purchasing new books—especially foreign, or of unrolling manuscripts and completing catalogues, or of affording to the studious public greater facilities for their labours; additional funds obtained from the Chambers, and placed at the disposal of various scientific establishments, either to increase their collections and instruments, or to add a little more competence and security to the humble situations of the learned men employed in them; all these improvements, which prove M. Guizot's active solicitude for the prosperity and the honour of science and letters, are explained in detail in the budgets of the Ministry of Public Instruction from 1832 to 1837, and in the Reports by which those budgets are preceded.

We shall only insist on one fact—in our opinion one of the most important—which marked M. Guizot's tenure of that office. This is, the great impulse he gave, not only at Paris, but through the whole of France, to historical studies in general, and to researches into the history of France in particular. M. Guizot here achieved two difficult objects; he discovered and fostered the reviving sentiment of the public in favour of inquiries of this nature, and he provided that sentiment with permanent and useful occupation. Researches into the national history are, by his care, become a sort of institution, recognised and protected both at the seat of government and throughout every part of the territory of France. Funds are annually voted for this special purpose. In all the departments, and in a great number of towns, committees are formed, studious men are appointed to make or to direct local researches, and to correspond either with the Minister of Public Instruction, or with the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*; two central points, in which all these communications are received, collated, judged, and rewarded, either by extensive publicity, or by certain marks of distinction. Lastly, the *Collection des Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, published under the auspices of the department of Public Instruction, and at the cost of the Government, forms a vast dépôt, constantly open to inquirers and learned men—who there find means of placing their historical discoveries before the eyes of the public—and to those of the public who are in search

search of information or amusement.* Such labours, and such encouragements to them, have not only a high scientific value; they are not to be regarded merely as a means of collecting and making known the numerous and precious documents on the history of France which had been dispersed by revolutionary storms: they have a political and moral effect of a far higher order; historical studies thus popularized and followed out tend to revive, both in the men who prosecute, and in the public which takes an interest in them, that spirit of justice towards all ages, that sentiment of affectionate veneration for the past, which hold so important a place in the morality and the wisdom of nations. Woe to the generation which treats the memory of its forefathers with indifference or contempt! Its next step will be to overthrow and destroy the inheritance it received from them, and to leave itself nothing to bequeath to its descendants but ruins and chaos!

The effective organization of the department of Public Instruction, the re-establishment of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the law of the 28th of June, 1833, on primary instruction, the resuscitation and the encouragement of historical studies—such are the principal measures accomplished by M. Guizot during an administration of nearly four years. These measures have stood a test which renders it unnecessary for us to insist on their merits. Fifteen years have passed away; cabinet has succeeded cabinet; dynasties have been overthrown and constitutions abolished by revolution. M. Guizot himself came to London as an exile. What he effected as Minister of Public Instruction remains.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquess of Londonderry.* Edited by his Brother, Charles Vane, Marquess of Londonderry. 4 vols. London, 1848.

WHEN Lord Brougham, in his 'Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Reign of George III.,' published some years since a slight but, in some points, depreciatory character of the late Marquis of Londonderry, his brother, the present Marquis, addressed his Lordship in an expostulatory pamphlet, which was but imperfectly circulated, and did not attract the attention which its literary merit and historical value deserved. The truth was, that Lord Brougham's political antagonism with Lord Castlereagh

* We are well pleased to observe that the publication of this important series of documents, interrupted, like everything else, by the Revolution of February, has at last been resumed. The first volume of '*Négociations de la France dans le Levant*,' edited by M. Charrière, has recently made its appearance.

was so fresh in the minds of all who took an interest in those matters, that with them his unfavourable opinion needed no refutation. But Lord Brougham, even when writing under a manifest prejudice, is yet too serious an authority to be thus summarily dismissed: his Sketches, published in a substantive and popular form, and attractive from the vigour and variety of his pen, are not destined to oblivion, and would no doubt be hereafter appealed to as the testimony of a contemporary to which the good sense and good spirit of his latter political life (very congenial, it seems to us, with the principles of Lord Castlereagh) would give additional authority; while, on the other hand, it would probably be difficult to recover pamphlets of the fugacious form and narrow circulation of those by which Sir Herbert Taylor and Lord Londonderry vindicated so effectually, as far as they went and were known, the memories of George III. and Lord Castlereagh. We therefore cannot but approve of the noble Lord's having reprinted his pamphlet as an introduction to these volumes, for it is not merely a valuable vindication of his brother on the points unfavourably criticised by Lord Brougham, but it explains and justifies the production of the more extensive, more complete, and more impartial exhibition of his character afforded by his own original and confidential correspondence—a kind of involuntary and unconscious autobiography, and the only one which can command the absolute confidence of posterity. We think, too, that Lord Londonderry has done no more than his duty to himself and his brother, in prefixing to his pamphlet the testimony of some of Lord Castlereagh's most distinguished colleagues and contemporaries to its truth and justice; the possible imputation of personal vanity in repeating praises on his own work was, we have no doubt, disregarded in the indulgence of his fraternal feelings and the execution of his editorial duties. From these testimonies we extract some of the most striking both from the nature of the judgment and the competency of the judge:—

Sir Robert Peel to the Marquess of Londonderry.

Whitehall, July 23, 1839.

‘My dear Lord Londonderry,—After my return from the House of Commons last night, I read your letter to Lord Brougham. I think you were perfectly right in noticing his unjust estimate of the character and abilities of Lord Londonderry, and I think also you have noticed it in the most effectual manner by maintaining throughout that dispassionate and temperate tone which is much more becoming to the occasion, and makes a much deeper impression, than irritation or vehemence, however natural or justifiable. You well know that no vindication of your brother's memory was necessary for my satisfaction,—
that

that my admiration of his character is too firmly rooted to be shaken by criticisms or phrases, and cavils at particular acts selected from a long political career. I doubt whether any public man (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington) who has appeared within the last half century, possessed that combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, which would have enabled him to effect under the same circumstances what Lord Londonderry did effect in regard to the Union with Ireland, and to the great political transactions of 1813, 1814, and 1815. To do these things required a rare union of high and generous feelings, courteous and prepossessing manners, a warm heart and a cool head, great temper, great industry, great fortitude, great courage, moral and personal, that command and influence which makes other men willing instruments, and all these qualities combined with the disdain for low objects of ambition, and with spotless integrity. It is not flattery * to say your brother had these qualifications, and that, by them and the proper use of them, he overcame practically difficulties which would have appalled and overwhelmed almost every other contemporary statesman. I need only call to mind the one I have already named.

‘ Believe me, &c.,

ROBERT PEEL.’

The Earl of Aberdeen to the Marquess of Londonderry.

‘ Argyll House, July 24, 1839.

‘ My dear Londonderry,—I have only now been able to read your answer to Lord Brougham, a copy of which you had the goodness to send me the night before last. You may recollect when you first mentioned your intentions to me, I had some misgivings on the subject. I feared that it might lead to an angry and painful correspondence with Lord Brougham; and although no man differed more entirely than I did from his estimate of your brother’s character, I thought, considering his political and party prejudices, that his work was much more impartial than could have been expected. I still think that this is the case; but I most cordially rejoice that you have persevered in your address, for you have executed your task most admirably. With much feeling, taste, and judgment, you have touched the principal events of your brother’s life, and have placed them in a light as advantageous as it is just and true. You must be so thoroughly aware of my affection for the memory of your brother, as well as of my respect for his character, that you will have no difficulty in giving me credit for the sincere pleasure with which I have read your vindication of his conduct. I believe it may be said with truth that few men have ever deserved so highly of their country, and I am sure that none could ever more effectually secure the love and attachment of their friends. Having experienced his friendship for so many years, not only in my own person, but in those also most nearly connected

* Printed *flattering*; we presume by one of the too numerous errors of the press which disfigure these volumes.

with me, I have always felt, and shall ever feel, the warmest interest in everything which can affect his name and reputation.

‘Believe me, &c.,

• ABERDEEN.’

Sir James Graham to the Marquess of Londonderry.

‘Grosvenor Place, July 27, 1839.

‘My dear Lord Londonderry,—I am very much obliged by your present of the copy of your answer to Lord Brougham. It is a tribute justly due to the memory of your brother, on whose services and talents you have bestowed no exaggerated praise, and in whose vindication you have evinced those feelings and that spirit which the occasion fully justifies. No political opponent, whom your brother honoured by admission into his private society, and no leader of a party, was ever so generous towards his adversaries in this particular. I never can forget the charm of his amiable manners and of his noble nature. I, indeed, should be ungrateful if I did not recollect his kindness, and rejoice in the success with which you have rescued his fair fame from an unjust attack. History, I am persuaded, will be more just than his contemporaries, and he is not the first great man over whose tomb has been written—“*Ingrata Patria.*”

‘I am, &c.,

JAMES GRAHAM.’

Mr. Plunket to the Marquess of Londonderry.

‘December 2, 1823.

‘Your Lordship does me no more than justice in estimating the feelings with which the memory of the late Marquess of Londonderry affects and must ever affect my mind. His friendship and confidence were the prime causes which induced his Majesty’s Government to desire my services; and I can truly add that my unreserved reliance on the cordiality of his feelings towards me, joined to my perfect knowledge of the wisdom and liberality of all his public objects and opinions, were the principal causes which induced me to accept the honour which was proposed to me. Nothing can ever occur to me in political life so calamitous as the event which, in common with all his country and Europe, I so deeply deplore.’

The Marquess Wellesley to the Marquess of Londonderry.

‘Kingston House, July 24, 1839.

‘My dear Lord,—Accept my best acknowledgments for your obliging attention in sending me a copy of your letter, which I have read with great attention. It is complete in all its parts, and, in my judgment, unanswerable.

‘Ever, my dear Lord, &c.,

—vol. i. pp. 130–138.

WELLESLEY.’

There are also two other letters from Lord Wellesley, expressing in detail his high opinion of Lord Castlereagh’s talents and character. ‘His loss,’ says Lord Wellesley, ‘severe as it was to his country and his friends, was to me irreparable: and I must

must have been ungrateful and inconsistent if I had not considered his memory with affection and reverence' (i. 131).

The following letter from the Duke of Wellington, though it does not belong to the series we are now quoting, may appropriately conclude our preliminary extracts:—

‘ August 21, 1822.

‘ My dear Charles,—I do not trouble you to tell you that of which I am certain you are convinced—my heartfelt grief for the deplorable event which has recently occurred here; but I would not allow the post to go to Vienna, with the account that the King has desired that I should be sent there, without taking a few lines from myself.

‘ You will have seen that I had witnessed the melancholy state of mind which was the cause of the catastrophe. I saw him after he had been with the King on the 9th inst., to whom he had likewise exposed it: but, fearing that he would not send for his physician, I considered it my duty to go to him, and, not finding him, to write to him, which, considering what has since passed, was a fortunate circumstance.

‘ You will readily believe what a consternation this deplorable event has occasioned here. The funeral was attended by every person in London of any mark or distinction of all parties, and the crowds in the streets behaved respectfully and creditably.

‘ God bless you, my dear Charles! Pray remember me to Lady C. and Lady Stewart, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,
—vol. i. p. 68. WELLINGTON.’

These testimonies leave nothing to be desired as to the vindication of Lord Castlereagh's character, and the true estimate of his abilities; and the last is additionally valuable in refutation of the slanderous and malignant misrepresentation of the public feeling on Lord Castlereagh's death by some low libellers of the day, and which the false, foul, and unfeminine pen of Miss Martineau has recently reproduced.

On the subject of Lord Londonderry's pamphlet we venture to add our literary judgment that it is one of the happiest controversial pieces that we have ever read; it is strong in facts and gentle in terms; it is sharp and polished, and the deepest cuts which the adversary receives are from his own sword adroitly turned against himself. Acknowledging, as we are always glad to do, that generous fairness and constitutional good nature that form the under-current of Lord Brougham's personal character, even when his political antipathies and prejudices ruffle or discolour the surface, we have little doubt that he read this vindication of his old antagonist with the candour of a man of good feeling—nay, perhaps with the pleasure of a man of good taste, and that now, when time must have extinguished the last smouldering embers of political rivalry and party conflict, if he were again to have to write of Lord Castlereagh, he would produce a juster estimate of his character. Indeed, we are surprised that, however
their

their long and on one side at least vehement antagonism might have warped Lord Brougham's better judgment, he had not found in that very antagonism the motive of a more favourable opinion.

'Iste tulit præmium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Qui, cùm victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.'

But, in truth, *non victus erat*—if in that conflict the palm of dexterity and eloquence must be conceded to Brougham, the substantial victory remained with Castlereagh. This is very civilly and very forcibly put in Lord Londonderry's answer:—

'I will not attempt to follow you into verbal criticisms. I will only remark, that He, whose oratory you treat with such contempt, rose to eminence in that very assembly whose critical taste you so highly commend, even while it possessed Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Grey; that, for years, he became its leader, with the acquiescence of Mr. Canning and Mr. Plunket, and maintained that station to the end of his life, unshaken by the combined efforts of such men as Whitbread, Windham, Romilly, and Brougham!

'Indeed, my Lord, you are, in point of reputation, more interested even than I am to prove that the powers with which you wrestled so long, so ably, and yet so vainly, were not of a low or contemptible order.'—vol. i. p. 93.

It may be admitted, that Lord Castlereagh was essentially a statesman, and not a rhetorician. His education seems to have been more solid than brilliant; he certainly had little imagination, no great extent of literature, and his diction, though sufficiently fluent, was not in general impressive nor always perspicuous. So far candid criticism might go—but we can hardly imagine that the Opposition could have found any very effective consolation under their constant defeats, in ridiculing, as Lord Brougham tells us was their wont, the awkward phraseology and incongruous metaphors of their conqueror. It would have been, we venture to think, a more natural course to have said,

'Great let me call him, for he conquered me.'

But in truth, Lord Castlereagh's powers as a speaker in Parliament have been very much underrated. He had many striking advantages: his voice was fine, his person commanding, his countenance both handsome and intellectual, and his whole air and manner combined dignity and elegance with singular ease and simplicity.* He was blessed with an imperturbable temper, a

* At the coronation of George IV. he happened to be the only Commoner (an Irish peer sitting in the House of Commons) who was a Knight of the Garter: he therefore walked alone, and his personal appearance made a remarkable sensation. He was said, and we believe truly, to have been the handsomest figure in that great procession.

most determined though calm—and we had almost said placid—courage, both moral and physical. In debate as well as in council his judgment was sure and his decision ready: he was honest and earnest, and convinced his auditory that he was so. He was always master of his subject and of himself; he seemed to calculate with modesty and yet with confidence his own powers, and if he seldom exceeded expectation he never fell below it. In his long and sometimes discursive speeches he rarely if ever committed any indiscretion* that could injure his cause, and he still more rarely left unsaid anything that could strengthen it. Even Lord Brougham, while strangely depreciating the *style* of his speeches, admits that his matter and manner engaged attention and won assent, and even made him ‘a favourite with the most critical audience in the world:’—

‘Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when—after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the brilliant though often tinsel displays of Mr. Canning—their chosen leader, Lord Castlereagh, stood forth, and, presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared “his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries were bold and rash enough to advance.”’—*Historical Sketches*, vol. iii. p. 154.

His good sense always engaged the attention of the House, and his powers seemed to grow with his subject. When roused by a great public occasion, or by anything that seemed to affect his own personal honour or the character or interests of a friend, he would rise to what might be justly called eloquence with regard both to its substance and its effect. His speeches on the Treaties of 1815 were admirable for every quality of the orator and the statesman—a wreath, not indeed of flowers, but of laurel; and there was one occasion which we suspect was in Lord Brougham’s mind when he drew the striking picture we have just copied, and which ought assuredly to have moderated his sweeping depreciation of Lord Castlereagh’s powers. It was on a summer’s evening, the very last of the session, the 11th of July, 1817, in an almost empty house, that Mr. Brougham, in a speech on the state of the nation, having alluded to Lord Castlereagh as having personally countenanced the cruelties employed in the suppression of the Irish rebellion, and also accused him of making improper diplomatic employments, and especially reflected on that of his brother at the Court of Vienna, Lord Castlereagh rose with great emotion, answered all the allegations with triumphant success, and retaliated

retaliated on his assailant in a strain of vivid and indignant eloquence, that Mr. Canning (who took a subsequent part in the debate) said that he had never heard surpassed, and which, ill-reported as it is, may be yet read with interest, as a vindication of Lord Castlereagh's policy and character, as well as a remarkable specimen of parliamentary success.

It cannot be reasonably doubted that the absence of all pretension to ornate eloquence in his speeches was attributable partly to the natural turn of his mind, and partly to a private education, which has never produced orators in the same proportion as our great public schools:—but there was so much of ease and dignity in his plainness, that it left an impression of being not a defect, but the result of choice and taste. Like the most illustrious of his friends and colleagues,* he seemed to distrust enthusiasm, to despise parade, and to disdain all *ad captandum* ornaments and colouring as unbecoming and derogatory to the high purposes and great actions which have—conjointly on many eminent occasions—illustrated their lives.

It has been said that Lord Castlereagh despised and braved public opinion. Those who knew him most intimately can bear witness that no man had, in fact, more respect for the maturely formed and well-understood judgment of mankind in general; but what he did despise and brave was the wild and wicked delusions and the calumnious misrepresentations which so often (and in his case to a peculiar degree) miscall themselves *public opinion*. It is true that he seems to have had by natural temperament a remarkable indifference to the distinctions which the capricious favour of prince or people can confer. It was something that partook of the pride of his maternal ancestors, the Fitzroys and Seymours, and of his own philosophical temper. No man, of whatever birth, could say with more truth—*quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*. Amongst many anecdotes of this turn of mind which might be produced, we shall mention two which happened to occur within our own knowledge.

Soon after his first going abroad he happened to be present at a *reunion* of diplomatists and general officers, who were attired in all the brilliancy of uniforms and orders. One of these gentlemen—to whom he was personally unknown—took Prince Metternich aside, and asked him who the stranger was in the plain coat? 'Lord Castlereagh, the British minister,' replied the Prince. 'Mais comment?' says the other, with incredulous astonishment,

* We learn from a letter of George III. to Lord Castlereagh, dated October 3, 1809 (vol. i. p. 16), that it was his Lordship's appreciation of and confidence in the military character of the 'Victor of Assaye' that overcame the reluctance of the King to intrust the command in the Peninsula to so young a general as Sir Arthur Wellesley.

'*il n'a pas de décoration !*' 'Ha!' exclaimed Metternich, 'I had not observed it. *Ma foi, c'est très distingué !*' When Lord Castlereagh repeated this as a *bon mot* (and it is a very good one) of Prince Metternich, he added, with his gentle smile, '*That*, you know, was before I had the *Bath*.' He never had the Bath! he meant the *Garter*; but he forgot, in his *insouciance*, a distinction which probably would have escaped the memory of no other man in the world. In August, 1821, he attended the King in his visit to Ireland, and was received on his landing, and whenever he afterwards appeared in public, not merely with respect, but with the most general and hearty acclamations and welcome from all parties and ranks. The morning after his arrival he happened to walk out with a friend, and as they passed through Dame-street (the Strand of Dublin) he was recognized, and a great crowd immediately collected so very enthusiastic in their admiration and even affection that they began to talk of *chairing* him. This he felt would be a very awkward ovation, and, with his usual presence of mind, turned, under pretence of purchasing some small article, into a shop which he recollected opened to another street, and so escaped without compromising his dignity or offending his admirers. While returning by this new route to the Castle, his friend said, 'Well, who would have expected to have found *you*, of all men alive, overburthened with Irish popularity?' 'Why, yes,' he said playfully, 'I am grown, it seems, very popular; but with quite a little merit, I am afraid, as when I was most unpopular; and after all you must agree that *unpopularity* is the more convenient and gentlemanlike condition of the two.' This, of course, was only a pleasantry, but it indicates the turn of his mind.

In fine, we cannot better sum up our opinion of Lord Castlereagh than by reproducing the incidental sketch which we gave of him in our review of the *Life of Wilberforce* (Q. Rev., vol. lxii.)—to every syllable of which we now advisedly and on the fullest reconsideration adhere:—

'Of Lord Londonderry, Mr. Wilberforce seemed at first, to have formed a very low, and, we need not add, very erroneous opinion; but, when his Lordship's situation became more prominent, and his character better defined, that polished benevolence, that high and calm sense of honour, that consummate address, that invincible firmness, and that profound yet unostentatious sagacity, won the respect and confidence of Wilberforce, as they did of reluctant senates at home, and of suspicious cabinets abroad.'

The Correspondence now published fulfils the Editor's first object; that of confirming, as far as it goes, all those favourable impressions

impressions of Lord Castlereagh's character; but we are, we must confess, disappointed at finding that they go no farther. The portion that relates personally or politically to Lord Castlereagh himself is very small, at least very disproportionate to the whole bulk. Much the greater part of the papers are from or to—not the individual *Lord Castlereagh*—but that abstract personage the *Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*, and might be more strictly said to be 'the Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis, the Duke of Portland, and their respective secretaries,' than of Lord Castlereagh. Three parts at least of the four volumes now published appear to us to be of this character. We do not say that they are therefore devoid of historical value, but a great part of them are almost obsolete, and the papers of much surviving interest are few and far between. Some of the documents have been already published—of others, that were at the period secret and confidential, the purport has been long since notorious; and there are pages on pages occupied with questions which received, near half a century ago, their public solution in the London Gazette. This is the general drawback from most of the publications of official and diplomatic despatches that we have seen: as long as the affairs of which they treat are in suspense, they are highly appreciated; when the matter is determined, few have leisure to concern themselves much about the means by which the result was arrived at. They are like a riddle, which only interests till it is found out. The Gordian knot, while entire, excited the curiosity of the world; when once cut, it became no more than a bundle of chips.

It is certain that a great part, at least, of Lord Castlereagh's real correspondence, that which would indeed have been a treasure, is irreparably lost. The editor, after candidly stating that the documents in his possession are, from 'chasms and losses,' very imperfect, and professing, with a becoming but unnecessary modesty, his own unfitness to be the biographer of his brother, says—

'I did hope that my task might be reduced to little more than a discreet and judicious selection from such materials and documents as were in my possession; but a wholly unforeseen accident has deprived me of that intimate fraternal correspondence for twenty-five successive years, which would have formed the most important part of any work I could have offered to the public. On returning from my embassy to Vienna, many years since, I placed this collection in the hands of the Rev. S. Turner, who was at that time nominated and going out as Bishop of Calcutta. This excellent and invaluable divine and friend had been tutor to my son, Castlereagh; and, feeling a deep interest in the family, he had undertaken to arrange these papers, and to commence the Life of the late Marquess of Londonderry, aided by various other documents and information which he had collected. The vessel,

however, that sailed for India with Mr. Turner's baggage, effects, papers, &c., was unfortunately wrecked; and thus ended all my hopes of leaving for posterity such a record of the statesman and the brother as I felt that he deserved.'—vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

This was indeed a loss which these volumes can but in a very slight degree repair. They will no doubt contribute, however imperfectly, to place Lord Castlereagh's public acts in their true light, but they can afford but short and misty glimpses of what would be infinitely more interesting, and now more important—the personally political and private life of, we are satisfied by a long, close, and, we may add, impartial observation, one of the most amiable men, one of the soundest statesmen, and one of the ablest ministers that society ever lost, or our history has to record.

We now proceed to lay before our readers a slight abstract of what we think the most interesting parts of the mass of papers thus over-liberally bestowed upon us.

A junior branch of the Scottish House of Stewart was settled, with a considerable grant of land in the county of Donegal, by James I., at the time of the general 'plantation' of Ulster, the effects of which still so favourably distinguish that province. The heads of this family were successively men of importance in their country—Colonel William Stewart distinguished himself in the Revolution, and was attainted by name by the Irish Parliament of James II.—his son Alexander represented Londonderry in Parliament, and purchased the Mount-Alexander, now called Mount-Stewart, estate in the county of Down—his son Robert, born in 1739, represented that county in two parliaments, and was successively created Lord Londonderry in 1789—Viscount Castlereagh in 1795—Earl of Londonderry in 1796—and finally, Marquis of Londonderry, 22nd January, 1816. By Lady Frances Seymour, second daughter of the first Marquis of Hertford, he was the father of Robert, Viscount Castlereagh, afterwards second Marquis of Londonderry, the subject of these memoirs; and, by his second wife, the sister of the late Lord Camden, of Charles William, third Marquis, who, having borne a distinguished part, both in the military successes and diplomatic transactions of the great European conflict, could assuredly not more honourably, more amiably, or more usefully dedicate his leisure than in erecting this literary monument—the best that circumstances admitted of—to the memory of his illustrious brother.

ROBERT STEWART was born on the 18th of June, 1769, in the same year as his greatest contemporaries, Wellington and Buonaparte, and on the month and day which was to become ever memorable by the final overthrow of the latter and the crowning glory

glory of the former—an event for which the world was more indebted to Lord Castlereagh than to any other man, except Wellington himself. It is stated by the editor that his brother received his early education at Armagh—we suppose at the diocesan school there; but his school education was, we believe, very short and elementary. The only anecdote told of his youth is one that marks that courage and self-possession which were so conspicuous in his public life, and that tenderness and humanity which his friends only could fully appreciate.

On the 5th of August, 1786, when about seventeen, he and a younger friend, Henry Sturrock, a boy of twelve, the son of his tutor, were overset in a boat in the Bay of Strangford, nearly three miles from the shore. Stewart could swim, and might easily have reached the shore alone; but Sturrock could not, and Stewart stuck by him, and kept him afloat *for upwards of an hour*, when Sturrock's father and a neighbouring clergyman, missing the boat in which the boys had sailed, threw themselves into another, and arrived just in time to save them both. Sturrock was totally senseless—Stewart nearly benumbed and almost blind. Few men—none that we remember—have begun life with so remarkable a proof of courage and humanity.

At the close of that year he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. It is recorded by Dr. Bushby of St. John's, that—

‘towards the end of 1786 Mr. Stewart went to reside there, under the tuition of Mr. Pearce, afterwards Dean of Ely. That he applied himself with great diligence and success to the appointed studies of that place appears from his position in the classes after every examination. In that college, an examination of the students took place every half year, in the elements of mathematics, in certain portions of classical authors, and in logic and moral philosophy. Mr. Stewart's name was among the first on every occasion; and, at the third examination, in December, 1787, being the last which he passed, he was *first in the first class*.’—vol. i. p. 5.

‘It is gratifying,’ adds Dr. Bushby, ‘to observe these early tokens of his future distinction, especially as they supply a sufficient answer to any disparaging remarks which may have been made with regard to his early education and want of proficiency in the studies proper for his rank and station.’

It was probably on his way from Ireland to the University, that we get a glimpse of him in Horace Walpole, which his biographer has not noticed, but which shows that he was already considered a youth of extraordinary promise. On the 26th of October, 1786, Horace, who was what is called his Welsh uncle—that is, first cousin once removed—writes to his own cousin, Conway, Stewart's grand-uncle:—

'I have had a letter from your brother (Lord Hertford), who tells me that he has his grandson Stewart with him—*who is a prodigy!*'

Walpole, with his usual sarcasm, adds, that he has seen so many prodigies that came to nothing, that he was somewhat incredulous as to this new miracle; but Lord Hertford was a man of great sagacity and knowledge of the world, and we think that the event has justified to a remarkable extent his opinion of his grandson's merits.

He remained at the University about three half-years, leaving it so early, it is supposed, for the purpose of making the grand tour. We are sorry to have no details of his travels. We should like to know what he saw, and above all what he thought of the state of Europe, standing at that moment unconsciously on the brink of the great revolutionary abyss from which in after years he was destined to have so large a share in redeeming her. That he had already political ambition is evident from his anxiety to get into Parliament, which induced his father, at the general election in 1790, to propose him, even before he was of age, for the county of Down, in opposition to the interest of Lord Hillsborough, lately created Marquis of Downshire, who had usually influenced both the seats. This was one of the severest contests ever known. It cost Lord Londonderry 60,000*l.*, a sum which he had laid aside for building a stately mansion at Mount Stewart. He was, the editor remarks, 'content to forego that object, and live the rest of his life in an old barn, with a few rooms added; but he saw the independence of the county rescued from the monopoly of the Hillsborough family' (p. 5). We hesitate to give Lord Londonderry credit for so costly a stretch of abstract patriotism. The truth, we believe, was, that Lord Londonderry—however personally anxious to see his son in Parliament—would never have thought of spending any such sum for the 'independence' of the county of Down, but he had embarked in a contest of which the intensity increased beyond all calculation, and from which he could not consistently retreat. The pecuniary sacrifice, however great, was no doubt amply compensated to the old Lord by the distinction that it opened to his son, which he lived to witness, and, by his own promotion in the peerage, to share.

As the Downshire family were at this time with the Government, and had its support in the election contest, the Stewarts were of course of the other side. They were, in truth, like the rest of the Scotch *advena*, Whigs according to the original meaning of the term—Protestants so strict and stanch as to be almost, if not quite, Presbyterians; and Mr. Stewart, in his declaration on the hustings, and even in the earlier period of his

his parliamentary life, professed the principles of the then Opposition, and, amongst other tenets, that of a reform of the Irish Parliament. The editor adds that, 'when in 1793 the elective franchise was conferred on the Roman Catholics, he at once declared against any further reform.' This, however, is not quite accurate. Mr. Stewart no doubt very soon changed, as Mr. Pitt had done, his early opinions in favour of reform, but certainly not at the precise time nor for the reason assigned by the editor; for the bill conceding the elective franchise to the Catholics (recommended in the speech from the throne, 10th January, 1793) was introduced by the minister on the 4th of February, 1793, and it was not till the 9th of February that Mr. Stewart made his parliamentary declaration in favour of reform. In truth, the account here given of his early parliamentary life is exceedingly meagre, being limited to the mention of a single speech on 'the right of Ireland to trade with the East Indies, which was noticed by Lord Charlemont in terms of decided approbation' (p. 9). We shall endeavour to supply, in some degree, this deficiency from the very imperfect reports of the Irish Debates.

- The first speech that we find is probably that referred to by the editor, made on the 17th of March, 1791, in support of an Opposition motion of Mr. George Ponsonby's seconded by Mr. Grattan, asserting the right of Ireland to trade to the East Indies, independently of the British Company. Lord Charlemont's approbation of this speech would not weigh much with us. His Lordship was one of the leaders of the Opposition, and would be bound to speak, whatever he might think, in approbation of his young and promising ally; but the speech seems really, from the slight report we have of it, to have deserved more impartial praise. It was modest in manner and moderate in tone, and had, we can well believe, nothing of the ambitious pretensions in which young Irish orators are so apt to indulge. He on this occasion treated the question in a merely commercial view, which was no doubt its plausible side; but it in fact involved the vital principle of English connexion. If Ireland should assert a right to trade with the East Indies and China, in defiance of the Company's charter and British legislation, she was not only an independent but a rival power. This was one of those difficult questions which the Union only could solve; and Mr. Stewart soon saw it in its true light, and accordingly when, in the following year (8th February, 1792), Mr. Ponsonby again brought forward the question, with evident hostility to the amicable relations of the two countries, Mr. Stewart, in a longer and more comprehensive speech, retracted his former opinion, and now looking on the question as one raised adversely to

to British interests, voted against it. He and Sir Lawrence Parsons, afterwards Earl of Rosse, one of the most respectable members of the House, were in the same position on this question, and were the tellers against the motion, which was rejected by 156 to 70. But the principle was too serious to be left in so vague a state, and the Ministry introduced next year a bill to recognise and adopt the English legislation on this point. Mr. Grattan and the Opposition artfully endeavoured to continue, and indeed to increase the difficulty, by proposing an abstract resolution asserting a community of all commercial rights between the two countries. On this occasion Mr. Stewart made a long and able speech, and urged the House for various reasons, political as well as commercial, to adopt the Government bill rather than Mr. Grattan's resolution. Two or three passages of this speech, showing how early Mr. Stewart had adopted the *principles* of a Union, are worth quoting :—

‘He was persuaded the happiest effects would result to the two countries from a spirit of mutual accommodation. He deprecated the opposition made to the bill, from a thorough persuasion that it was founded on the true principles that should govern the conduct of countries circumstanced as these were. *It was in vain to expect that two such countries should long remain politically connected, if committed in commercial hostility.*

‘The bill goes to place Ireland and England precisely on the same footing with regard to the East India trade. It recognises the Company as an imperial monopoly, having the same privileges from Ireland that it has from Great Britain, and upon the same terms. So that in fact the only concession Ireland makes is, that she acquiesces in being placed in the same position with regard to this monopoly as the rest of the empire, and she does so with the best possible reason—because it falls in with the general policy of Great Britain, and contributes to her effectual government of those dominions in the preservation and prosperity of which Ireland has a common interest.’—*Irish Debates.*

That so young a man, thrown by so recent and so hot a contest into opposition, should have thus early moderated his party views and taken so just and statesmanlike a view of a great imperial question is very remarkable, and prepared and justified the confidence which in a very few years after awarded him the duty and the honour of carrying these principles to the highest practical result.

Previous to this speech, which we have mentioned a little out of its date to show the gradual ripening of his judgment, he had, as we have before noticed, on the 9th of February, 1793, spoken in favour of certain resolutions proposed by Mr. Grattan for parliamentary reform. This speech was much admired—the printed *Debates* deviate a little from the common track of reporting, to
state

state that the speech was 'very able' and the argument 'very happily' conducted. It was, certainly, very measured and even cautious in its tone. He disclaimed the extreme theories of representation: he distinguished between Reform in England and Ireland—thinking it much more necessary in the latter, because the preponderance of the close borough representation there, and the influence that it threw into the individual hands of a few great proprietors, were not merely an abuse of popular rights, but a usurpation on the legitimate and constitutional power of the Crown, as rendering almost nugatory the Royal prerogative of appealing to the people by a dissolution. He had not formed any decided opinion as to the extent or mode of reform; but he threw out for consideration an idea—'which,' he said, 'he had but recently thought of, and had not therefore matured even in his own mind—of giving to the existing county constituencies the number of members returned by the boroughs within the respective counties—each elector voting for one candidate.' He does not appear to have stated how the latter proposition could have been carried into practice; but it is evident that he was not favourable to reform on a democratic principle, and it seems to us that his views on the subject were suggested by his personal circumstances. His local rivals, the Downshires, had a great borough interest, which by this plan would be not only abstracted from them, but transferred to the county electors, among whom his own family and connexions were powerful.

At this period he was not yet twenty-four years of age; and the French revolution, which changed the whole system of constitutional politics, was only beginning to exhibit its anarchical and bloody democracy. Mr. Stewart very soon felt that the entire basis of the Reform question had changed—that the danger was no longer from the Crown or the aristocracy—but from the popular element; and even before the more respectable section of the English Whigs, the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Spencer, Mr. Windham, had coalesced with Mr. Pitt, he seems, with his characteristic sagacity, to have withdrawn from the Opposition, which was rapidly tending to Jacobinism, and transferred his independent and at that period, it seems, disinterested support to the Government and Constitution; while Mr. Grattan in Ireland, and Mr. Fox in England—from a mere spirit of opposition to the Minister—got themselves so entangled in revolutionary principles as to have been both most deservedly removed from the Privy Council, and driven to a temporary secession from public life. They returned to parliament much chastened, and in their acts almost Tories. George III. had no more com-
plaisant minister than Fox; and when the *Talents* went out, an
Irish

Irish Insurrection Bill was found drafted in the hand of Mr. Grattan. Lord Castlereagh had no such palinode to make. He himself, young as he was, had never advanced any disorganizing principles; he withdrew himself from the party when he saw the leaders running wild; and there are few public men against whom, in the whole course of his public life, a charge of inconsistency could be less justly made. Whatever modification of his opinions there may have been, it was at least totally uninfluenced by the prospect of office, which he attained at a later period, and by a mere—and for the country, perhaps more than for himself fortunate—accident.

It happened thus:—In March, 1795, nearly two years after Mr. Stewart's secession from the Opposition, Lord Camden was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Pelham, afterwards Earl of Chichester, Chief Secretary. Lord Londonderry, we have seen, had formed a second marriage with Lord Camden's sister: this alliance, no doubt, facilitated his promotion, in 1795, to the Viscounty of Castlereagh, and in July, 1797, to the Earldom;* and Mr. Stewart, who became, on this last promotion, Lord Castlereagh, also received from Lord Camden the office of Keeper of the Privy Seal in Ireland. On the establishment of the Irish militia in 1793 Mr. Stewart had been appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Londonderry regiment, in which county there was a considerable family estate and interest. He afterwards (12th July, 1800) succeeded his uncle Mr. Connolly in the colonelcy, and took, as long as the militia was embodied, a lively interest in the discipline and appearance of that very fine regiment, and, as far as his higher ministerial duties would allow, an active part in its military duties. It was, we presume, this connexion with the militia, as well as his official position as Privy Seal, that induced the Irish Government, when Mr. Pelham went to London for a week or two in the session of 1797, to concert with the English Cabinet measures of defence for Ireland—to employ Lord Castlereagh to introduce a bill for continuing the services of the militia—whose original period of service was about to expire—by a voluntary enlistment on an adequate bounty to be raised and paid by the respective localities. He seems on this occasion to have acted as Minister in the Irish House, and to have conducted the important

* At the Union, the old Lord Londonderry was offered a British peerage; but his political friends were so unwilling to run the risk of losing Lord Castlereagh's services in the House of Commons, and he was himself so reluctant to leave it, that Lord Londonderry was induced to decline the peerage, with an understanding, officially ratified by the Duke of Portland, that it should be conferred on the family whenever they should wish for it. Lord Castlereagh never wished for it; but it was subsequently, we are told, the reason of the creation of an English peerage in favour of the present Lord's second son.

measure he had undertaken—though warmly opposed—with ability and success. This episode brought him still more forward, both as a man of business and a debater; and we find (though not mentioned by the editor) that on the 14th of October, 1797, Lord Castlereagh was appointed a Lord of the Irish Treasury—after which date he appears as a frequent speaker, of course on the side of Government.

The editor states (p. 12) that ‘on the first night of the official appearance of Mr. Pelham in the House of Commons a long and stormy debate took place on the Catholic question, moved by Mr. Grattan: it was lost, popular dissatisfaction ensued, and Mr. Pelham returned in disgust to England, but continued still to hold the office of Secretary, till, being at last induced by illness to resign it, Lord Castlereagh was appointed his successor, in April, 1799.’ But there are here some misapprehensions and anachronisms. It would be supposed, from this statement, that Mr. Pelham retired in disgust immediately after the defeat of the Catholic Bill moved the first evening of his appearance. This was not so; the question debated that evening was not the Catholic question, but a general motion for a Committee on the State of the Nation, meant to censure the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam and the nomination of Lord Camden, which was rejected—158 to 48. The debate on the Catholic Bill was some weeks later; nor did Mr. Pelham’s retirement take place thus early: he continued in Ireland, with the exception of the short absence on public business which we have just mentioned, about two years after that debate; did not go to England, on what may be called *sick leave*, till March, 1798. It was then that Lord Camden, wanting some one to act temporarily during Mr. Pelham’s absence, and not venturing to propose such an accidental and precarious tenure of office to any older statesman, induced his young relation to undertake the duties for a few weeks, as a favour and accommodation to himself and the Government. And finally, the statement that Lord Castlereagh was appointed Mr. Pelham’s successor in ‘April, 1799’ must be a slip of the pen; for the correspondence which follows shows that Lord Castlereagh’s permanent appointment took place in November, 1798. The correction of these erroneous dates is not unimportant to Lord Castlereagh’s political history.

However great may have been Lord Camden’s personal confidence in the abilities of his young friend, it is obvious that Lord Castlereagh must have already acquired a high parliamentary position before—not Lord Camden only, but—the English Cabinet, could have ventured to invest him, even as a *locum tenens*, with so important a trust at such a crisis, when the administration had so formidable

formidable a parliamentary opposition to contend with, and the country itself was in a state of the most imminent danger—a complication of difficulties before which (as the editor states, and certainly was at the time supposed) Mr. Pelham had retired rather from reluctance to face the gathering storm than from bodily illness. Some letters indeed in this collection might seem to indicate that Mr. Pelham's absence was, if not caused, at least prolonged by ill health; but we find little reason to doubt that the editor is correct in attributing his original departure to the difficulties of his ministerial position. It seemed at the time, and is not less so as an historical fact, very strange that at such a moment the chief minister should have left Ireland, whatever were his motives, without also resigning his office. We hoped these papers might have thrown some light on that transaction; but they do not: and we are only confirmed in our original suspicion that there was something in Mr. Pelham's *semi-retirement* which has not yet been explained, and at which we shall presently venture a conjecture.

The date of Lord Castlereagh's temporary appointment is not given, but we have ascertained it to have been the 27th of March, 1798, and the first despatch signed by him as Secretary is dated the 30th. The Rebellion was then on the point of exploding. A few days previous, the Executive Committee, and Messrs. Emmett, Sheares, and other heads of the conspiracy, had been arrested; and the first act Lord Castlereagh had to execute was to countersign a proclamation of the Lord-Lieutenant in Council, authorizing and directing the military to act immediately, and without waiting for the requisition of the civil power, in the suppression of rebellion and the protection of his Majesty's loyal subjects. We notice this the rather because Lord Castlereagh has been absurdly as well as calumniously charged with having fomented the rebellion with the secret view of subjugating Ireland to the necessity of a Union. Whatever may have been the causes, the circumstances, or the consequences of the rebellion, Lord Castlereagh was not in any way answerable for it—the rebellion was already flagrant before his responsibility commenced. His first duties were to suppress it. It undoubtedly afforded a strong additional argument in favour of the Union; but his views on that subject were of much earlier date, and contemplated deeper and more extensive dangers to the integrity of the empire than the unhappy accident of the rebellion: the measures of the Irish Parliament on the Regency and other subjects involving the question of independence—and, indeed, the anomalous relations of the two countries—must, quite irrespectively of popular commotions, have speedily produced either union or separation.

It has been also attempted to connect Lord Castlereagh with some of the severities beyond the law—the retaliation, we may say, of the loyalists on conspiracy and rebellion. Such excesses were, we are old enough to know of our own knowledge, violently exaggerated; and, however much to be lamented, are, in the very circumstances of a civil war, inevitable—but they are in the first degree the guilt of those whose barbarities produce them—

‘nec lex est æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.’

These despatches, however, as far as they give us any additional information, prove that Lord Castlereagh never countenanced any such excesses. His leaning was always to the side of mercy—and he was willing to treat even the guilty with indulgence. Indeed, Lord Brougham, who in the heat of party had, in the speech already referred to on the state of the nation in 1817, insinuated that Lord Castlereagh was privy to those alleged violences, has in his subsequent publication generously admitted that the complaints made against his Irish administration as regarded the cruelties during and after the rebellion were entirely unfounded (p. 95); and, again, that—

‘Lord Castlereagh uniformly and strenuously set his face against the atrocities committed in Ireland; and that to him, more than perhaps any one else, was to be attributed the termination of the system stained with blood,’ &c.—*Hist. Sketches*, vol. iii. p. 155.

This testimony delivered by Lord Brougham with the cautious candour of an historian, in contradiction of his former declamation, is honourable to him, and a final and sufficient vindication of Lord Castlereagh.

Lord Castlereagh had been hardly seven weeks in office when the Rebellion—which was already completely organized, and had in some instances actually exploded—burst out in full violence all over the country on the night of the 23rd of May. It is surprising how little of the history, either political or military, of that rebellion this Correspondence gives. We have looked in vain for anything that was not already-known. The greater portion of the volumes which comprise that period is of the class we alluded to at the outset—of importance while matters were in suspense, but now of little or none: for instance, the largest class of documents is the communications of the Under Secretary of State in England to the Irish Government, of reports concerning the armaments in the ports of France, and the probabilities of their being destined for Ireland. Very important at the moment; but now that the object, the extent, and the result of all those armaments have become matter of history, we do not see the use of reproducing the rumours
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and conjectures to which they gave rise while in preparation. Lord Castlereagh's own letters are very few in number, and most of them of a mere formal character. The following is the only passage we can select as giving any general view of the state of affairs, or of his own opinion on them:—

‘ Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Wickham.

‘ Private.

‘ Dublin Castle, June 12, 1798.

‘ Sir,—I am honoured this day with your letter of the 8th, the military intelligence of which will prove most acceptable on this side of the water. It is of importance that the authority of England should decide this contest, as well with a view to British influence in Ireland, *as to make it unnecessary for the Government to lend itself too much to a party in this country, highly exasperated by the religious persecution to which the Protestants in Wexford have been exposed.*

‘ In that county it is perfectly a religious phrenzy. The priests lead the rebels to battle: on their march, they kneel down and pray, and show the most desperate resolution in their attack. The enclosed certificate is curious, as marking the complexion of the rebellion in that quarter. [It does not appear.] They put such Protestants as are reported to be Orangemen to death, saving others upon condition of their embracing the Catholic faith. It is a Jacobinical conspiracy throughout the kingdom, pursuing its object chiefly with Popish instruments; the heated bigotry of this sect being better suited to the purpose of the republican leaders than the cold, reasoning disaffection of the northern Presbyterians. The number of the insurgents is great,—so great as to make it prudent to assemble a very considerable force before any attempt is made to penetrate that very difficult and enclosed country.

‘ The conduct of the militia and yeomanry has, in point of fidelity, exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Some few corps of the latter, and but very few in that vast military establishment, have been corrupted; but in no instance has the militia failed to show the most determined spirit. In this point of view, the insurrection, if repressed with energy, will have proved an invaluable test of our national force, on the disaffection of which our enemies either actually did, or professed, very extensively to rely.’—vol. i. pp. 219, 220.

This letter was written in the height of the rebellion, before the battle of Vinegar Hill, and while the issue still hung in some suspense; and the eulogy on the universal and unexceptionable loyalty of the militia was premature; in the French invasion, two months later, some regiments chiefly composed of Roman Catholics exhibited a very different spirit (vol. i. p. 337). Our readers, however, will observe the passage in which, even under the indignation and horror which the frightful massacres committed by the Wexford rebels excited, Lord Castlereagh was anxious to be enabled to maintain a due restraint over the exasperated Protestants. And this is the more important, because
this

this letter was written some days before Lord Camden was superseded by Lord Cornwallis, and must therefore have spoken *his* sentiments as well as his secretary's, and thus answers an imputation which has been made on Lord Camden's government, of having fostered, or at least inflamed, the rebellion in order to strengthen Protestant ascendancy. The truth is, as we have often stated, that in *all* Irish rebellions the general aspect of the parties is, that the rebels have been Roman Catholic and the loyalists Protestant.

In this mass of official detail there is so little personal anecdote that we are induced to give the following extract of a letter from Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke, then a reputed patriot, but in *secret*, it seems, the correspondent of the Government.

'August 3, 1798.—I was well acquainted in Paris with the two Messrs. Sheares, who lately suffered in Ireland. The fate of the younger did not surprise me, but I was astonished to learn that the elder was also implicated, for he was apparently a man of most meek and exemplary manners, the father of an infant, and a widower—ties sufficiently strong, methinks, to have curbed his ambition. He was, however, entirely under the influence of his brother, and, though he said little, he was quite (as the French say), when he did speak, *à la hauteur de la Révolution*. The younger was the *boutefeu* of ~~all~~ the *exiled patriots* there. He was the man who proposed an address to the Convention for carrying arms against this country. If you look into the preface of my trial, you will see the account, though, while he lived, I never mentioned his name. I have heard it remarked, and I have found the remark just, that no subject of the British Crown, who entered into the views of the French, returned from France without importing with him much of the ferocity of the French character, and much of the bombast of their style. This has been fully illustrated by the manifesto that was found upon the younger. Laying aside his politics, he was a very accomplished young man. I went with both of them to Versailles, and we visited the Little Trianon, which the Queen of France had constructed. The younger Sheares was so enchanted with the taste of a person who could conceive so beautiful a retreat, that he fell on his knees, and swore he would plunge a dagger in the heart of every Frenchman he met, if a hair of her head were touched. I have sent you this little anecdote of those unfortunate gentlemen, whom I presume you did not know. I will not conceal that I felt deeply afflicted at their fate, and I sincerely wish that the impression may not be lost in any part of our country. The example is awful. May it serve to guard the monarchy, and enlighten the deluded!'—vol. i. pp. 258, 259.

There is a great deal of correspondence concerning the machinations of the Irish rebels with the French Government, the evidence given before the Secret Committees of Parliament, and the revelations and final disposal of the state prisoners, the general features

features of which have been long before the public, and to which the details now given add little more than a general corroboration. Long after the Rebellion had been driven from the field, and the two French invasions defeated, Ireland continued in a most disturbed state. Various leaders little above the lowest class of peasants still maintained themselves with predatory corps of freebooters and rebels in some mountainous districts; in fact the precarious state of the country and danger of another insurrection kept alive the alarm of all the Protestants and of all the friends to British connexion, and no doubt forced the question of the Union on the Government at large. It is strange that we find in this correspondence no hint of when, or how, or with whom the direct proposal of that measure originated. We have seen in Lord Castlereagh's early speeches that he had adopted the principles on which it was founded; but his correspondence affords no trace of his having been, as has been thought, the author of the proposition. The first direct allusion we see to it is in a private letter of Lord Camden in London to Lord Castlereagh, 'undated, but indorsed 1798,' and placed by the editor under the date of *October* in that year, but which we, from internal evidence, are satisfied must have been written in *July*—three months earlier. In this letter, after explaining his own and Mr. Pitt's views as to Lord Castlereagh's succeeding Mr. Pelham whenever the latter should think proper to resign, he says:—

'The King and every one of his Ministers are inclined to a Union, and it will certainly be taken into consideration here, and you will probably hear from the Duke of Portland upon it.'—vol. i. p. 376.

This rather looks as if the idea had *originated* in England.

The next allusion is in a letter from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Pitt (17 September, 1798), in which, after detailing the unsettled state of the country and the disaffection of several regiments of Irish militia, and expressing his pleasure at the promise of large reinforcements from England, he adds:—

'I consider it peculiarly advantageous that we shall owe our security so entirely to the interposition of Great Britain. I have always been apprehensive of that false confidence which might arise from an impression that security had been obtained by our own exertions. Nothing would tend so much to make the public mind impracticable *with a view to that future settlement, without which we can never hope for any permanent tranquillity.*'—vol. i. p. 337.

This, if written, as the Editor places it, before Lord Camden's letter, would look like an overture on the part of Lord Castlereagh, but it was really of a subsequent date.

Mr. Pelham writes to him on the 13th of September, that he had had some talk with Mr. Pitt on a subject (evidently the

the Union) to which he heard that Castlereagh was more friendly than he (Pelham). Yet on the 26th of September, Mr. Marshall, private secretary to Mr. Pelham, and also very much in Lord Castlereagh's confidence; writes from London to acquaint him that the Union is resolved on—that the conditions are under discussion in the Cabinet; and he even enters into detail on some of the most important features of the intended arrangement—and this in a tone as if he was giving Lord Castlereagh information on a subject with which he was unacquainted. Early in October, Lord Chancellor Clare came over expressly to confer with the British Cabinet on this subject; but chiefly with the view—in which he unhappily succeeded—of overruling in Mr. Pitt's mind the opinion of, we believe, the majority of the Cabinet, that the settlement of the Catholic question should be a condition *sine quâ non* of the projected Union. We are, on the whole, unable to affiliate the first proposition of this great measure to any individual minister, and we rather suppose that it had been suggested by the circumstances of the time—and nearly simultaneously—to the mind of every statesman who looked attentively at either the past history or future prospects of the two countries. An independent Ireland had become a political, we had almost said a physical impossibility. Ireland may revolt—may even for a moment be revolutionized; but nature and the intermixture of blood, the interchange of property, the community of language and laws, and the social intercourse and habits of seven hundred years, have decided that the two islands must be one nation. And we believe that there was not then, and that there is not now, one unprejudiced and disinterested person of a different opinion.

On the 2nd of November, Mr. Pelham's resignation was at length officially announced, and Lord Castlereagh was regularly nominated his successor. We hinted a few pages ago that we should venture a conjecture as to the extraordinary delay of Mr. Pelham's resignation; it is this. We think it highly probable that some of the Cabinet—the Duke of Portland for instance—were adverse to the appointment of so young a statesman, placed as they might think in so prominent a station by the *nepotism* of Lord Camden. It is certain, also, that strong objections were made, and we suspect by the King himself, to the appointment of an Irishman to that office; and we know from Mr. Pelham himself that 'he was induced by the opinion of persons, for whom he had the greatest respect, to suspend his resignation.' That 'opinion' may have been the result of a hope on the part of the opponents, that either he might be persuaded to resume his office, or some other candidate be found to set aside the young Irishman.

man. Lord Cornwallis was, we believe, not at first inclined to continue Lord Castlereagh in office; but the crisis at which he arrived was too perilous to allow of a change, and being, after a little experience, convinced of Lord Castlereagh's official abilities, and won by his personal qualities, he recommended him so strongly, and Mr. Pitt was already so strongly impressed with his claims and talents, that all objections from whatever quarter were abandoned, and then Mr. Pelham willingly, and with much personal kindness to Lord Castlereagh, made way for him. This event concludes the first volume of the correspondence.

The second opens with intelligence from the secret informants of the Government concerning the movements of the Irish emigrants at Paris to obtain fresh assistance from France, and a corresponding activity of preparation among the disaffected at home. Amidst the mass of treason revealed in these communications, we find one passage that attests the accuracy of the informant, who states that when it was supposed that 'an expedition from the Texel was intended for Ireland, it was agreed that, as soon as the landing should be effected there, an insurrection should take place in London. Colonel Despard was to be the leading person—the King and Council were to be put to death,—and his force was estimated at 40,000 men ready to turn out.'—(ii. 3.) This information, which must at that time have appeared almost incredible, was but too completely corroborated in February, 1803, when Despard and six of his associates were convicted and executed for a plot to murder the King on his way to Parliament. We notice this, because any one curious to trace the Jacobinical conspiracy which maintained the rebellious spirit in Ireland so long after the open Rebellion was put down, will find a good deal of such matter in the communications made by the Home Office in England to that of the chief secretary. They have little relation to Lord Castlereagh personally; they serve, however, to show a state of things which certainly the Government had no share in producing, but which rendered indispensable vigorous measures of immediate repression, and the Union as the future and inevitable remedy.

Immediately on Lord Castlereagh's permanent appointment that measure began to take an official shape. Early in November, 1798, the English Cabinet transmitted to Ireland the proposed articles of Union, and Lord Cornwallis and Castlereagh began to sound their friends in both houses on the question. Here, and in the course of the long parliamentary struggle that ensued, the reader will probably look for a rich harvest of political scandal. We have heard so much of the corruption of the Irish Parliament, and of the profligate means by which the Union was carried;

carried, that it might naturally be expected that the confidential correspondence of the chief manager and tempter would afford some curious revelations. Such expectations will be disappointed. Whether Lord Castlereagh, with his characteristic good faith and honourable feeling, destroyed all papers that might have involved those who confided in him, or whether the editor's discretion has kept back anything that would tend to personal scandal, or whether, finally, the means by which the Union was carried were, in fact, not so generally and flagrantly corrupt as they were said to be, we cannot altogether decide; each of these three causes may probably have had some effect, but the result is certain, that these papers contain less evidence of corruption, or even undue influence, than we ourselves—who never believed half we heard of them—had anticipated.

We cannot say that they did not exist—they did, we make no question, to a certain degree. Was it to be expected that the Members of an independent representative assembly, who had hitherto enjoyed, and justly, the patronage of their native country—that the Bar, who found in the local parliament a ready road to wealth and rank—that the higher classes of the landed gentry, to whom the House of Commons opened the prospect of the peerage—and, finally, that the Peers themselves, about to be merged by a species of decimation in the British House of Lords—was it, we say, to be expected that all these great classes were to be voluntary accomplices in a measure which, however promising to public interests it might be, was so sudden an extinguisher of the most natural and most reasonable personal prospects? These volumes prove, and we know of our own knowledge, that many signal and noble sacrifices of private to public interests were made—but no doubt the adverse feelings of others not actuated by so high a principle were in many instances propitiated by favours, some of which might be justly stigmatised as *jobs*, or even worse. But this we also know, that if many were induced by such low motives to support the Union, a number quite as large were led by motives of just the same class, but acting in the opposite direction, to oppose it. All who are, like ourselves, old enough to recollect the time are well aware that the favour which won one vote lost sometimes another, and must admit that the conduct of the *soi-disant* patriots was liable to as much imputation as that of the courtiers. There was, however, this remarkable difference in favour of the latter—that there was not, we are confident, in either House of Parliament any man who did not abstractedly, and in his own mind, admit that the Union was necessary to the safety of Ireland, and the integrity of the empire. A needy proprietor of a borough was not sorry to

receive a large sum by way of compensation for it—he supported. A rich one felt the borough to be of much more value than the compensation—he opposed. One noble lord wished for a step in the peerage; it seemed reasonable, and was given—he supported. Another asked the same favour; the circumstances were not so favourable—he was refused—and he opposed. A few such cases may be traced in this correspondence by those who know something of the under-history of the time—though they will perhaps escape younger readers. Lord Brougham, who was intimately acquainted with the most eminent opposers of the Union, frankly testifies ‘that Lord Castlereagh had certainly no direct hand in the bribery practised.’ We go a step farther. We believe that if there had been bribery he must have known it; and we therefore accept Lord Brougham’s evidence not merely as an exculpation of Lord Castlereagh, but as a corroboration of our own opinion that the alleged corruption was extravagantly exaggerated, and we have, for example, a strong conviction that, if the whole truth were told, the *Union* transactions would stand a very favourable comparison with those by which the *Reform Bill* was carried.

The Union was recommended in the Lord Lieutenant’s speech on the 23rd of January, 1799, and the address was carried in opposition to an anti-Union amendment by a majority of only *two* (103 to 105). This was almost equivalent to a defeat; and on the report the Union clause was rejected by a majority of *five* (111 to 106). Lord Castlereagh’s share in these stormy and most difficult debates cannot be better explained than by the Duke of Portland’s reply to his letter announcing the unfavourable result:—

The Duke of Portland to Lord Castlereagh.

‘London, Tuesday Evening, January 29, 1799.

‘My dear Lord,—The conduct you have observed respecting the Union, in the two extraordinary debates you have had to sustain, has been so perfectly judicious and so exactly what could have been wished, that I should do the rest of the King’s servants, as well as myself, great injustice, was I to defer our fullest assurances of the satisfaction it has given us, and of the important advantages we anticipate—I should say, with more propriety—which have been derived from the temper, the firmness, and the spirit you displayed on both these important and most trying occasions.’—vol. ii. p. 145.

The rest of the year 1799 was occupied by the Lord Lieutenant and his Secretary in endeavouring not always successfully, to maintain the public peace, and in preparing for a renewal of the proposal of the Union. The correspondence shows, somewhat tediously, the great and conscientious pains with which the ministers

ministers on each side of the channel studied the question and endeavoured to reconcile the contending interests and claims, political, financial, and commercial, of the two countries; but the only object of now surviving importance is the negotiation, or rather communication, of the Irish Government with the Roman Catholics. It has been often asserted that the latter had engaged to support the Union, and did, in fact, essentially contribute to carry it, upon a stipulation on the part of the Government that their *emancipation* should accompany or at least immediately follow it. This was not so. There was in truth no such stipulation, nor, if there had been, would the Catholics have been entitled to enforce it; for although some few of their leading men were personally favourable (and yet very feebly so) to the measure, the general body professed absolute neutrality, and were in reality hostile. But both Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh were, on the general principle and independently of the Union question, disposed to Emancipation; and it may very well be supposed that, having strongly professed that opinion while canvassing the support of the Catholics to the Union, they, as well as Mr. Pitt, considered themselves bound to resign when they found that they could not carry their views into effect. We are again disappointed at finding that these volumes give us no more, and indeed much less, insight into the real character of that transaction than we already had from other sources, and particularly the well-informed gossip of Lord Malmesbury. Though Mr. Pitt resigned, ostensibly—and, we have very little doubt, really—because he was not able to fulfil the expectations held out to the Roman Catholics by Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh, it seems as if he had had very little communication on the subject with either. Nothing, at least, in these papers shows that Lord Castlereagh knew more of what was going on in the Cabinet and the Closet than he might have heard in the clubs; and with this disappointment for us as to the secret history of that remarkable resignation, the fourth volume of this work concludes.

It is one of the defects of this modern fashion* of publishing in separate *livraisons* a work that, for aught we can discover, might be, and ought if possible to be, published together—that it interrupts very inconveniently the thread of a narrative or the course of a life; it tends also to prolixity. We see strong reason to believe that, if published at once, four volumes would have amply sufficed to comprise the whole of Lord Castlereagh's life,

* We think it but justice to the noble Editor to say that arrangements of this sort are generally those of the publisher, who does not like to adventure a whole work at once. This, we admit, may be a fair tradesman's view; but it is in many ways injurious to literature.

and all his papers that are of any permanent interest. But, as the matter now stands, these four volumes comprise barely three years of his life, and do not even bring him into the English Cabinet. We are thus abruptly forced to suspend, almost at his dawn, our sketch of his career.

But though we cannot but think that a vast deal of adventitious matter might have been advantageously omitted, there is one voluminous topic which happens, under our present circumstances, to have again become of great interest—we mean a STATE PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY of Ireland, which Lord Castlereagh considered not merely as an indispensable preliminary to the Emancipation, as it was called, of the laity, but a measure of justice and policy, which ought to have been adopted without any reference to the general question. Lord Castlereagh proposed a considerable extension of the small allowance before made to the Presbyterian clergy, and was anxious to include the Roman Catholics in a similar arrangement. He made extensive inquiries both at home and abroad, in which he was assisted by that indefatigable advocate for a liberal arrangement with our Roman Catholic countrymen, Sir J. Cox Hipplesey. The mass of information* collected on this subject will be interesting to all who are disposed to investigate a question which is, we believe, the very most important of our day. We have already expressed our equal regret and wonder at the nature and tone of the opposition which has of late arisen to it. It is no longer, it seems, a question of policy, but of conscience—not of legislative judgment, but of religious faith—the measure would be not merely impolitic, but ‘sinful’—not a charitable provision for a destitute class of society, but a ‘criminal encouragement of idolatry.’ We have before said that we will not dispute on points of conscience, but we will say that such scruples are to us wholly unintelligible. They are of very recent date, for up to the last few years, often as this subject has been debated, no one, not even the most zealous Orangeman, ever took, that we remember, this purely religious

* Amongst this mass there is, in an appendix to the fourth volume, a collection of papers, of which the editor says that ‘though they neither belong to the period nor to the precise object of the Castlereagh correspondence, they appear too valuable, as illustrative of the condition of the English Catholics in the early part of the reign of George I., to be excluded. They must, I conceive, have originally belonged to the papers of Secretary Craggs; and form a small packet, endorsed *Letters from the Earl of Stair at Paris, in 1718, and Mr. Secretary Craggs in 1719, Duke of Norfolk, &c., concerning the Roman Catholic negotiation going on at that time in England; with a memorial and papers on that subject.*’—iv. p. 436. This negotiation seems to have been a wild scheme of that audacious intriguer, the Abbé Strickland, who makes such a disgraceful figure in Lord Hervey’s *Memoirs*, as Bishop of Namur; but the details, however curious some of them may be thought, are certainly of no value at all, as far as depends on the good faith or morality of the negotiator.

objection—

objection—and we have before stated that when Mr. Pitt, Lord Cornwallis, and Lord Castlereagh resigned in 1801, because they could not carry Catholic Emancipation, those who were most prominent in successfully opposing that general concession—King George III., Mr. Addington, and Lord Loughborough—made no objection to a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. We have also stated that the plea of not ‘encouraging idolatry’ comes too late in a State which acknowledges, protects, and pays the Roman Catholic Church established in our colonies of Malta and Canada, and which even in Ireland salaries Roman Catholic chaplains in every poor-house. By what hallucination can we persuade ourselves that it is lawful to salary the priest of the poor-house and sinful to salary the priest of the parish, who may perhaps be the very same person? But what can be answered to the case of the Roman Catholic clergy of Scotland, who received, half a century ago, from the British Government this ‘encouragement to idolatry’—as appears by the following letter to Sir J. Hippenley from two Scotch Roman Catholic prelates, Bishops Hay and Chisholm, men of great and deserved reputation in their church?—

‘Edinburgh, June 19, 1799.

‘Most dear Sir,—Only two days ago, the Lord Advocate found leisure to give us an audience, and this morning our affair was finally adjusted. Though you will probably know the terms on which matters were settled, we thought it our duty to let you know them from ourselves.

‘We are allowed such a sum for the support of our clergy as, with what we have of our own, will enable us to give each of them, according to our present number, 20*l.* yearly, with a small balance to be reserved for other common exigencies, as mentioned to you in a former letter would be necessary. Each of the vicars gets 100*l.*, and each of the coadjutors 50*l.*; also 50*l.* are allowed for each of our Colleges, to help their yearly support, and 600*l.* are to be given to each to defray the debts incurred in their erection. You will easily conceive how great a consolation this intelligence gave us, to see ourselves and our clergy, by this singular assistance from our generous benefactors, his Majesty’s Ministers, raised to a comfortable situation from almost absolute poverty.’—vol. ii. p. 333. .

—and this in Scotland, where assuredly there never has been any disposition to encourage popish idolatry.

This allowance, we believe, was very soon withdrawn—but why, we know not. At least, we have never met any other mention of it than that here made, and no farther explanation of it is given; but its grant, and its acceptance, are an important precedent, and particularly as affording an answer to another objection—‘the Irish priests will not accept your stipends.’ We have no doubt

doubt that great efforts would be made to induce them to reject a measure which would deprive the demagogues among them of their power of mischief; but no rational man has any doubt that it would eventually be generally accepted, though perhaps not now as gratefully as it would have been fifty years since. The various adverse feelings which the delay of adopting some such arrangement has fostered, cannot be expected to vanish at once; but we are well satisfied that the anodyne effect of personal independence and domestic comfort on both the clergy and their flocks would be certain, and we even now believe that this result would be pretty soon apparent. Sir Edward Bellew, then one of the Catholic leaders, though hesitating a little to support the Union, 'was for connecting the Catholic clergy with the State' (ii. 50). Doctor Troy, R.C. Archbishop of Dublin, was, in conjunction with O'Reilly, R.C. Archbishop of Armagh, and Plunket, R.C. Bishop of Meath, authorized by an assembly of the Roman Catholic bishops to treat with the Government on the details of the arrangement—the preliminary points having been previously agreed to and submitted to Lord Castlereagh, who expressed his approbation of them, and probably transmitted them to the Duke of Portland' (*Dr. Troy*, ii. 172). This paper unluckily does not appear, but there is abundant evidence (in addition to the Scotch case, which is directly in point) all through the correspondence that there was no conscientious or religious objection ever so much as surmised on the part of any Protestant to grant, or of any Catholic to receive, this alimentary provision. On the first defeat of the Union, the Irish Government thought it their duty to lay officially and confidentially before the English Cabinet the aspect which that question had then assumed, and the *state of parties* consequent upon it.* This despatch, after stating that, in order to weaken the arguments for the Union, the Irish Opposition intended to introduce certain measures,—such as a regency bill and a scheme of joint finance,—that would obviate the apprehended danger of a collision between the two legislatures, proceeds to say:—

'This party will also call upon Government to make provision for the Catholic and Presbyterian clergy, as they have been taught to ex

* This letter is stated in the correspondence to have been from *Lord Castlereagh* to the Duke of Portland. We, however, cannot doubt that, though the draft may be in Lord Castlereagh's hand, the letter itself must have been signed by the *Lord Lieutenant*, who, according to official form, was the proper correspondent of the *Secretary of State*. We find, a few pages later, the *Secretary of State* answering, *seriatim*, to the *Lord Lieutenant* all the points of this letter. It seems clear, therefore, that this despatch must have borne the signature of his Excellency. This is of some importance, because there would be a difference between a private communication between two individual ministers, and the authority of an official despatch binding on the two cabinets.

pect it : how far this measure, which *appears so necessary in itself*, should be postponed and connected with the Union, it is for Ministers to decide.'—vol. ii. p. 141.

Thus the Irish Opposition and the Irish Ministry were both equally convinced of the popularity and the expediency, nay the necessity, of making a provision for the Catholic clergy, and inclined to run a race as to which should be the first to propose it. Now mark how these propositions were received by the English Cabinet, which contained men on whom the Protestant-ascendancy party had the greatest reliance, and whose opinion could have been hardly transmitted to Ireland without the sanction of the King. The Duke of Portland replies officially :—

'The provisions which may be proposed for the Dissenting clergy, as well of the Protestant *as of the Roman Catholic persuasion*, do not appear to me to require much more address, or to expose you to more difficulty or embarrassment in the treatment of them. We are of opinion that such a proposition, without adverting to the quarter from whence it may originate, or intimating a suspicion of the motives which may have suggested it, *should meet with a favourable reception, and a general good disposition should be manifested to entertain and discuss it.*'—vol. ii. p. 157.

And as if to mark even more strongly the assent of the Cabinet to this proposition, the next paragraph on the question of tithes is in a very different tone :—

'A directly contrary conduct is that which it is thought necessary for your Excellency to hold with respect to the question of Tithes. Should your apprehensions be realized by its being attempted to be made a subject of Parliamentary discussion, your Excellency will resist the introduction of it with firmness and decision, and you will let it be understood that it never can be entertained, unless some plan respecting them should so far receive the sanction of the Legislature of this country as to be thought deserving of its serious consideration.'—vol. ii. p. 158.

Further—our readers will recollect (*see* Q. R. vol. 79, p. 506) that a year later, Lord Loughborough, then Chancellor of England, drew up and communicated to the King an answer to a paper* of Lord Castlereagh's in favour of Emancipation, and that

* We stated (*ubi supra*) that it was not exactly known to what precise paper Lord Loughborough's 'Reflections' replied; we have now no doubt that it was to a paper printed in these volumes, but which, having no title or indorsement, the editor gives as anonymous. We must also, in reference to the passages on the same article of this Review relative to the date of Mr. Pitt's communication with the King on the Catholic question, add the following new evidence from Mr. Cooke :—

'I find from Carter, the Postmaster's Secretary, that Mr. Pitt sent all your Catholic and Tithe papers to the King on the 13th of September [1800]; that the King, in answer, expressed strong objections to the Catholic business; that Mr. Pitt mentioned the subject again on the 13th of December, and again on the 18th, when the King stated that,

that Lord Brougham attributed to Lord Loughborough's representations his Majesty's adverse determination on that subject. Now Lord Loughborough's paper, by him delivered to the King and by the King handed to Mr. Addington when he became minister, while it repels all the rest of Lord Castlereagh's proposal, cordially adopts that for the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. These are the English Chancellor's words:—

'The state of the Catholic clergy is *quite a distinct consideration*; it ought to have been taken up when the laws that proscribed the exercise of their functions were repealed; at that time it was unfortunately neglected, but *it cannot be too soon resumed*. That the clergy of a tolerated sect of religion should feel a certain dependence on Government is a *wise and liberal policy*: the mode of creating that dependence is a subject of much delicacy. It must not be such as to impair their influence over their people, nor lessen their respect, and therefore cannot be entirely precarious. *The Government is stated to have already entered into some engagements on the subject, and they ought to be fairly fulfilled.*'—vol. i. p. 511.

As individual authorities in favour of this measure we could produce almost every public man of the last half-century: indeed, we know not where, until within the last very few years, we could find a single dissentient voice. But, individual authority,—even that of Pitt and Burke, Loughborough and Cornwallis, Castlereagh and Canning, George III. and Lord Sidmouth,—is, it seems, on this point alone to be disregarded by those who profess to be their disciples, followers, or admirers in all other respects. Those, however, of our readers who may have adopted the modern—indeed, we may say the recent—argument of 'the peril of idolatry,' will perhaps be startled at the following passage in a letter of Mr. Under-Secretary Cooke, a man of great talent and sagacity, of a true independence and originality of character, and

that, sooner than concede, he would part with his life, expressing the strongest regret on Mr. Pitt's decision to resign.—You recollect our idea that his Majesty had not been early consulted.'—vol. iv. p. 83.

This seems at variance with several circumstances quoted in our article, and particularly with the King's own assertion, that he had never heard of the question being discussed in Cabinet till the 1st February, 1801. The least improbable solution of these discrepancies is, that Mr. Pitt transmitted Lord Castlereagh's paper without any explanation or intimation that he at all partook of his Lordship's opinions, and that the King had no idea that the matter had been made a Cabinet question, or was seriously intended on the part of Mr. Pitt. We find (iv. 2) that the most important person in the Irish cabinet, Lord Clare, was as much in the dark as the King. He complained of the silence of Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh as a deception upon him, and they defended themselves by saying that they had no authority from the English cabinet to open the matter to any one. The fact seems to have been that, although there had been a good deal of preliminary discussion, it was all conditional—that it was not till just before the meeting of Parliament, in January, 1801, that Mr. Pitt had made up his mind to bring forward the measure—and that it then took every one by surprise. •

whose

whose short, terse, and pregnant letters occupy, we think, nearly the best pages in these volumes. Mr. Cooke, just upon Mr. Addington's accession, writes to Lord Castlereagh :—

‘It would be pleasant to look over all the laws relating to religion which were passed since the Reformation. The Reformed Church—I mean the Church of England—began by persecuting all other sects, and forbade the exercise of any religion different from the Established. They then tolerated the Protestant forms, legalised their places of worship, and enjoined the Sectaries to attend them. They, last of all, in the same manner, tolerated and legalised the Catholic worship, and *enjoined* Catholics to go to mass.

‘Presbyterianism has been established in Scotland; and the Presbyterian and Catholic worship are as fully legalised and as fully in a legal sense established as the Church of England at this day.’—vol. iv. p. 91.

Mr. Cooke alludes, we presume, to the Act of the 31 Geo. III. c. 32, introduced by that able lawyer, honest statesman, and stanch Protestant, Lord Redesdale; in which, amongst other relaxations of the penal code, there is a provision that the penalties for not attending the divine worship of the Established Church shall not attach to those who attend the places of worship authorized by that Act—viz., places of Roman Catholic worship. This in spirit and effect amounts to what Mr. Cooke states it—a legal injunction to attend mass, which yet other co-existing laws pronounced to be ‘impious and idolatrous.’

It is with sincere pain that we recur to this question, on which we have within the last few years had to regret a difference of opinion with a large class of friends, from whom on no other question have we any difference, and with whom we have walked hand in hand for forty of the most eventful years of domestic or European history. But we are obliged to do so on this occasion: first, because the subject occupies the most important as well as the most extensive portion of the volumes before us, and also because we feel the question to be of the most vital interest to the empire—of more even than the Union itself. But it is especially as Protestants, as affectionate and dutiful members of the united Church of England and Ireland, and as most deeply anxious and alarmed for the safety and honour of that portion of the Church now in a state of siege in Ireland, that we urge with all the united force of our conviction and our apprehensions—of our reason and our fear—of our sense of justice and of our sense of danger—that we urge—that we press upon our friends the peril of the course which some of them are pursuing. We wonder that these excellent men are not spontaneously alarmed at finding themselves associated on this question with the notorious and
avowed

avowed enemies of all ecclesiastical endowments and establishments—with sectarians and infidels, who oppose anything that resembles an endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy only because it bears some relation, and would afford additional security, to the Established Church. We are not slightly acquainted with the sister kingdom—and we have no doubt that if the members of the Established Church *in Ireland*, and particularly the clergy themselves, could be brought to a ballot on this question, it would be carried by a large and overwhelming majority, both lay and clerical. We abstain from all discursive or theoretic reasoning; we lay aside for the moment all regard to the claims, the feelings of our Roman Catholic countrymen; we waive the doctrine of natural justice, and will not dwell on the example and experience of almost all the other civilized nations of the world. We submit to all the disadvantage of arguing the question on what may be called a narrow and selfish ground—the *safety of the Established Church in Ireland*: this may seem, we admit, compared to the great extent of the other arguments, a narrow ground: but so was Marathon, so was Thermopylæ. The Irish Church is, we have no sort of doubt, the frontier pass where the Protestant Establishment of the empire is to be fought for—saved or lost! and it is with the deepest concern and most reluctant conviction that we avow our opinion, that if a reasonable and honourable *state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland* be not adopted, the Established Church of Ireland will be swept away by the irresistible pressure which our own folly and injustice will have accumulated against her. *Deus avortet!* but such a consequent catastrophe appears to us infinitely more probable than was the generation of the Reform Bill from the unhappy obstinacy of the Tory cabinet in the cases of Grampound, Penrhyn, and East Retford. This provision for the Roman Catholic clergy is the EAST RETFORD of the Irish Church; but, if rejected—it is something more than *Reform* that will follow—in Ireland first—but as surely, and at no distant day, in England!

It is very remarkable that this work, originally intended by Lord Londonderry as no more than an historical vindication of his brother's character, should, by circumstances which he could not have foreseen, have obtained at the moment of publication a very peculiar character of interest and opportunity—that the *three* great leading objects and measures of Lord Castlereagh's political life—measures of infinitely greater importance than had been for near a century and a half connected with the individual responsibility of any British statesman—should have been, in that great Chapter of Accidents which bears the date of 1848, brought, we may almost say, to the *experimentum crucis*—to a trial such

as no human foresight could have anticipated, and the result of which no human judgment can venture to predict:—

First, The provision for the Roman Catholic clergy just treated of, which, after having been twice unexpectedly defeated in 1800 and 1825,* is now, we are told by public rumour, upon the eve of a third ordeal—on the favourable result of which we believe the safety of the Protestant Establishment and general tranquillity of Ireland to depend.

Next, The Union—which, after having been for twenty years the pretended grievance of artful agitators, and employed by them as the means of bullying the Whig Ministry out of all their Irish, and much of their English patronage—fell into the hands of a crack-brained coxcomb, who—by an attempt richly deserving the gallows, if Bedlam had not a prior claim—has afforded to all who needed it, an additional proof that *repeal* is a mere stalking-horse in seditious debate, and, when brought into action, neither more nor less than High Treason.

The third measure, or rather series of measures, of Lord Castlereagh's policy which this eventful year has brought into question, is the great European settlement of 1815. The present generation has almost forgotten, or at least seems very inadequately impressed with, the difficulties and the merits of that arrangement. We do not now-a-days sufficiently appreciate how perilous was the attempt, and how desperate seemed the prospect on the accession of the Tories in 1807, of overthrowing or even arresting the gigantic despotism of Buonaparte—nor when, contrary to the expectation of nine-tenths of mankind, that was accomplished in 1814-15, how arduous was the task of reconstructing the European system which had been overthrown as by an earthquake, and obliterated as by a deluge. Though the documents now published do not reach those times, the preliminary and biographical notices of the noble editor come seasonably to reproduce the early aspects of those great historical events, and to remind us of the gratitude that this country and the world owe to the statesmen of those days, and especially to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh—both in a peculiar degree the authors and agents of our power and our policy—for seven-and-forty years of the greatest material prosperity that these countries have ever enjoyed; and, strange to say, the longest peace that the civilized world has ever known. When before in the annals of Europe has the sword been so long sheathed? There was, as we have seen, a twenty years' war, and there was, as we have read, a *Thirty years' war*; but when

* See Quarterly Review, vol. lxxvi. p. 281, for the details of the last proposition, which was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 48.

before had the Western world known a three-and-thirty years' peace?*

We cannot venture to guess—and it could be but guessing—what is to be the ultimate result of the convulsions under which the greater part of the Continent has been struggling for the last nine months; but thus much we are entitled to say, that the treaties of 1815 must have been based in a wise and liberal policy, and must have in an extraordinary degree consulted the interests and feelings of the various nations they comprised, when we see that in the midst of those convulsions—notwithstanding all the obloquy that the disaffected and agitating faction in all countries had for thirty years been lavishing on these treaties, there has been a manifest disinclination to disturb their principle or even their details. M. Lamartine, in his first vapouring circulars, blew as it were hot and cold upon them—he thought to make himself popular with the giddy multitude of revolutionists in his own country and throughout Europe by incidentally disavowing them, but he did not dare to interrupt or renounce them. Prussia has been revolutionised—Germany is a chaos of unintelligent and unintelligible confusion—Austria has been on the brink of total dissolution—the Emperor forced twice to fly, and finally to abdicate—the Pope expelled†—Lombardy conquered and reconquered—but, except in the single case of Naples and Sicily, we do not recollect that in all this confusion, there has appeared any serious and substantial derangement of the general principles of the international arrangements of 1815. The question of Sleswig-Holstein has no relation to that arrangement. We are well aware of the cry for an Italy, one and *indivisible*, but that vision is older than the Treaties of Vienna themselves, and does not seem, even after all the efforts and all the successes of the Italian revolutionists, to be one jot more rational or more feasible than it originally was; and, in the single open, distinct, and practical violence that has as yet been offered to the legitimate unrepealed authority of the Treaties of Vienna—the case of Naples and Sicily—we are obliged to confess with grief and shame, that it was the England of 1847 that in the first and greatest degree contributed to disturb the arrangements which the England of 1815 had been so earnest and successful in making. The irregular, insidious, and uncon-

* The suppression of the insurrections of Warsaw and Cadiz, and the siege of Antwerp, can hardly be considered as exceptions to the general peace of Europe; they were topical remedies for local disorders, which fortunately the general system was strong enough to bear.

† *Ille viam secat ad naves—*

Tum se ad Carthæ recto fert limite portum.—Æn. vi. 899.

stitutional mission of Lord Minto to Italy in the autumn of 1847, was beyond all doubt the prime incentive to the disturbance in that portion of Europe. It is possible—indeed we have heard it alleged as if it were a defence, that he only anticipated the French Revolution—that the mischief which we charge him with doing in autumn, would have been as certainly produced in the following spring by the *propagande* of Lamartine and the Republic. This, if it were true, would only make the matter worse—that the Lord Privy Seal of England should be the harbinger of French Jacobinism. But even the Republic has practically repudiated the imputation. She has, in defiance of her own early professions, and of the sympathy which all her founders felt or affected for democratic revolution everywhere, and especially in Italy, in despite of solicitations from without and pressure from within, she has, we say, resisted the impulses which would have carried her into Belgium, the Rhenish provinces, and Lombardy, and inevitably kindled either a universal civil war or an anarchical chaos throughout the Continent. Her ‘Army of the Alps’ has been used, in fact, only to overawe Lyons and help in keeping down Paris. The only practical exception to the rule that she can be reproached with is, we repeat, one in which she was encouraged by and associated with ourselves—the menacing presence and unjustifiable intervention of the English and French fleets in the Straits of Messina to restrain the King of Naples from pursuing his advantages over his insurgent subjects—a conduct which, as we said in our last Number, exposed our Government to the unanswerable remonstrance and humiliating rebuke conveyed in the suggestion that Russia or the United States might under that precedent have sent their fleets into the Irish Channel to protect Mr. Smith O’Brien and the Irish insurrection. But this has been the sole exception—and of it we have said enough in a preceding article (*Italian Intervention*); and in spite of that exception we may still say that the treaties of 1815 remain public law—and we are as satisfied, as in such a stormy atmosphere as surrounds us we can be of any political prospect, that when Europe shall resettle herself, any arrangement that promises stability, tranquillity, and real independence must be founded on the general basis of those treaties, or on some analogous principles. ♦

The result of the Presidential election in France corroborates, as far as we can judge of its influence, that expectation. On the state of Europe its immediate influence promises to be sedative. Without attempting to analyze minutely all the component feelings that ranged so enormous a majority under the banner of Louis Buonaparte, it is impossible not to be struck with the grand feature

ture which—as recognized and admitted by all parties—it presents, namely, of being a gigantic *protest* against both the Revolution and the Republic. The numbers announced are worth recording:—

Louis-Napoleon Buonaparte . . .	5,534,520
General Cavaignac . . .	1,448,302
Ledru-Rollin . . .	371,431
Raspail . . .	36,964
Lamartine . . .	17,914
General Changarnier . . .	4,687
Sundry Votes . . .	12,434
Blank or Unconstitutional Tickets . .	23,219

Total . . 7,449,471

—a total that, considering that there are not above 18 millions of males of *all ages and conditions* in France, seems to us an almost incredible number of actual and *bonâ-fide* voters.

It cannot be doubted that in this vast aggregate of votes given for Louis Napoleon a considerable number were influenced by the name—*magni stat nominis umbra*. But when we examine the returns, and compare the similar results produced in the cities and great towns, where this class of voters is confessedly very small, with those of remote departments where it is thought to have been so numerous, we find strong reason to doubt that it was so influential as the Republicans would persuade us; and, indeed, the higher they could carry it the worse it would be for their case, for such votes, if really given to the memory of Napoleon, would be a demonstration in favour, not of monarchy merely, but of despotism. We have, in short, very great doubts as to the alleged extent of anything really deserving to be called Buonapartism. We know on the most indisputable authority that the peasantry in general went to the poll with the feeling and the cry of *il faut en finir avec la République*.

Even in General Cavaignac's minority we believe that there was a very great number whose votes expressed no very real devotion to the Republic. The General had on his side the strong hand of power and the strong box of influence; seven-tenths of the National Assembly had identified themselves with him, and what with the enjoyment of the government patronage and their own twenty-five francs a day they were, we admit, Republicans à la Cavaignac, and used whatever influence they had in their departments in his favour—but that was not much; for the majority of them were themselves elected under the influence of the cliques of the '*National*' and '*Réforme*,' and have really no substantial and hardly any personal interest in the places on which

which they had been imposed as representatives—while the direct influence of Government is, everywhere, in France so enormous that we confess we are very much surprised that the Dictator's numbers were not larger. From what we have seen, both formerly, and still more lately, of elections in France, we have very little doubt that half Cavaignac's electors would have voted for Buonaparte or Lamartine, or old Nick, if he had occupied the seat of power; and so far, indeed, we must admit that this large class of his voters were sincere Republicans, inasmuch as they consider their places as identified with the Republic. But another and more respectable class of Cavaignac's supporters were those who saw in him an antagonist to those who called themselves Republicans *par excellence*; they voted for the man whom they believed to have put down the socialist and democratic revolts of June, and to stand as the barrier between social order and the Red Republic. To these persons the sword of Cavaignac seemed a surer guarantee than a character so totally untried as that of Louis Napoleon; and we are, therefore, satisfied that if some real Republicans may have voted for Buonaparte, a great many of a more respectable class voted for Cavaignac out of mere terror of the Republic.

Of the real or Red Republicans—and after all there are no real Republicans in France except the Red ones—the united numbers that voted for Ledru-Rollin and Raspail seem but as dust in the balance. We, on the first burst of the Revolution, stated on the best authority that infinitely the smallest of all parties in France was the Republican, but it made up in noise, activity, and courage what it wanted in numbers. We now see how just our information was: but we must at the same time confess that we think it is in reality greater than it appears in these returns; for it cannot be doubted that many Republicans, placed in office by the Revolution, have voted for Cavaignac; and that a still greater number preferred, to either Ledru-Rollin or Raspail, the candidate who professed himself 'proud of being the son' of a Regicide and a Terrorist. It is certain, however, that they are and have been all along in number the weakest party, and that they owe all their success and their miraculous imposition of a Republic on the reluctant nation in last February to the maxim of one of their grand prototypes of 1793, '*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*' Low as they stood on the late poll, we have such a conviction of their activity and audacity, and have had so sad an experience of the want of energy in any other party, and, indeed, in the nation at large, that we shall not be surprised to find this knot of desperate adventurers very soon resuming a forward part, and exhibiting once more their formidable predominance.

But,

But, of the general character of the election, as a protest against the régime of the last nine months, nobody affects to doubt: it is the boast of the majority, it is the complaint of the minorities, that the contest was between Republic and Reaction, and that Republic has been distanced. The two great agents and organs of the February Revolution—the ‘*National*’ and the ‘*Réforme*’—attest the unpalatable fact with equal reluctance and bitterness. They talk of the ‘felon hands of the royalists which filled the electoral urns with adulterous votes.’ They see in the result a ‘terrible reaction in which all the parties that the Revolution had overthrown and kept down were now coalesced against it;’ and they go so far as to hint that universal suffrage may be so abused, that it might become necessary to *resist by force* its hostility to the Republic. Their trust is now in the National Assembly, which, chosen by a mere Jacobinical exercise of universal suffrage, they are inclined to prefer to that which has produced the President, and, with a view to this antagonism, they urge the Assembly to prolong its own existence and retain its sovereign power as a restraint on that of the President. On the other hand, the public opinion of France calls loudly for the dissolution of the Assembly, which, having fulfilled the constituent duty for which it was called, had no right, it is contended, to extend its mission under pretence of voting what they call organic laws. This affair seems to us very serious, and may perhaps produce—as the ‘*National*’ already prophesies—the same kind of struggle that a similar usurpation on the part of the Convention produced on the 13 Vendémiaire (5th of October, 1795), when the *mitraille* of Buonaparte gave the victory to the Convention against the Constitution. Our doubt is, that the Assembly, which suffered itself to be so often outraged, and once ignominiously expelled, and which must feel that it is not the voice of the country, will ever venture on a *coup d’état*. It certainly will not, unless the state of the public mind should undergo a radical change.

All the world now sees why neither the *Republic* itself, nor—contrary to every precedent (and there have been ten or a dozen)—the *Constitution* was submitted to the sanction of the people: the first would probably, the last certainly, have been rejected. But what a spectacle does so great a country as France now exhibit; submitting herself to a form of government which she had not chosen and against which she protests by such an enormous demonstration as we have just seen in favour of a person for whom not one in ten of the electors cared a rush, who had been twice since the Revolution most unjustly denied the common rights of a French citizen, without one friendly voice being raised in his behalf, and who now is elevated to the Government of the State

State by five millions and a half of voices, with no other real recommendation than a degree of personal insignificance that made him a fit receptacle for every class of vote hostile to the Republic, and a stop-gap for the more important personages whom their friends do not yet venture to produce ! The whole Revolution—Republic, Assembly, Constitution, President—all have been and are—let us be forgiven the expressive term—a gigantic humbug from beginning to end. It is a solemn farce, intermixed with deplorable episodes, in whose duration no man, friend or foe, has any confidence ; and in which all that is real is the misery it has caused to individuals and the ridicule and disgrace which it inflicts on a great country. But this state of things, much as we deplore it for the sake of France herself, promises at least this beneficial consequence : that the new Government has been notoriously elected on principles of peace and order at home and abroad, from which it will have, we trust, neither the wish nor the power to depart. The President will have more than enough to do in endeavouring to manage his Assembly, and to keep together that rope of sand by which he was hoisted to the chair ; and the Assembly, and all the various parties which divide it and the country, will, we hope, be indisposed to increase their difficulties at home by aggression on their neighbours. We are very well aware of how short the duration of the Presidential administration may be—it may not last as many months as the written constitution prescribes years. It has opened with one of the strangest anomalies of this whole *annus mirabilis*—the last Minister of Louis-Philippe is the first Minister of Louis-Napoleon ; and it requires no great foresight to anticipate the discordance and confusion which must arise from the placing at the head of the Republic a man, who, both by his personal position and the avowed object of a majority of his supporters, is antipathetical to a Republic. We have no great doubt that he himself, in spite of the awkward *je le jure* so lately pronounced, has some visions of the *Empire*. We even believe that the army and populace would to-morrow proclaim him *Emperor* on very slight provocation ; and that the friends of Monarchy in the abstract would not unwillingly lend themselves to such a transition. But, on the other hand, many of those who were the most active and influential promoters of his election are already, if we are rightly informed, to be reckoned amongst his most formidable enemies ; and we ourselves have, on general principles, little expectation that a bare pole, without root or branches, can long stand in that stormy region of storms.

But all this, whichever way the internal struggle may turn, must, we think, tend to discourage whatever faction may pre-

dominate from disquieting other countries; and we therefore venture to indulge a hope that the international peace of Europe is not likely to be further endangered; and on the part of our own country we also hope that even Lord Palmerston himself, so long considered—and we fear but too justly—to be the *boute-feu* of Europe and the disturber of all legitimate governments, will be restrained—if not by some return of his earlier good principles and good sense—at least by the force of events and the alarm which those events cannot have failed to produce on the mind of his colleagues and his Mistress. But if not—we trust that early in the next Session the voice of Parliament will authoritatively communicate to him and his colleagues its resolution that the foreign policy of this country should be conducted on the principles of Castlereagh, and of his friends, colleagues, and successors, Aberdeen and Wellington—the only system that can be honourable to this country or safe for Europe.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar.* By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. 1848.
2. *The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life familiarly explained.* By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. 1847.
3. *Astro-Theology.* By the Rev. Henry Moseley. 1847.
4. *Traité Philosophique d'Astronomie Populaire, ou Exposition Systématique de toutes les Notions de Philosophie Astronomique, soit scientifiques, soit logiques; qui doivent devenir universellement familières.* Par M. Auguste Comte. Paris, 1845.
5. *The Danger of Superficial Knowledge: a Lecture* by James D. Forbes, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and Corresponding Member of the French Institute. 12mo. 1849.

POPULAR science is less a concession to the spirit of our age than is by many imagined. It has always in modern times been the humble attendant on mathematical philosophy, like the squire on the knight in the days of chivalry. 'Let us,' said D'Alembert, 'find out the thing—there will be no lack of persons to put it into shape;' and, in fact, since the revival of letters, whenever a discoverer has delivered the text, there have been plenty of commentators to expound it to the multitude. His immediate pupils have become his interpreters to the larger audience, who, without taste or time for algebra and geometry, were eager to be initiated into the laws of the universe. But though several manuals, either original or translated, existed previously, it was the publication of the *Principia*—the greatest step ever taken in mathematical physics—which gave in England, by the splendour and interest of its discoveries, an equal impulse to popular science. The homage which innovators must often await from posterity it was Newton's good fortune to receive from contemporaries. A system above attack, and a genius too pre-eminent for envy, might not of themselves have silenced opposition; for ignorance and prejudice hear no reason and respect no claims. But the abstruseness of the *Principia* ensured him a trial by a special jury. None could approach who were incapable of appreciating the work, and in its main positions to understand and be convinced by it were identical things. Being written in a language which only scholars could read, and consisting of reasoning

which only the profoundest geometricians could comprehend, the sale of necessity was exceedingly slow. A single edition satisfied the demand for more than twenty years. Philosophers are always a minority, and Halley wrote to Newton while it was printing, that even of philosophers 'by much the greater number were without mathematics.' But the scientific literature of those twenty years is a conclusive proof that it was not neglect which retarded the circulation.* It found an audience fit though few—persons who received it with the reverence of disciples, and placed their glory in extending the renown of the master. The fondest idolatry could hardly heighten panegyrics which were only not extravagant because Newton was their object. 'The incomparable' and 'the illustrious' were the epithets bestowed on him; his genius was said to be more than human, and it was affirmed that the united discoveries of mechanical science from the creation of the world did not amount to a tenth part of what he, in a single publication, had disclosed. Stamped with the approbation of consummate judges, the majority accepted the conclusions of the *Principia* without cavil or mistrust, and joined in admiring truths the demonstration of which they were incompetent to understand. Locke, after obtaining from Huygens, with characteristic caution, an assurance that the mathematical propositions of the *Principia* were unimpeachably correct, studied for himself, in the original work, the physical laws, and enrolled himself among the adherents, as he was before among the friends, of its author. Newton appears to have been proud of the circumstance, for he often related it. The bulk of the public might well be content with the authorities and arguments which satisfied the sceptic scrupulosity of Locke. In the mean while the first students constituted themselves the centres of fresh circles, for whom they simplified a geometry obscure from its depth and often from its brevity, and supplied connecting links to what Newton left a disjointed chain, seemingly unconscious that the intuition of others was less than his own. Each succeeding circle, as when a stone is flung into the water, gave birth to a wider, which, after the lapse of upwards of a century and a half, is still enlarging as population increases and education is diffused.

It was in 1687 that the *Principia* appeared, and within three or four years at furthest its doctrines were taught officially in the uni-

* The interval which elapsed between the first and second editions of the *Principia* is the principal argument of those who delight to discover that great works were received with indifference on their original publication. Our remarks throughout are confined to Great Britain, but it would be easy to refute the assertion of Voltaire that Newton at his death had not above twenty followers out of England. It was a gross and wilful exaggeration to enhance the importance of his own services in spreading the Newtonian philosophy.

versities of England and Scotland. Newton himself took care of Cambridge. Edinburgh and St. Andrews, worthily represented, the first by David Gregory, the second by his brother James, had, previous to 1690, begun to train their scholars in the new philosophy. Oxford, which, notwithstanding the celebrated Wallis filled the chair of geometry, was, we suppose, deficient in indigenous mathematicians, imported David Gregory from Scotland in 1692, and made him Savilian Professor of Astronomy. He justified their choice by the publication of his *Elements of Physical and Geometrical Astronomy*, which won from Newton the praise that it was an excellent explanation and defence of his system, and which Keill, the countryman, pupil, and successor of Gregory, predicted would last as long as the sun and the moon. But the plaudits of a generation are not immortality. Gregory's sun is almost set. The remaining copies repose upon upper shelves, and the spider spins its web from cover to cover, secure that it will not be snapped by the opening of a book which time has closed.

It was Gregory's object to bring down the *Principia* to the average level of mathematical minds. Keill went further, and sought to reduce science to the lower level of instructed mankind. What Gregory in his *Elements* did for Newton, Keill did for Gregory in his *Astronomical Lectures*, which were first read to his class at Oxford, published in Latin in 1718, and again in English, translated by himself, in 1721. That a treatise on astronomy should involve a certain amount of geometry is little more than to say that to write implies the use of an alphabet. But a partial knowledge of Euclid is nearly all that Keill's lectures require, and though only explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies, and not the physical causes which produce them, they have never been surpassed, within their limits, for clearness of conception and simplicity of exposition. Another work of Keill, less laborious but more esteemed, preceded his *Astronomy*. He delivered in 1700, in the schools of Oxford, a course of lectures in Latin on the elements of mechanics, and a year afterwards committed them to the press under the title of '*Introductio ad veram Physicam*.' Maupertuis had such an opinion of this little treatise, that on his visit to England in 1729 he procured its translation into the vernacular tongue, and it is stated in the *Biographie Universelle* that when the Newtonian philosophy took root in France, it was considered the best introduction to the *Principia*. It deserved the distinction. The fundamental principles of mechanical science are here made easy to ordinary apprehension, with a sparing use of geometrical demonstrations—and those clear, elegant, nearly self-evident—what most knew

and all could learn. But a greater merit was the familiar illustrations which, rendered traditional by their singular aptness, are as surely repeated, as the laws they elucidate, in every succeeding work of the kind. What proportion of them was due to his predecessors, and what to himself, it is difficult to determine. Writers on science have generally professed a greater awe of pedantry than of plagiarism, and contenting themselves at most with general acknowledgments, have declined to distinguish borrowed from proper wealth. It is not always they are willing to submit to the treatment they inflict. It is amusing to see authors, who are rich in ruffled plumage, eagerly asserting a claim to some solitary feather plucked from themselves. Keill's originality is rendered probable by the repeated references of his immediate successors, who, if earlier claimants had existed, were likely to have known them.

Keill now took the final step in popularising science. The system of Descartes was supposed to owe much of its success to the circumstance that it was independent of mathematics. All adopted what all could understand. Many had been heard to say that if geometry was indispensable to the Newtonian philosophy, they would continue Cartesians, preferring sloth and fiction to labour and truth—and more were influenced by the same motive, although ashamed to confess it. Keill was desirous to deprive the enemy of the advantage derived to error from indolence, and he hit on the scheme of making experiment do the work of geometry—of demonstrating through the action of mechanical contrivances what had hitherto been established by mathematical reasoning. In the year 1704 or 1705 he commenced a course of lectures at Oxford, in which, by means of philosophical apparatus, the conclusions of theory were reduced to practice. Others had exhibited isolated phenomena:—Keill was the first who gave a connected system of Natural Philosophy in which every experiment was the proof of a proposition, and every proposition a step in the argument. From hence dates a fresh era for science. The Cartesians, finding the abstractions of the mind made visible to the eye, no longer objected to the Newtonian philosophy that it was in alliance with mathematics: and the more numerous body who in assenting to discoveries, the pride of their country, believed they scarce knew what, and scarce knew why, were enabled to exchange a blind trust for an enlightened conviction. A logical system of science was converted into an entertaining exhibition, and crowds flocked to the lectures not more to be instructed than amused. Thus out of a university which has often been accused of its anti-popular tendencies in education, issued Natural Philosophy in its most popular and attractive form,

form, and there are some who have since sought honour in the same path who little dreamt that they drew their pedigree from an Oxford professor.

Keill left Oxford in 1710. A pupil (son of a Nantes refugee), by name Desaguliers, afterwards the friend and assistant of Newton, succeeded to his office, and continued lecturing for three years at Hart Hall. Then he removed to London, where he enjoyed a long and triumphant career. He states in the Lectures he published in 1734 that he was engaged in his hundred, and twenty-first course; that of eleven or twelve persons who pursued his profession in different places, eight were his scholars; that he had numbered among his audience two successive monarchs, George I. and George II.:—and shows that the patronage was likely to descend with the crown, by subscribing himself in the dedication ‘Experimental Philosopher to the Prince of Wales.’ What was more to the purpose, ‘all ranks and all professions’ hastened to be initiated into the Newtonian physics, and he specially records that ‘the ladies’ went to school to him as well as the men. They appear to have intended something more than to while away a tedious hour when weary of parties, concerts, and plays; for Keill mentions in the translation of his *Astronomy* that he made it ‘at the request and for the service of the fair sex.’ England had then no Mrs. Somerville. But in other respects the female generation which heard the lectures of Desaguliers and read the *Astronomy* of Keill have left their descendants slender reason to boast the march of intellect in science, to think with contempt of their ancestors, or with pride of themselves. Natural philosophy had, in fact, for a period, become the fashion, and it is the fate of fashions, both wise and foolish, to pass away. While the world grew wiser its accomplished teacher did not grow richer. It is mournful to relate that from want of prudence, or want of patronage, Dr. Desaguliers fell into penury, and Cawthorn tells in nervous and pathetic verse—

‘How he who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Newton knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave!’

It was said by a French wit that wives and almanacs were only of value for a year. Books of science, without much exaggeration, might have been placed by the side of almanacs and wives. Discovery is the companion of Time, and new doctrines incessantly added, erroneous notions as constantly exploded, soon render summaries of knowledge inaccurate and incomplete. There are no standing classics among the manuals of science—

science—not owing to any deficiency either of talent or of industry, but because a portrait loses its resemblance when the features of the subject are altered by time. The works on Natural Philosophy which, from primitive defects, do not perish of disease, in the nature of things must die of old age. But apart from the disadvantage of writing from a scroll continually unrolling, the popular authors of Newton's era will stand a comparison, as instructors, with nearly all of the many who have built on their foundation. The art of explanation has received few improvements. In its methods and resources it remains much as it was left by Keill and Desaguliers. Their principal point of inferiority is their style. They never thought of tempering the severity of science by the graces of literature. Unless when restrained by a learned language, they were more mindful of what they said than how they said it, and wrote with all the carelessness and familiarity of conversation. But though this negligence was a defect in itself, it was the cause of a merit; for only labouring to be plain, they sacrificed nothing to dignity of phrase and harmony of periods. They are often in consequence easier to be understood, especially by beginners, than those that came after. If their style, too, is without art, it is likewise without effort; and if it never delights, it seldom tires. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the change from loose to elaborate composition has not been rather brought about by the ambition of authors than the requirements of readers. It is, we think, generally felt that the present tendency is to soar too high; and we fear, to be candid, that the florid rhetoric of not a few of our instructors is of kin to their eagerness for small titles and decorated button-holes.

One of the earliest English authors who adopted a style befitting the subject, was the well-known Maclaurin, whose popular account of Newton's *Principia* was published in 1748. He never attempts to round sentences, he deals in none of the artifices of composition, and rigidly eschews every species of ornament; but there are no traces of colloquial feebleness. His unadorned language is as masculine as the sense—the natural product of a vigorous mind which expresses with force what it sees with clearness. A year before the publication of the work of Maclaurin appeared the first of Franklin's *Letters on Electricity*, which, if they had not been celebrated for the discoveries they contain, would have become so for the manner in which the discoveries are conveyed. Circumstances rendered Franklin a politician: Nature meant him for a natural philosopher. He was equally formed for finding out new facts or elucidating old—could dig the ore or work the metal. His style is plain, but always racy, with
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a due admixture of point and terseness. In the departments of science to which he gave his attention his explanations are the clearest ever penned. He never sat down satisfied with a vague conception, or attempted to pass one off upon others. He understood himself, and took care that his readers should understand him also. It is to be wished that he had made a wider application of his skill. He would undoubtedly have enabled us to read many things running which now oblige the student to halt in his progress, and lose time and patience in interpreting an obscure and imperfect direction. What Franklin did not complete himself, his example may still teach others to perform. His scientific essays should be the model of the popular instructor to show him to what a point of perspicuity it is possible to attain. Natural philosophy no longer appeared in a dress which disgraced her. But, after all, perhaps the first who wrote upon science like a true man of letters was Oliver Goldsmith. His latest production was 'A Survey of Experimental Philosophy,' partly printed during his life, and published after his death. It is very improbable that Goldsmith troubled his head about science till the bookseller gave him an order for the work, or that he lingered over his studies when urged by duns and bailiffs to hasten on. Yet it is a remarkable proof of the versatility of his talent, and the quickness of his apprehension, that there are few inaccuracies except what arose from the state of knowledge in his time, though certainly he only reeled off the thread while it came disentangled, and forbore to meddle with Gordian knots. But one excellence he could never want. Whatever passed through Goldsmith's mind was sure to come out in a better form than it entered in. With many marks of haste, his treatise abounds in felicities of sentiment and expression which cost him nothing, and are nevertheless beyond the reach of imitation. They belong to those peculiarities of individual genius which are never repeated, and there is scarce more chance of the reproduction of Goldsmith's face than of that happy art by which he made Natural History and Natural Philosophy 'as entertaining as a Persian tale.'

Intellectual pursuits have all their vicissitudes, and are more in favour at one time than another. Popular science, never altogether without professors and pupils, shared the general fate, and sometimes thrived and sometimes languished. But it would be useless to trace the ordinary variations of its progress year by year, or attempt to estimate the host of productions which marked its career. They were written for contemporaries, not for posterity. They mostly died with their authors, and are nearly as much forgotten as though the authors, like the wizard Michael Scott, had carried
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their works with them to the tomb. There is no eventful occurrence to record till the establishment, in our own day, of Mechanics' Institutes, of which a prominent design was the propagation of elementary science among *the people*. By means of libraries, reading-rooms, and lectures, the knowledge appropriated to the upper classes was to be shared by the lower. The most extravagant hopes were entertained by some of the supporters of this movement. They were persuaded of the existence of numerous 'mute inglorious' Bacons and 'village' Newtons, who only lacked the aid of a Mechanics' Institution to dazzle the world by the lustre of their genius. They looked for glazier's shops to send out fresh D'Alemberts, printing-offices to pour forth Benjamin Franklins, millwrights to furnish Brindleys, and mathematical instrument-makers a succession of Watts. Not a single luminary has yet appeared, nor is one likely to appear who would not anyhow, despite impediments, have worked his way into notice. Heaven-born geniuses may take advantage of the opportunities which mechanics' institutions afford: but they are not dependent on them:—they can make opportunities for themselves. Others formed more reasonable expectations. They conceived that if workmen, who passed their lives in the execution of arts and manufactures, were put in possession of the philosophy of their employments, they could hardly fail to descry defects and invent improvements: or, if the accommodations of life were not enlarged, that a body of men would at least be refined in their habits and tastes. There were even instances which seemed on the ground of the merest philanthropy to demand interference. Ignorance is foolhardy. Miners constantly fell victims to the explosion of inflammable gases, because they persisted in removing the wire-gauze, which is the protective part of Sir H. Davy's lamp, preferring a clear and dangerous to a dim and innocuous light. Miners, however, had the chances in their favour. But needle-grinders were exposed to destructive influences which left them with barely a hope of escape. They died by wholesale in the prime of manhood from the constant inhalation of particles of steel which, settling in their lungs, caused a fatal disease called 'grinder's asthma.' Mr. Abraham of Sheffield discovered a preventive. Masks of crape were studded with magnets which attracted the steel and stopped it short in its passage to the mouth; but the needle-grinders could never be got to wear them. Rather than submit to an innovation, they persisted in sowing the seeds of a lingering disease and an early death, and went to their graves the victims of a prejudice. It was thought that in cases like these better knowledge might add to the sense of danger, or, where that was unquestioned, give faith in the remedy. With such views, and such anticipations, was
popular

popular science served up to the million. But the thirst for instruction had been greatly overrated. When the water was brought to the horse, either he would not drink, or would only take it by sips. Bodily fatigue is a poor preparation for mental exertion, and none were willing to add midnight studies to a hard day's work. A certain number were found to play with the parts of knowledge which stimulate and amuse, but they paused at the point where recreation passes into toil. The managers themselves seemed by their proceedings never to have intended serious instruction. Every meeting the entertainment was varied, and fragments from all the arts and sciences, from all descriptions of literature, moral, metaphysical, historical, imaginative, were dealt out in succession, without regard to their connexion, the wants of the audience, or to anything except the fancy of the performer for the night. In the phrase of Johnson, there was a mouthful of all subjects and a bellyful of none.

From such a system nothing could be gained except crude ideas forgotten as soon as heard, or, if remembered, more likely to mislead than to direct. Results are seldom completely negative. Where good is missed evil is produced. Many a worthy mechanic was injured in his morals, his manners, and his mind by the sudden smattering he obtained of a craft which was not his own, and never were there more examples of the truth that, though a great deal of knowledge steadies the head, a little overturns it. It has, indeed, been answered, that the little knowledge of the present day is more than the famous Friar Bacon could boast, which is only correct of certain facts that the progress of science has rendered familiar, and would be false if affirmed of the aggregate of Bacon's lore. Nor is there the slightest force in the observation so far as it applies. What is much in comparison with former ignorance may be little relatively to its effects upon the mind. Most of the slender physical knowledge which Friar Bacon possessed he had wrested himself from the realms of darkness by patient investigation, or gleaned from mystic books by long study and laborious thought. It is this exercise and discipline of mind which gives it power and depth, which teaches man humility, and enables him to use his knowledge with wisdom. The modern sciolist, on the contrary, may learn a thousand things unknown to Bacon, simply by opening his eyes and ears, because, like the problem of the egg proposed by Columbus, when once discovered they are apparent to a child. But as they are acquired without reflection or perseverance, so the mind is left in its native weakness, and may be unable to apply with judgment its pittance of learning, or may turn it to vain and evil purposes. The acute and patient thinker
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of the dark ages, who never guessed that the atmosphere in which he lived had weight, was nevertheless a philosopher of profound understanding, while he whose lecturer has taught him *ex cathedrâ* that it presses fifteen pounds to the square inch, may, notwithstanding the superiority of his information, remain a feeble, conceited, shallow man. A few easy acquisitions will not diminish the distance between a modern dunce and an ancient sage. 'Facts,' says Professor Forbes, 'are not knowledge, any more than books have understandings.' * Some love of science mechanics' institutions have probably diffused. But hitherto they have remained inefficient schools for the labouring classes, and done more to justify the fears of opponents than the hopes of friends.

In the same spirit, and under the same auspices, Mechanics' Institutes were followed up in 1826 by the foundation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Very few of the multifarious productions which they sent forth rose above mediocrity, and many fell below it. Of the scientific treatises, which were unquestionably the best, it is praise enough to say that they were moderately good. The rank and eminence of some of the founders of the society, joined to audacity in puffing and lowness of price, secured for the first tracts issued an immense circulation. Thousands bought who never read them, for cheap literature would have a short reign if people were not tempted to put more on their shelves than they do into their heads. But thousands, who purchase to peruse, had their attention drawn to a neglected study, and, as the appetite could be satisfied by the means which created it, the early publications of the Society largely promoted the spread of popular science. The service begun was not carried on in the more ambitious departments of a work that otherwise deserves much praise—their 'Penny Cyclopædia.' † To write above the larger portion of the world,

* In a speech delivered two or three years ago at some Edinburgh Institute, Mr. Macaulay, then M.P. for that city, introduced not only Friar Bacon but Strabo, and the comment of Professor Forbes is worth transcribing:—"If we would implant a principle dangerous to the intellectual character and fatal to real progress, it would be that of measuring the value of our acquirements by any *fixed* standard whatever. Yet Mr. Macaulay says, "The knowledge of geography which entitled Strabo to be called the prince of geographers, would now be considered mere shallowness on the part of a girl at a boarding-school." The contrary is the fact. The knowledge of Strabo was a profound knowledge of geography, and it produced the effects of profound and well directed knowledge—it was a knowledge ever increasing, yet ever tempered by the conviction of ignorance—a knowledge which taught his contemporaries to enlarge their acquaintance with the common family of man, to extend commerce and to preserve human life,—whereas the knowledge of the boarding-school, unless it be tempered with more humility than can be reasonably looked for whilst such comparisons are uttered by men of talent upon such occasions, will begin in ostentatious displays of memory, and end in pedantry and contempt." *The Danger of Superficial Knowledge*, pp. 44, 45.

† The Treatise on Gravitation by Professor Airy forms a remarkable exception.

and below the remainder, is, in effect, to write for no one. The 'Cabinet Cyclopædia' was an improved imitation of the publications of the Society; and here again the Natural Philosophy bore away the honours of the day. Not one of the eminent authors, who treated upon historical and literary topics, wrote up to his reputation. They conspired to show that men of high mark can, upon occasion, sink nearly to the level of a bookseller's drudge. But the 'Discourse on Natural Philosophy,' and the 'Treatise on Astronomy,' added fresh lustre to the name of Herschel, and the masterly Treatises of Dr. Lardner can hardly be praised too highly for the clear and full development of principles, for the precision of the language, and the accuracy of the statements. His great superiority over ordinary writers will be felt by all who read the 'Manual of Electricity and Magnetism,' commenced by himself, and afterwards completed by another hand. To pass from the portion of Dr. Lardner to that of his continuator is like the sudden transition in railway travelling from open daylight to subterranean darkness. Particular branches of science may have been treated better than in the Cabinet Cyclopædia; but for a *series* it is the best in the English language.

The most general enumeration of the aids and incitements afforded of late to the study of Natural Philosophy would be incomplete without the mention of Mrs. Somerville's 'Connection of the Physical Sciences.' The wonder of a woman sounding the depths of the severest studies of men could not fail to attract curiosity:—but what is merely strange is soon forgotten. Her book created a sensation because it was written by a woman, but keeps its ground because it is written well. Nor must we omit to number the appearance of the Bridgewater Treatises among the casual impulses to popular science. Nothing was less wanted than a work upon Natural Theology, for Paley had left little to add, and little to amend. He presented no weak point in which particular excellence might compensate for general inferiority. Method, argument, illustration, style, he had them all, and had them to perfection. His rivals could only follow in his footsteps, and follow at a distance. The authors of the Bridgewater Treatises appear to have felt the embarrassment, and, Dr. Chalmers excepted, whose contribution has been truly characterized as Butler done into bombastical Scotch, they turned more of their attention to science than theology. This was the light in which the Treatises came soon to be regarded, and, the circumstances of their publication ensuring them a passport to readers of every description, they circulated a good deal of pleasant information, and doubtless lured some, by the specimen of the fruit, to climb the tree for themselves.

Concurrently

Concurrently with the abundant supply of books, partly occasioned by the demand and partly the cause of it, colleges and lectures for the middle classes have been continually increasing. The inducement to learn has been extended in a ratio as rapid as the means. The application of chemistry to agriculture, of steam to travelling, of electricity to telegraphs, of light to the printing pictures of all it irradiates, has so surrounded us with the wonderful effects of science that indifference with many becomes inquiry, and self-interest is often active where curiosity sleeps. The tendency of the age is, moreover, to universality. The former ground-plan of education has been enlarged, though it is to be feared that the elevation is proportionably dwarfed. We have done with building up single pyramids, and prefer to pile a number of scattered heaps. It fares with science as with the rest. It was a saying of John Della Faille that mathematical knowledge was common enough, but mathematicians were rare. So multitudes know something of natural philosophy, but natural philosophers are seldom found. Instead of reaping the harvest, we pluck an ear or two in passing. But whoever complains, the zealots of Natural Philosophy must be dumb, for their occasional followers are mostly truants from other studies which, were they to make an election, would absorb their regards, and deprive scientific pursuits of that sympathy of fellowship which, taken altogether, they never enjoyed in a larger measure than now.

A glance at the long list of writers, English and foreign, upon popular science, ought at once to remove a common prejudice that it is of necessity superficial, for in the catalogue are the names of half the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe. Those who speak of it with arrogance are usually influenced by other motives than enlightened criticism. Among all professions there is a quackery of learning as well as of ignorance, and plodders in mathematics, to preserve the importance conferred by their peculiar possession, will sometimes despise, or affect to despise, the lesser acquisitions obtained by methods which are open to all. An envious thirst for a monopoly of reputation leads them to exalt mathematical science that they may exalt themselves, and decry the science which is divested of the mysteries of their craft, that intruders may be lowered and competition seem absurd. Another class of men, whose race is not extinct, are mentioned by Desaguliers as ridiculing experimental philosophy in the lump, and maintaining that mathematics were too sublime an exercise of mind to be degraded to the level of material things. They used them like chess, as a game of skill, and conceived it enhanced the dignity of their study that it was a game, and nothing more. Desaguliers tells from personal observation the ground of their opinion.

opinion. They were destitute of the aptitude for experimental philosophy, and, confident that nothing could be too large for their grasp, they took for granted it was too minute. No quarter could be expected to popular science from persons who held cheaply all science whatsoever, unless as materials for barren problems, which exercised ingenuity without rewarding it. D'Alembert, a man of different calibre, eminent for his genius in mathematical physics, yet cared no further for natural phenomena than they could be subjected to the rules of his favourite symbols, and when remonstrated with for his ignorance of discoveries which it became him to know, he would answer, that 'for those pretty things there would be time by and by.' But he never found the time, because, from a certain contraction of mind, he never found the taste. Truth had no charms for him unless she was clothed in a mathematical dress. His narrow partialities contrast unfavourably with the Catholic spirit of Newton, who took the whole of natural philosophy for his province, and, though beyond any man illustrious for his skill in mathematics, valued truth for herself, whatever her garb, and 'looked upon geometry as no further useful than it directs us how to make experiments and observations, and draw consequences from them when made.' But the example and authority of Newton are not wanted to accredit common sense, nor does experimental philosophy stand in need of defence from the disparagements of ignorant jealousy.

Mathematics, in their turn, are sometimes under-rated. Every branch of literature and learning to be appreciated must be explored. The exterior of a house affords an imperfect indication of the rooms within, and the outlines of a study an inadequate representation of the interest and importance of what those outlines include. But mathematics are under the peculiar disadvantage that, unless they are learnt to a certain extent, it is difficult to form the vaguest idea of their mode of operation. Hundreds of well-informed persons are incredulous that physical facts can be evolved out of a juggle with uncouth-looking symbols, and are persuaded in their hearts that they are toys for the amusement of college fellows. Proud of their contempt for what they deem a profuse pedantry, they think ignorance wisdom and knowledge folly. The reputation of the art is not always assisted by the bearing of the professor, for frequently mathematicians appear to disadvantage upon common occasions. Swift told of Newton that, when he was asked a question, 'he would revolve it in a circle round, and round, and round, before he could produce an answer.' By long habits of cautious meditation his mind had lost the power of concluding quickly, and he submitted trifles to the
same

same process to which we owe the theory of universal gravitation. The exile of St. Helena has left it on record that Laplace proved incapable in the business of the world—that, seeing in every subject the same kind of subtleties which abound in mathematics, he deserted the practical bearings of a question, to lose himself in refinements which were overborne by the massive course of events. Buonaparte could see all this, without disparaging the great man in his proper walk, to which alone his step was familiarized; but the bulk of observers make no allowances, and are slow to recognise genius beneath the mask of mediocrity. Contempt for the mathematician goes far to destroy the respect for mathematics. It is imagined that there can be nothing surprising in attainments which are mastered by men of seeming incapacity. The satire of Swift shows the impression which the uninitiated oftentimes imbibe. In the common actions and behaviour of life mathematicians are represented as the most clumsy of people, slow and perplexed in their conceptions on all subjects except their own, very bad reasoners, and entire strangers to fancy and invention. Their demonstrations of physical truths are classed with the dreams of former ages—the Newtonian doctrine of attraction with the errors of Aristotle, Gassendi, and Descartes—the attempt to discover the longitude with the pretension to compound an universal medicine. When varied accomplishments are combined with a knowledge of the intricacies of quantity, they often only serve to throw suspicion upon both. It was a standing sneer against D'Alembert that he was a man of letters among geometricians and a geometrician among men of letters—than which nothing, in his case, could be less deserved, though in general mathematics are as a jealous mistress, who shows most favour to him that serves her singly. To the misapprehensions of ignorance must be added the hostility of envy. There are some dispositions that will revenge themselves upon the study in which they want the opportunity, taste, or talent to excel. Scaliger attempted to square the circle, and, on his errors being exposed, did not blush to excuse himself by the axiom, invented for the occasion, that 'no great genius could be a great mathematician.' 'Tis an old tale and often told.' We would fain think beneath our notice what we find above our reach. A French poet used every exertion to be made a member of the Academy, and, failing, left for his epitaph the distich,

‘ Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien—
Pas même Académicien.’

The use of mathematics as an instrument for learning science can only be questioned by those who are ignorant both of science and

and mathematics. There are points which can no more be resolved without them than we can see without eyes or work without hands. They are in numerous cases the exclusive language of Natural Philosophy; and where they are not its sole language are often its best. Common arithmetic suffices to teach us that the operations of number can neither be anticipated by simple thought nor carried on in ordinary language. We require the aid of symbols and artifices to perform the computations, and conduct us to the answer. But Natural Philosophy deals with force and motion, with time and space—in a word, with number and magnitude in endless complications, and in every gradation, immense and minute: and no penetration of genius, deprived of the peculiar processes and signs that constitute mathematics, could estimate and compare quantities which are infinite and perplexed, and track a principle into consequences that are intricate and remote. Unfortunately the higher, which are the most useful branches of mathematics, are difficult to learn, and demand, when acquired, incessant practice to apply them with ease. The conditions of humanity will never permit them to be widely diffused, and where science is inseparable from high mathematics, the labour of reaching the eminence will lead most to abandon the pleasure of the prospect. But, as says the monkish proverb, ‘the pilgrim that cannot get to Palestine may go to Rome.’ There will still remain an imposing body of truths which are no ways under the dominion of mathematics, many that may be considered as common ground, and many more that can be reached by such a knowledge of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, as is not difficult to attain. The progress may be further assisted by sometimes receiving results, where the proof is abstruse, upon the assertion of others, which is merely what is done by the deepest philosophers, who often rely on experiments they never tried, and trust to admeasurements they never made. Natural Philosophy, it should be remembered, is founded altogether upon the evidence of our senses; and to the evidence of our senses a considerable portion of it entirely belongs, or may be readily reduced, with a slight assistance from mathematical notions within everybody’s reach. It was said by Fontenelle, with lively exaggeration, that with a little better sight the discoveries of chemistry would have formed a portion of our common experience; and now that they are made, it is to simple vision that they chiefly appeal. Nor need the remark be confined to chemistry. The secrets of nature, in multitudes of instances, differ rather from the facts of universal observation by being hidden beneath a veil, than by the difficulty of apprehending them when that veil is withdrawn. Mathematical reasoning in its higher forms is an
invaluable

invaluable art, and in some branches of science carries us a vast deal further than observation assisted by a few geometrical ideas can go ; but there are no better grounds for rejecting a large and systematic part, because it is beyond our power to attain to the whole, than for the mathematician himself to remain in ignorance because his utmost knowledge is an insignificant fragment of the volume of nature. Without having recourse to transcendental mathematics, enough remains, if steadily pursued, to exercise memory and reason, to delight and instruct, to fill agreeably and usefully the leisure of a life.

The inferior method, so far as it extends, has occasionally one advantage over the higher. The symbols of the mathematician stand for actual things ; but when his problem is stated, he handles them according to mathematical rules, and needs not to trouble himself, between the premises and the answer, with the realities they represent. Hence he is apt to sit down content with the literal result, without straining his imagination to picture the mode in which nature works. But the popular author, deprived of the resources mathematics afford, must teach by illustrations that are a species of representation of what actually occurs, and impress the mind with livelier ideas than the mere abstractions of reason can convey. Every one who goes through the process must experience the truth of what is stated by Sir John Herschel and Professor Airy, that in attempting to adapt the intricacies of science to general apprehension they have sometimes made them clearer to their own. But a defence of popular science is not to be considered an argument for the mass of productions which go by that name. Legions of manuals and catechisms consist of a bare enumeration of facts without the principles which govern or the experiments which prove them, and can neither give the beginner, for whom they profess to be written, an insight into science, nor initiate him into the rigour of demonstration. In nineteen cases out of twenty they are the work of persons who, having themselves learnt Natural Philosophy in six lessons, profess to teach it in half-a-dozen—who fill their small phials from another's bottle and adulterate what they steal—who render science easy by suppressing difficulties instead of explaining them, and who keep to its shallows less from the fear of advancing beyond the pupil's depth than of being detected in wading out of their own. It would be a waste of criticism to examine their defects with a view to their removal. Such meagre compilations are wrong, as Garrick said of Elphinstone's play, *in the first concoction*. But the excellent treatises of eminent authors are not free from defects which impede the progress or exhaust the patience of the student ; and of these

these it may be thought idle to mention even the principal—for though the complaints have been often repeated, they appear never to reach the only ears that it is important should hear them.

It is an old objection against commentators that hard passages are dismissed without a note, and easy ones expounded with barren verbosity. Philosophers, like grammarians and divines, have often most to say where least is to be said. When there is a mole-hill in the path, they are fearful it should obstruct the scholar's progress;* but when a mountain stops the way, he is left to climb it with little assistance, or is deserted at the point where the ascent grows steepest. The reluctance to grapple with difficulties is accompanied more or less with an inability to see them. We overlook the obscurity which has ceased for ourselves. The master who kept a single lesson ahead of his scholar was alone perhaps sufficiently fresh from the journey fully to remember the ruggedness of the road, though, we fear, in such a case his appreciation of the obstructions would much outstrip his power to remove them. His pupil's perplexities would too often be his own. But self-taught men make a near approach to the instance of the master. There is no friendly assistance to which they can have recourse to clear up obscurities. Whatever difficulties their minds evoke their own minds are obliged to lay. The toil they undergo keeps alive a vivid recollection of embarrassments which cost so much to overcome; and when afterwards they undertake to instruct others, they know by experience the value of explanation and what to explain. Of this description of men were Franklin and Cobbett. 'I remember,' says the latter, in his *French Grammar*, 'the parts which were to me the most abstruse, and which it cost me the most time to be able to understand. These parts, therefore, I shall take particular pains to make plain and easy to you.' There lies the secret of the success of his didactic works. He sometimes wrote with imperfect information, often dishonestly, and always with arrogance, for vanity is the vice of self-instructed men; but he and Franklin were unrivalled in the art of bringing into sunshine what others left in shade. The intricacies of knowledge represented in *their* books, and in the books of writers in general, differ as much as objects seen

* The scientific works of Count Rumford abound in examples of the ludicrous extent to which sensible men will sometimes carry their exposition of matters known to everybody. In one of his economic treatises he gives a receipt for a pudding, and then a page of description how to eat it. The concluding sentence will serve for a specimen:—'The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up with the fork, and dipped into the butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case, before it is carried to the mouth.'—*Rumford's Essays*, vol. i., p. 267, fifth edit.

through the horn windows of an ancient house from objects seen through modern glass. Those who have forgotten their early hinderances need to learn them from beginners, for it is vain to undertake to elucidate difficulties without ascertaining them. Molière tried on his housekeeper the effect of his wit, that he might discover what would set the galleries in a roar; Swift read his sermons to the lady's-maid, that she might stop him at the words which were above the comprehension of a country congregation; and a philosopher, to be useful, must condescend to inquire of Ignorance the perplexities which Science presents. But before the author is blamed, it must be seen what it is he undertakes to perform; for books which profess to demand from the reader preliminary knowledge will be obscure to all who have not undergone the required preparation. They have no more reason to find fault, as is frequently done, than to complain of a treatise on the Differential Calculus, that it did not instruct them in the rules of arithmetic. Nor must they impute to want of skilfulness in the explanation the difficulties which are inherent in the nature of the subject. Science can never be made lazy reading. Those who think it worth the having must buy it with what Butler calls 'the *pain* of attention.' If the master brings knowledge, the scholar must contribute diligence. A blaze of light will not enable the blind to see, nor perspicuity make the thoughtless understand.

When the difficulties of Natural Philosophy are neither altogether evaded nor overlooked, they are very commonly disposed of with a conciseness which leads the indolent to acquiesce in imperfect information, and obliges serious inquirers to chase through twenty books to collect the facts which should be contained in one. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but assuredly it is not the soul of science. Of no branch of knowledge can it be said with equal truth that by labouring to be short we become obscure. It is no doubt the case that principles which can be expressed in a few lines are the important acquisition, for a principle is the key which picks every lock. Once completely mastered, and they furnish the solution to endless constantly-recurring phenomena, which, without their assistance, no diligence could interpret and no memory retain. But principles can only be understood through particulars, and require to be exemplified under every aspect. They are constantly ramifying into branches, whose common source is by no means apparent till they are specially traced, and error and confusion are the certain consequence where it is omitted to be done. The older works were more profuse in illustration than is usual at present, and they are proportionately better. We are aware that the public verdict is generally

generally in favour of small books. They take less money to buy, and less time to read—two strong recommendations were not time and money thrown away. Bossuet complained in his day that there was a large class of readers for whom it was impossible to write. To be brief was to be unintelligible, to be minute was to be wearisome. Matters have not been improving since. Hallam speaks of ‘the languid students of our age;’ and no one can question that the appellation is deserved. But languid students never yet made learned scholars; and as the first have already so many to write for them, it would be well for some one to take compassion on the last. When books are made big by necessary developments, they are a great good instead of an evil, for to those that are really anxious to learn they will be found in the end the shortest and the cheapest. Blanks in the information are a worse grievance than even a few superfluous pages. It is not so easy to repair the one as to skip the other. So, too, if it is indispensable to fly over the heads of some or to sink below the level of others, it is better that a few should meet with a little they knew before than that the rest should miss what they wanted to learn. Whatever in a work of pure instruction saves laborious research, and confusing and often ineffectual thought, saves toil and time and temper and money, and increases its value to all that are in earnest. The many that make short excursions for pleasure may shrink from the tedious journeys of those who travel on business—but there should be conveyances for both.

A minor evil of scientific works is the neglect to define ambiguous words. Volumes were filled in former days with angry disputations on *force* and *motion*, which, after much recrimination, were terminated by the discovery that different persons used the same word in different senses. It is common at present for popular writers on Natural Philosophy to commence by the announcement that they will pursue a *synthetic* or an *analytical* method. But they seldom stop to state what analysis or synthesis mean—apparently unconscious that the terms are repeatedly interchanged, and that the analysis of one is the synthesis of another. When Newton discovered universal gravitation he began by the observation of isolated facts which suggested the law. This ascent from particular effects to general causes he entitled analysis. Once possessed of the principle he applied it to explain the remainder of the phenomena, and this was his synthesis. Hooke, his contemporary, employed the same words in the same way, except that he reversed them; and to this hour, though ignorant of the disagreement, some follow Hooke and some follow Newton. The terms have been adopted into the vocabu-

lary of education, to distinguish the plan of commencing with rules and thence deducing their consequences, from the system of beginning with details and proceeding up to rules. A few years ago two individuals of some distinction got into an argument, which grew to an altercation, about the proper method of teaching arithmetic. One was for Analysis, the other was for Synthesis. A third person, who read with a judgment unbeaten by disputation, at last pointed out to them that they agreed in everything except a name, or the controversy might possibly have been raging still. A definition, perhaps, is given; but the beginner is haunted by inveterate associations, and endeavours to reconcile the notion he brings with the definition he finds—an embarrassment he would be spared by the simple warning that the term in natural philosophy means something different from the same term in the language of life. Some of the words, again, in the nomenclature of science are directly expressive of false ideas. They derived their origin from mistaken theories, and have survived the errors which gave them birth. At a period when the stars were supposed to be, what they actually appear, equidistant from the earth, they were classed into magnitudes in the order of their brilliancy—the brightest being called of the first magnitude, and the rest in succession according to the gradations of increasing dimness. But now that it is known that the distances are various, and uncertain, the splendour no longer determines the size;—a smaller star may be bright because it is near, a larger one faint because it is remote; yet the ancient classification into magnitudes is retained, and though a sentence suffices to prevent misapprehension, the sentence is often wanting. But nothing has occasioned equal confusion with the use of loose and dubious language. The phenomenon, for instance, of double stars is constantly described with an ambiguity of expression which betrays readers and copyists into the wildest exaggeration. These stars, thousands in number, appear single till viewed through powerful telescopes, when they are seen to consist of two, or more, in apparent proximity. In a few cases one has been ascertained to be larger than the other, and the less to perform revolutions round the greater. A late Professor of Astronomy, in a London college, misled by the lax language of some who were better informed, announced to the world that what, by the observation of many years, had been found to be true of thirty or forty, Sir John Herschel had discovered to be true of *the whole*—a feat, which with the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, he might possibly have performed. When independent inquirers are beguiled into statements which carry their own refutation, what is likely to be the fate

fate of the simple docility which reads and believes? The instances of ambiguity are past counting up; and though a critical examination will sometimes save the credit of the author, the meaning which stands out, and catches the attention, may be erroneous still. To uncertain phraseology must be added the fault of unqualified propositions, where the truth of the assertion depends upon limitations, which many assume to be present to the minds of others, because they are present to their own—or suppose it, perhaps, enough that a subsequent page corrects the error by implication—forgetful that some, the meantime, are embarrassed by the inconsistency, and some are misled. Unless the language of science is as rigorous as its truths, facts may be intended, but fiction will be inferred.

Some descriptions of defects are peculiar to individuals, and those not generally of the highest consideration. In the shadowy parts of science which lie beyond the boundary of well-defined discoveries, there is a tendency to carry assertions further than the evidence—to lend certainty to what is doubtful, and distinctness to what is vague. Imagination is always in advance of observation, and impatient of delay counts itself already in the possession of treasures yet to be realized. To give speculations for facts is much the same as to mix up dreams with a narrative of waking experience. But there is one class of conjectures which, however related, we could wish to see confined within narrower limits—the guesses at causes. The story of the snare which Charles the Second set for the philosophers, when he asked them to explain why a fish could be plunged into a vessel full of water without making it overflow, was doubtless a fictitious satire on the propensity of men of science to concoct a cause for every effect. The attempt, indeed, is often legitimate. In the undulatory theory of light, though neither ether nor undulations can be shown to exist, the supposition explains such a myriad of facts that we can hardly suppose it to be destitute of foundation, and even as an artifice for conceiving and connecting the phenomena, is worthy of its fame. But to invent a cause, without proof or plausibility, for every isolated occurrence, adds nothing to our knowledge, nor imparts order and consistency to what we knew before. A piece of spongy platinum dropped into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas will make them explode: the reason is unknown. An inventor of causes suggests that electricity is at the root of the matter, on no other ground than that it is safe to assert what no one can disprove. To conjecture is easy: the difficulty is to conjecture rightly, and show your conjecture to be true. It is owing to this itch of divination that scarce a discovery can be made but a prior claimant is brought into view; for when a cloud of arrows are
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shot in the dark, chance may direct one or two to the target. But never did Paley say a truer thing than that *he alone discovers who proves*. If the early guessers had a genuine insight into what they propound, they would explain themselves better, for no one can interpret their dark sayings till they are read by the light of subsequent knowledge. Popular writers, however, in general are not obnoxious to the failing, nor is it in a spirit of hostile criticism that we have pointed out defects which, in varying degrees, are common to them all. They are faults which dulness may detect, and genius itself cannot totally avoid. They are small in comparison with the many merits, and any one that undertakes the study of science will have more reason for gratitude that so much has been done well, than for murmuring over what might have been done better.

All studies, properly pursued, are capable of yielding pleasure and advantage, and all should have their professors and enthusiasts. But enthusiasm is often the parent of bigotry, and ignorance of contempt. The proficient wonders that the world should remain indifferent to his pursuit, and the world, in return, is inclined to marvel at the extent of his infatuation. Sir Isaac Newton, who spoke ill of no one, could not, we are told, resist a sneer at antiquarians. 'I cannot imagine,' he said, 'the utility of such studies. All their pursuits are below nature.' He held poetry in equal abhorrence, for he quoted with evident approval the observation of Barrow, 'that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense.' The exclusive exercise of a single faculty blunts the remainder, as the blind owe their exquisite sense of touch to the want of sight. But though an overweening contempt for the studies of other men exhibits *our* want of taste, and not *their* want of sense, all descriptions of knowledge have not an equal claim on our attention. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, endeavours to recommend to general notice the study of the law, by descanting on its uses to every class of society. Useful no doubt it would be if we possessed it, but would it be worth the labour of the acquisition? Life is short and knowledge is inexhaustible. Everybody must be content to be ignorant of much, and must make a selection of what best befits his station, his profession, and his partialities. For the dignity of the information, and the exercise of the intellect, there is nothing to be preferred to natural philosophy, and not much that can rival it. But in regard to utility other pursuits have a higher claim on the public at large. Religion and morals are out of the competition, for whatever we may be besides, at least we must be Christians. Social relations are next in importance, and, after professional lore, these are best served by the literature which furnishes social ideas, and teaches the

the art which renders them attractive. To play creditably their part in the world, to contribute their quota of amusement and instruction at home and abroad, to be useful citizens, and agreeable neighbours, are qualities more to be prized in the bulk of mankind than a devotion to the sublimest contemplations of science, than an acquaintance with the laws of light and water and earth and air, or with the motions of the sun and moon and stars. In short we must be men before we are philosophers. But letters and popular science, and of popular science alone we are speaking now, may go hand in hand, without clashing together in an inconvenient degree; or if the busy part of the world have no leisure to entertain it, we may particularise some of the disadvantages of ignorance, and the advantages of knowledge, for the sake of the idle who are in want of a pursuit to make existence endurable to themselves, and, we must add, to make themselves endurable to others. We only apprehend that we may be met by the answer of the young and athletic peasant when asked by Marivaux why he did not work. 'Ah, Sir!' said he with a sigh, 'you do not know how lazy I am!'

Desaguliers, without setting out the necessity for knowing science in the formal way in which Blackstone recommended the study of the law, has scattered through his work some amusing instances of the effects of ignorance on all descriptions of men, from Members of Parliament down to humble artisans. A committee of the House of Commons reported, on one occasion, that a man by a machine could raise ten times more water to a certain height in a certain time than was possible from the very constitution of things. The report was followed by a bill to establish a company, or in other words a bill to ruin the simple and enrich the cunning, when a scientific nobleman exposed and defeated it. 'Our legislators,' is the reflection of Desaguliers on the occurrence, 'may make laws to govern us, repeal some, and enact others, and we must obey them; but they cannot alter the laws of nature, nor add or take away one iota from the gravity of bodies.' In another place he relates a history, which shows that a member of Parliament, without science of his own, could turn the possessors of that commodity to account. A person to secure his election for Shaftesbury undertook to supply the town with water at his private expense. He employed Mr. Holland, a clergyman noted for mechanical skill, to design the engine and superintend the works, but, on their completion, suffered him to be thrown into gaol for the debts contracted in their execution, while he himself boasted that the engine was his own contrivance, bribed away Mr. Holland's foreman that he might be able to put up waterworks for the king, and on the strength of his vote in Parliament,

Parliament, and the credit of the machine, got the appointment of Surveyor to the Board of Works. Electioneering manœuvres have degenerated since. So bold a stroke and so successful is not to be found in the modern annals of corruption and impudence. Desaguliers himself was made a victim in the same sort of way. He had invented a plan for drying malt, which he was about to patent. A Captain Busby, whom he courteously calls a Buckinghamshire *gentleman*, borrowed his workman, in friendly guise, to learn the method, when lo, shortly afterwards, comes a letter from Busby announcing that HE had *found out* an excellent system of *drying malt*, and inviting Desaguliers to purchase shares in the project. Busby, who to the art of purloining a scheme joined the tact to recommend it, realised no less than twenty thousand pounds. The fortune, however, thus made by one piece of roguery was lost by another, for those were the days of the South Sea Bubble, when men might be literally said to be 'ruined at their own request.' But water-works were the grand *scientific* imposition. A well-informed lord might hinder an Act of Parliament from passing, which avouched that the laws of gravity had been superseded, but private gentlemen continued to fall a prey to plausible pretenders, and persisted in erecting expensive monuments to their own folly in the shape of some useless and unsightly machine. It is to this water-work epidemic that Swift alludes when the nobleman shows Gulliver a ruined building on a mountain, and tells him that there stood half a mile from his house a convenient mill, which was turned by a stream, till a club of projectors persuaded him to destroy it, and erect another three miles off on the hill, where he had to cut a long canal as a reservoir for the water that had then to be conveyed to it by engines and pipes. He employs a hundred men for two years, the work miscarries, the projectors go off, lay the blame entirely on himself, rail at him ever after, and persuade others to make the same experiment with the same result. Many who did not put up engines of their own lent their money to contrivers. 'What they lost by them, and reading this,' says Desaguliers exultingly, 'will make them remember it.' One pompous knave, who obtained considerable subscriptions to his scheme, got leave to pump out the water from Rosamond's pond in St. James's Park. 'That performance,' says Desaguliers, 'and the repayment of the money will come at the same time.' Several workmen expended their all in the purchase of patents for inventions the product of unenlightened conceit, and which, if they had possessed the barest rudiments of science, they would have known to be fallacious. Desaguliers sometimes opposed the patents out of charity, and they consoled themselves

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with the conviction that he did it out of envy. A principal object which Dr. Young proposed to himself in his celebrated Lectures on Natural Philosophy, was to hinder projectors from becoming the dupes of their own presumption and ignorance, for it is amazing with what rashness they will enter upon undertakings for which they are utterly unprepared. It was remarked, when the reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by Parliament for a method of obtaining the longitude at sea, that the greater part of those who contended for the prize did not even comprehend the problem to be solved; and hundreds wasted months, and years, in the attempt to discover Perpetual Motion, and often fancied their attempts had been crowned with success, because they were never at the pains of ascertaining what perpetual motion meant.

The mania is over for erecting water-engines which refuse to work; but while there is game to be caught it will not be difficult to find a bait for the trap. Not an eminent geologist but can tell of mines dug where the disposition of the strata foretold that the search must be vain, and of timely warning repaid by the indignation of suicidal projectors. There is nothing that more irritates a sanguine speculator who is building castles in the air than the friendly admonition that he is walking into a pit. The thoughtless and the greedy, who concentrate their attention on possible gain and avert their eyes from probable ruin, prefer that the dream should be dispelled by the event.

Among smaller articles close-stoves have, in recent years, been a fruitful source of vexation and expense. The authors, or more frequently the plagiarists, of the numberless expedients which were annually born to disappoint and disappear, often railed at the public for not blocking up their bright hearths and warming themselves cheaply—by a black and sullen mass of iron. They seemed to imagine that nothing could be desired except warmth, and that people must be crazy to think of purchasing comfort into the bargain at the cost of a few additional bushels of coals. It is certain that if they had known enough of science to be aware of one of the principal circumstances on which the economy depends, the thousands who have since pulled down their stoves would never have put them up, or would have left them to keep company with their hats in the hall. An open grate consumes fuel with rapidity because the air, which is the supporter of combustion, has uninterrupted access to the fire; while with a close-stove the air can be limited to what is just sufficient to keep the fuel ignited. There is the gain, but the gain is not all. With the common grate, the air which goes to the fire is carried up the chimney, and gives place
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to colder currents from the crevices of windows and doors. As the close-stove draws less than the grate, in the same degree less air is taken from the room, and less abundant are the fresh streams brought into it from without. It is this absence of ventilation which constitutes a large part of the economy of stoves. The departure of the heated air is retarded, and the shades of evening find a portion which was warmed by the morning fire still lingering in the pent-up apartment. Dr. Fyfe has demonstrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the startling fact, that in a moderately-sized room, if the air were kept at the promised temperature for the promised price, the action of the fire in an entire day would be incapable of changing once the whole of the atmosphere. No independent system of ventilation has ever been found sufficient to remove the close smell which is the heavy accompaniment; and if it did, the economy would be proportionably diminished, for the heated air would be carried off, and there must be larger fires to furnish sufficient relays of warmth to compensate for the loss. The cheapness, therefore, reduces itself to what is the usual secret of cheapness of every description—that the article is bad as the cost is less. Stove-inventors, who, like all the interested advocates of change, equally, overrate the evil of what we have and the benefit of what they propose to substitute in its stead, experience none of these annoyances themselves. They are invariably men of peculiar sensations. They allege that the backs of their legs are frozen by draughts from the door in a degree to which the rest of mankind are strangers, or for which they find a remedy in a screen. But the whole of their sensibility seems to have descended to their legs, for their eyes never miss the joyous blaze, their heads never ache from tainted air, and their noses can never detect the slightest closeness in connexion with their stoves. One man's meat is another man's poison. They luxuriate in circumstances which are obnoxious to different constitutions; and hence, perhaps, their wonder that so many Englishmen, who usually have the sense or selfishness to adopt a good thing, should persevere in refusing to be coal-wise and comfort-foolish.

Not only loss of money, but loss of life and limb, is sometimes the result of inattention to natural laws. Persons who ride in a carriage seldom reflect, unless they read it in a book of science, that the motion of the vehicle is communicated to themselves, and that whatever the rate at which they travel they have a forward impulse to the same amount. A horse runs away; they leap out, and expect to alight as gently as if the carriage was standing still: instead of which they are hurried to the ground with their acquired velocity, and probably break their legs, if they

are not killed upon the spot. But terror often impels to rashness where knowledge counsels prudence. It is not the only occasion in which science is easier to learn than to apply. No one can be better aware than a seaman that the world is round, and yet a sailor was once flogged because his captain had forgotten it. Two men-of-war, one larger than the other, were sailing in company, when the man on the look-out from the larger descried a ship in the horizon, which was not reported by the watch of the smaller vessel. The cat-of-nine-tails was the penalty of his negligence. But the same occurrence happening shortly afterwards to a second person, it was remembered that the taller mast could overlook a portion of the curvature of the earth which must interpose to hide distant objects from the man on the lower, and that the sole fault of the supposed culprit was not to have been able to see through the ocean. The anecdote is related in the 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels;' and those who have not read it there should do so, for the story that has been told by Basil Hall must lose in the repetition.

The inconvenience and injuries which arise from an ignorance of natural philosophy are casual, and happen comparatively to few; but the advantages of knowledge are certain and constant. It is an especial characteristic of natural philosophy that the subjects of its lessons hem us in on every side. We live and move in the midst of them. Were it to be studied solely with reference to its domestic uses and bearings, those who made acquaintance with it for the first time would learn, with equal surprise and delight, that, applied to every-day facts about which there seemed to be nothing to know, it unfolds a world to which indifference is blind. Wherever he may be and whatever he is doing—sleeping, dressing, eating, drinking, walking, riding—man has within himself and the objects which surround him a perpetual exemplification of the greatest discoveries of some of the noblest intellects that ever adorned the earth. If the speculations of science are sublime, the materials from which it is constructed or to which it applies, are ordinarily the homely things which we see and touch and taste every instant of our lives. Nature, if we may so speak, is a humble artificer. What she does on a grand scale she reproduces on a small one. Newton's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, saw the cause of the planetary motions in the fall of an apple; and a school-boy who whirls a stone in a sling has actually produced a close imitation of the machinery which is hurrying the earth round the sun. The man of science that sips his cup of tea and ponders its phenomena must summon to his aid hydrostatics, pneumatics, chemistry, with some of the most refined

refined and beautiful parts of optics ; and though he should be what Dr. Johnson playfully styled himself, 'a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool,' he would find that he had finished his tea-drinking long before he had exhausted the philosophical lessons. Or to take an instance, the most unlike we can recal—the almanac, which is in every house and hand, is a mere convenience of domestic life : but how intimately is it connected with the laws of the universe ? Not one in a thousand properly comprehend it for the want of a general idea of the movements in the solar system. The theory of eclipses, the changes of the moon, the distinction between mean and apparent time, are matters about which the current notions are vague or erroneous. M. Comte heard a well-educated man tell a youth, at a striking eclipse of the sun, that the obscuration would have been greater if the moon had been full. He fancied that the larger the moon appeared the more it must obstruct the solar light : in total ignorance that if we see the whole of its illuminated face it cannot be revolving between us and the sun. When it interposes to cut off the solar rays and cause an eclipse, its dark side is of necessity to the earth. M. Comte insinuates his conviction that this gentleman was not in the rear of his generation. He was not even singular, we may be sure, in the temerity with which he undertook out of the depths of his own darkness to enlighten his son. Few things are more astounding than the confidence with which absurdities are asserted in conversation, unless it be the credulity with which they are received. But we make progress notwithstanding. We are in advance of the days when Protestant countries refused to adopt the reformation of the calendar because Gregory XIII. had set the example. It was thought to be a piece of Romish superstition, and it was considered better to differ from the sun than to agree with the pope. With something done there is much to do ; and M. Jourdain, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, made a sensible request when he begged his master in philosophy to teach him the Almanac. With the vulgar notion of the almanac in our heads the petition is diverting ; but deeper consideration would tell us it was no bad text-book from which to teach, and no contemptible lesson to learn. Common things, we again find, are in the closest connexion with the grandest truths. We may begin at the house, but we cannot stop there. By the dependence of facts we are driven to take the world for our province. Thenceforth it becomes a different world from what it was before. In every object there is something to see beyond what common eyes can behold. The marvellous operations of nature are incessantly receiving fresh illustrations. Ingenuity is taxed to apply the principles with
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which we are stored, and we have the double pleasure of familiarity and novelty—of old truths in an unexpected form. If Lord Bacon could say that the history of the world, without literary history, was as the effigy of Polyphemus with his eye out—that part being wanting which did most show the spirit and life—it is no less certain that nature is without its eye, its spirit, its life, to him that remains ignorant of its interior laws. It may be made to minister, through its ordinary operations or through the instrumentality of others, to his bodily comforts, but it is only through his own exertions that it can minister to his mind. Natural philosophy is like the Genius of the Allegories. The ordinary gazers behold the vision, but he alone can inform them of its meaning.

The universal presence of the materials of science peculiarly adapts it for the instruction of children. Madame de Genlis prefaces one of her tales by the announcement that she is about to relate a history in which what is improbable shall be true, and the only things credible shall be the fictitious adventures round which the marvels are arranged. These matter-of-fact wonders are the operations of nature upon which she ingeniously makes the fortunes of her characters to depend. But the children for whom the story is designed need not the charm of artifice to interest them in knowledge to which they are attracted of themselves. When the world is new its phenomena never fail to excite attention and provoke inquiry. Yet while we endeavour, and often vainly endeavour, to enlist the sympathies of children in studies to which they are naturally averse, we strangely neglect to avail ourselves of their instinctive tastes, and by our negligence convert their ardour to indifference. Wonder ceases with novelty, and curiosity ceases with wonder, and we soon sit down quietly under an ignorance we no longer feel. We repress the thousand interrogations with which children assail us, till they become habituated to the want of knowledge and forget that the craving ever existed. The little boy marvels why spectacles enable his grandfather to see, and his grandfather, who once marvelled too, is now content with the result, and leaves the cause to the optician. By marking and obeying the bent of youthful inquisitiveness, we should fill the mind with an additional class of ideas that use would make as familiar as the mother-tongue, and invest with interest a multitude of objects upon which now we gaze with listless, because with undiscerning, eyes. Those who assume that the curiosity of children to know is not accompanied by the capacity to understand, would find on a trial that their aptitude is greater than we commonly suppose. To attempt to thrust upon them at the outset a connected system of
natural

natural philosophy would, indeed, be absurd: at first they must be followed rather than led. We must wait their questions, suffer their discursiveness, tell them what they are willing to learn, and not everything there is to be told. With natural truths, and in early years, they should hunger and thirst for knowledge before they are fed. When they are satisfied we should stop, and not oblige them to feel the sickness of satiety: the appetite that is forced is less likely to return. Nor is it any use to set them to study science in books. They must be taught by word of mouth and visible examples; for natural philosophy, unintelligible to them when read, is readily taken in when told or shown. But their teachers must understand what they attempt to explain. Children are not to be imposed upon, like their elders, by mystic verbiage; and we infallibly confuse them when we are confused ourselves. Aptitude on their part must be met by intelligence and skilfulness on ours. It is indeed the great drawback to the scheme that the requisite qualifications are rarely to be met with in mothers, upon whom the early education of children devolves; and the deficiency is one which, in spite of all that has been said of the unfitness of the study for their sex, we cannot but think they would do well to supply. Miss Edgworth justly considered the defence of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation,—‘I do not care about the blueness of a lady’s stockings if her petticoats are only long enough.’ It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself, which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little—except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton’s *Principia*, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity, and Madame de Staal, the bedchamber woman of the Duchess of Maine, well known by her lively *Memoirs*, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight, the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night; and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house, to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o’clock at night, when she made her company

pany less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged, and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bed-room smoke without fire; and methinks, says Madame de Staal, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised. Madame du Châtelets are fortunately rare: but in whatever proportion knowledge, which should ornament and enliven existence, is turned to exaction and ostentation, in the same degree will it be wished that philosophical women were more feminine and less profound. These are the abuses of knowledge, which need not affect its use. There is a medium between 'a quiet, humble fool,' and the female pedant, 'who should walk in breeches and wear a beard.'

We hope there are few specimens left of the sensual school who overlooked the highest part of man, and denied the utility of everything which did not minister to bodily comfort. It is inconceivable that any one of them could be consistent in the doctrine, could only see in a noble tree the materials for boards, food for cattle in the verdure of the field, and medicinal properties in the flowers of the garden; or, if such a man did really exist, he was a subject for compassion, not for argument. Tried by the mere test of pleasure, intellectual gratification is a deeper delight than corporal luxury. But natural philosophy combines both advantages in the highest degree. It has helped on the useful arts to that extent that there is hardly a philosophical speculation which has not yielded, sooner or later, a substantial result, and added to the convenience or the indulgences of life. What can appear to concern us less than the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, or the thousands of stars, which merely look like spangles in the sky; and yet both one and the other are made the means of determining the longitude at sea, of finding the road to any given place over the wide and pathless waste of waters. The niceties of astronomical observations are not within the compass of popular science. But without travelling out of our beat, it would be easy to show that an ordinary knowledge of philosophical truths has filled the world with substantial products. The greater part of the history of scientific civilization is lost, of course, in the night of time. The aggregate result of improvement is apparent. From a rude hut, and a few rude utensils, we have advanced to a pitch of refinement in which the common possessions of the poor outstrip, not rarely, the former luxuries of kings. But the

the circumstances of the discovery, and the name of the discoverer, are rarely preserved. 'In vain,' says Dr. Watson, 'shall we inquire who invented the first plough, baked the first bread, shaped the first pot, wove the first garment, or hollowed the first canoe.' The authors alone of the vast array of mechanical contrivances which are concerned in the production of the commodities of life, conferred an inestimable boon upon the world—but it would be no more use to seek the names of the majority than to ask with Southey—'who ate the first oyster?' The truth is, that those who have contributed to bring any article whatever to its present perfection are usually legion. The addition of each has been insignificant, and, taken separately, neither the merit nor the advantage were extraordinarily great. Everybody is acquainted with Johnson's story of the man who announced himself to a stranger at an inn as 'the *great* Twalmley, who had invented the new flood-gate iron:'—a description of ironing-box with a sliding door like a flood-gate, and heated by a heater dropped into it, to save it from being blackened by exposure to the fire. The vanity of Twalmley has handed down his name—not indeed to fame—but to ridicule. Yet his contrivance, trifling as it was, must have been serviceable to have kept its ground to the present day; and if he had styled himself the *useful* Twalmley no one could have disputed his right to the appellation. His case is the case of thousands. Their names are not, nor deserve to be, in the Biographical Dictionary, but the fruits of their ingenuity are in every house. The circumstance is encouraging. All may aspire to assist in the work of improvement, when we see the issue of small advances and humble talents. The slow and gradual accumulation of generations of improvement may rival the proudest monuments of genius in the ultimate result. It happens here, as in other things, that what is beneficial to the world is not always that which brings glory in its train.

The simplest contrivances are the offspring of the ordinary experience of natural laws; for science is often only common experience with a prouder name. Our ancestors had not made a formal classification of the varying degrees in which different bodies conducted heat, but they had discovered that wood confined it longer than stone. For the sake of the warmth it was extensively employed in the construction of houses, and for the same reason many of the finest mansions in St. Petersburg are composed of it still. That Russian houses should be some day burnt is almost as much a matter of course as that those who occupy them should some day die. But mankind will always run a great risk for a great advantage, and it required the Fire of London

London to wean our forefathers from their fondness for timber edifices. So long as houses were consumed in detail, every man hoped that his neighbour's case might never be his own. Nothing short of a general calamity could teach them that the laws of nature have no partialities, and that while fire burns and wood is fuel they can never be brought together with safety. Driven to have recourse to less combustible materials, they continued to profit by their observation of natural laws, and since stone transmitted heat more readily than wood, they built their walls of a goodly thickness, to counterbalance the drawback. The experience that is not recorded has to be bought anew; for a practice may seem absurd if the reason is unknown. When old houses are pulled down, and the quantity of rubbish within the walls is brought to light, it is common to hear a good many gibes at former folly. 'A little more solidity,' it is said, 'in the masonry, instead of a loose mass of dirt and stones, and half the thickness of the wall might have been spared.' But it was exactly the thing they did not wish to spare, for they considered warmth no less than strength, and to have warmth there must be thickness. They filled in rubble for its cheapness; and though solid masonry would have stood longer, it is not for modern builders, upon a question of durability, to take antiquity to task. We are beginning to discover that there is something else to be considered in houses besides security from tumbling down. The thin walls so common during the last half-century reverse every effect that it is desirable to produce: the sun's heat penetrates them in the height of summer, and the heat of the fires filters through them in the depth of winter. We have heard the inhabitants of modern streets in London complain that they spend three months in a fryingpan and six in a well. It may be long before better knowledge produces improvement; for houses are built by speculators not to live in but to let.

Patients long bed-ridden with disease suffer from the continued pressure on the skin, till at length the slightest movement is pain, and sickness is denied its own poor privilege—to toss. Dr. Arnott provided a preventive in the water-bed, which has saved many hours of agony to lingering illness, and would save many more if patients had always the strength of mind to conquer their first repugnance to its use. But though every one is familiar with the properties of fluids upon which the value of the water-bed depends, it is very unlikely that the thought would have occurred to Dr. Arnott unless he had been a scientific man. Such instances are numerous. The contemplation of nature draws attention to resources which, ordinarily unobserved, are courting the notice of watchful eyes, as a man who walks upon the shore may tread, without per-

ceiving it, upon a precious pebble that is picked up by another who searches for what he can find. But science has chiefly assisted art in the appliance of the less conspicuous powers of nature, which are little known save to those who make them their special study. Mirrors are silvered by a mixture of tin and mercury, which combine in definite proportions and crystallise on the glass. The date of the discovery is uncertain, but according to the best evidence it proceeded out of Venice, at a period when the Alchemists were busy with metals in the wild expectation to transmute them into gold. In searching for a chimera they lighted upon a beautiful domestic invention. Their science had many similar results. Of them might have been written the fable of the dying father, who bid his sons dig in the vineyard for a deposit of gold.

To whatever capital invention we turn our attention, we find that elementary science was at work in its production. A scientific amateur, the Marquis of Worcester, described in his *Century of Inventions* a rude method of employing steam to force up water. Captain Savery, a Cornish miner, who contrived the first engine of practical service, borrowed the idea from Lord Worcester's book; of which, anxious to conceal his obligation, he purchased and destroyed all the copies he could find. His own improvements were by no means small, and they were founded upon a very trifling scientific experiment. The engine was next taken in hand by Newcomen an ironmonger, and Cawley a glazier, who were no mathematicians, nor, in a wide signification, natural philosophers; but they studied the science connected with the subject, and by a mixture of skill and luck greatly increased the utility of the machine. The boy Humphry Potter next comes upon the stage. A fabulous story, introduced by the suspicious formula 'it is said,' is related by writer after writer to the effect that, having to turn the cocks upon which the working of the engine depended, he one day observed, in the agony of his anxiety to join his companions at play, a method of attaching cords which would make the machine perform his office for itself. The original source of the anecdote is the narrative of Desaguliers, who was contemporary with the events, and investigated them with care. The authority is the refutation. The steam-engine, he tells us, was self-acting before, and the effect of Potter's improvement was solely to increase the working-speed. It was, too, a complex invention, 'perplexed with catches and strings,' which it was quite impossible to have extemporised upon an impulse. Many of the authors who have related the fable must have seen the truth in Desaguliers, whom they quote—and, strange circumstance for men trained in the rigours of science, could not resist the temptation

tion to relieve their history by romance. Humphry Potter must be taken from the catalogue of idle boys, and placed in the list of thoughtful and inventive minds. He was a pupil in the best school, the school of example, and living in the midst of ingenious mechanical contrivances was incited to add another to the number. Here was the starting-point of Watt, and it is well known that he brought to his task acquirements more profound than can be included under the designation of popular science; but the information it supplies would have sufficed for his principal invention—the separate condenser—as well as for the majority of the improvements which the steam-engine, in its multiform applications, has since received. Slight knowledge, directed sometimes by talent, and sometimes by genius, actually made many of the steps in the most surprising creation of modern days, and was all that was needed to have made many more. A large volume would not contain the history of kindred examples. As science is diffused the more they will be multiplied, for what escapes one mind occurs to another. Contrivances which seem obvious have not been always the earliest made. The building a separate channel for smoke does not appear to us a far-fetched idea; yet Greek and Roman magnificence was polluted from their inability to devise the arrangement. Shot, which is made by passing lead through a cullender that separates it into drops, lost its globular form, which is essential to its carrying true, by alighting while it was soft, till a Bristol workman in 1782 hit on the simple expedient of letting it fall from a tower, that it might cool in the descent. Invention is not exhausted. Every year something is found out, and we have often less reason to wonder that the discovery has been made than that it should never have been made before. Newton met Bentley accidentally in London, and asked him what philosophical pursuits were going on at Cambridge. ‘None,’ replied Bentley, ‘for you kill all the game; you leave us nothing to pursue.’ ‘Not so,’ said Newton, ‘you may start game in every bush, if you will but beat for it.’

Lord Bacon assigns to science a two-fold object, the relief of man’s estate, and the glory of the Creator. There has never, in this country, been a disposition to underrate its last, and most honoured use. In the same spirit in which they studied the ‘book of God’s word,’ Englishmen have studied the ‘book of God’s works.’ Maclaurin heard Newton observe that it gave him particular pleasure that his philosophy had promoted the attention to final causes, and his followers, who could not rival him in his genius, have not degenerated from his piety. It has been their delight to dwell upon the fact, that though a casual survey of the world proclaimed a Maker marvellous in goodness

and in power, yet every hidden law which was brought to light afforded additional evidence of design, and showed him beyond what man could conceive, 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.' With us the exceptions at least have been few, and none of them deserve to be remembered. But in France atheism, without limitation or disguise, has too often been blended with an extensive acquaintance with natural philosophy; and a living man of science, M. Comte, imputing to the works of creation the imperfections which in reality are in his own judgment, has come to be of the opinion of that impious king, who said that if the Deity had condescended to consult him he could have given him some good advice. Supposing it impossible that a philosopher who had run the range of physics, and written a bulky work in which he contends for the utmost strictness of reasoning, could take up a dogma which shocks the instincts of mankind, without some plausible pretence, we read his observations with close attention and painful interest. We laid down the book astounded at their imbecility, and could only re-echo the Psalmist's declaration, that it is *the fool* which has said in his heart there is no God. His argument might have been penned expressly to prove that there is a credulity of scepticism as well as a credulity of belief, and it is difficult to assign any motive for his creed except the morbid passion for distinction which leads some men, and especially Frenchmen, to prefer the elevation of a gibbet rather than walk upon level ground. Yet he had every advantage, for he only undertook to insinuate objections, which must always be easy on mysterious questions, about which knowledge is imperfect.

Atheists are cowards in discussion; they dare not meet the united evidence, and set out in a formal shape the contending system by which they are bound to establish that the contrivances of the world did not call for a contriver. Even of cavils we can fix upon nothing tangible, amidst the cloudy language of M. Comte, except that the arrangements we make are usually superior to the arrangements we find. And this is the argument which is to disprove that there is a maker and governor of the world! Is it so much as a *defect* in the scheme that man has often to plan for himself? With every thing ready prepared to our hands, ingenuity would languish for want of stimulus; and if it be a curse to eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, a greater curse still, in our present condition, lights upon him whose forehead neither sweats from toil nor aches from thought. As Alexander wept when no more worlds were left to conquer, so we likewise should sigh if a too bountiful nature left nothing to be discovered and nothing to be improved. It is part of our enjoyment here to employ

employ our talents in neutralizing evils, in turning apparent disadvantages into benefits, in finding in hostile agencies elements of power which a presiding genius converts to as many friendly ministers. Nor need we suppose that a progressive development of material advantages, instead of a complete and original perfection, bore hard upon earlier generations, who, living in the infancy of the world, lived also in the infancy of civilization. Man, with respect to corporal comforts, is the creature of habit. To whatever he is accustomed, that he enjoys. The Greenlander, with his wretched hut and barren soil, believes himself the most favoured of created beings, and pities the lot of nations which are destitute of the luxury of seals. In like manner it is probable that the early inhabitants of Britain were as satisfied with a cave or a cottage of clay, as we with our mansions adorned with all the products of the arts. So, too, in the same age the king would think himself meanly accommodated in the house of the gentleman, the gentleman in the abode of the peasant—and yet custom has adapted each to his own. It is not the absolute degree of refinement that confers the pleasure; it is the improvement on what we are used to, the addition to what we already possess—and this pleasure has been common to every period in which the wants of mankind were sufficiently keen to excite invention and summon art to the aid of nature. But in all our improvements we can only, by the strength and intellect which God has given us, mould the matter which God has made. If we can sail in ships upon the great deep, it is because *He* supplied us with the wood for their construction, and endowed it with buoyancy to float upon the waves. If we perform prodigies with steam, it is because He gave it an elastic power, ordained that fire should evolve it out of water, and provided us with both the water and the fire. We merely use the things with which he has presented us, and presented with a foresight of the end to which our capacities and wants would enable us to devote them. We can adapt, but we cannot create. The greatest genius that ever lived is impotent to give being to the most insignificant particle of dust. It required the powers of Sir Isaac Newton to detect many natural laws; but even the Newtons of the human race can only discover laws—they cannot make them. We may worm out the secret powers with which Nature is invested, and by new adaptations produce effects of which the native elements are utterly incapable; but at best we only avail ourselves of properties already existing, merely develop the latent energies innate in our materials. We pull to pieces, and put together, we shape, and we arrange, but we cannot add to the world a single atom, no—nor even take it away. Whatever our triumphs, we
never

never passed this limit to human interference, which teaches everybody, capable of being taught, that we are after all only creatures, and that another is the creator. But M. Comte can believe any fable rather than believe a God. He is willing to imagine that the sun, the earth, and the planets may have come into being without an author, been whirled in their orbits, endowed with gravity, peopled with wonders: for, parodying Scripture, he asserts that the only glory which the heavens declare is the glory of Newton. The remark is one example out of many that French wit is often nothing but English flippancy. If the heavens declare the glory of Newton, then whose glory does Newton display? But the poison is too weak to take effect, except upon vain and vicious understandings. The arguments of atheists are like chaff in the wind—they may settle for a moment, but from their natural levity the first opposing current sweeps them away. We do not require the lessons of Natural Philosophy to teach us to believe. Their use is, that they assist us to adore. The further we go the more we are constrained to wonder and admire; and though we see but in part, and often retire baffled from the effort to interpret nature, we see enough to bring away the most inspiring sentiment with which man can glow—the deep feeling of the Psalmist's words:—‘All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and talk of Thy power; there is no end of Thy greatness.’

- ART. II.—1. *Dog-breaking*. By Lieut.-Col. W. N. Hutchinson (20th Regiment). London. 12mo. 1848.
2. *Stable-Talk and Table-Talk*. By Harry Hieover. The 2nd Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.
3. *The Pocket and the Stud*. By Harry Hieover. London. 12mo. 1848.
4. *Field Sports in the United States and the British Provinces of America*. By Frank Forester. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1848.

WE need no apology to our readers for coupling hounds with horses; destined for each other, they have run lovingly together from time immemorial and will keep company to the end of the chapter; the connexion is natural, and we fancy—the chase being mimic war—few will think it strange that military men, in these piping dog-days of peace, should take first and foremost rank in the nice conduct of perdricide and vulpicide campaigns, or that those who mould their sabres into steel-pens, should feel themselves fully commissioned to teach the young
idea

idea both how to shoot and be in at the death—the end of country life. Nor is there anything new in such change of pursuits; Colonel Hutchinson and Captain Hieover do but follow where Generals Xenophon and Arrian led before; the former, unrivalled as a retreator and retriever, consoled himself when on half-pay by composing Hippias and Cynegetics in choice Greek, which no private family in Melton should be without; the latter borrowed his name and richly supplemented him by a classical treatise on coursing, for which task he states himself to be not unfit, from having been ἀμφι ταῦτα ἀπο νεου ἐσπούδακώς, κυνηγέσιαν, και στρατηγίαν, και ΣΟΦΙΑΝ. Meanwhile, as to ‘hark back’ is always a bore, we recommend the volumes before us, as coverts which may be drawn during a hard frost without fear of a blank day.

Our Colonel and Captain have many kindred characteristics, common, we are proud to say, to British officers; both alike advocate drill, discipline, order, and obedience; both denounce unnecessary flogging and extravagance; and assuredly mercy, a quality of the brave, and economy, the soul of efficient armies, ought also to animate well-regulated stables and kennels. The former is favourably known in the military world by the publication of his ‘Standing Orders, issued to the two Battalions of the 20th Regiment:’ which may be safely pronounced an encyclopædia of duty and good soldiery, from the drummer-boy to the officer in command. The author, during prolonged services in every quarter of the globe, made sporting his healthful recreation, and took his hound for a hobby. ‘Love me, love my dog,’ has been his motto, whether his stanch comrade kept him company over the burning plains of India or the frozen regions of Canada; and we shall not pronounce these warm affections misplaced. *Man, says Burns, is the god of the dog; to worship him is his happiness, to serve him his freedom; his allegiance is neither divided nor based on compulsion; he watches willingly over our couch by night, and wakes the cheerful companion of our walks by day; the chances of time or place, the changes of fortunes for better or worse, effect no alteration in his free full love; with a fidelity above suspicion—*

‘His honest heart is still his master’s own:
He labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.’

But although poets—Burns and Byron—have done justice to these dog-like excellences, prose-writers, like us, must blush at their non-appreciation by the world at large. The turbaned infidel Asiatic agrees with his antipodes, the hatted and hated Christian European, in using the poor dog worse than one, in holding him
dog-

dog-cheap,* and giving him a bad name, insomuch that, whatever the sex to which the name is applied, whatever the metaphor to which it is adapted, it is anything but complimentary.

A portion of our provincial readers must pardon the suspicion that they imperfectly understand the philosophy of sport, the physiology of the dog, and his psychology, so to speak, for we admit the words are somewhat hard: test however the amount of information possessed on these points, by discussing them post-prandially at most of the tables of forty out of the fifty-two counties:—let the deipnosophists be of good *gaudet equis canibusque* breed, born to inherit broad acres, to consume cereals, and deprive *feræ naturæ* of a share in nature's banquet:—how jejune their chase reasonings—how rarely do any two disputants coincide in opinions, but each, swearing by his own system, votes all beyond it leather and prunella! We would fain hope that the Hutchinsonian duodecimo will prove useful to many of these good lords of the soil. This serious and earnest treatise elevates dog-breaking to the dignity of a science; notwithstanding the modest statement of its opening paragraph, that, so far from being a mystérie, it is an art easily acquired, when commenced on rational principles, and continued by instructors possessed of temper, judgment, and consistency; moral desiderata, be it said at starting, scarcely anywhere so plentiful as blackberries. Much, however, depends, according to our considerate author, on the degree of finish required in educating a four-footed recruit; whether, for instance, he is to be drilled to perfect manœuvring in the field, and to veteran steadiness under fire, or trained to only such a respectable mediocrity as satisfies those whose best beat is from Albemarle Street to the Athenæum; in either alternative we agree with Lord Chesterfield, that, if a thing be worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and we also quite agree with our gallant Colonel, however unfashionable the opinion, that more than half the pleasure of the chase consists in watching the hunting of well-broken dogs, and that it is nearly doubled if they chance to be of one's own breaking: the better the dog, the better the sport; for when neither temper nor nerves are ruffled by bad behaviour, the shooting is calm and killing. The Colonel actually asserts that he would sooner put up with water for his sole beverage than shoot over a bad dog; a biped beater is better—although we totally condemn the battue imported from Germany since the peace, as a base, brutal, bloody, and most unsportsman-like butchery.

It will be as well, however, to say here, *in limine*, that it is not our intention to re-open the interminable cases of Pointer versus Partridge, or of Yoicks versus Reynard; we have in some former numbers pretty well exhausted the Chase, the Turf, and the

the Road; our present argument will be directed to instructional and pecuniary points, in the hope of showing how these pastimes may be pursued with the least pressure on the pocket—a view of the question which must interest all who deem

‘The inflammation of their weekly bills
The consummation of all earthly ills.’

Be it remembered at the onset, that the intelligence of a dog is second only to that of man. His powers of smell are incalculably superior; and though he shares in his master’s prerogative of going mad, he never joins him in getting drunk. What pastor better minds his flock?—what patriot more vigorously agitates his tail? Even ‘honest John’ never went truer to win. ‘You may bet on your greyhound boldly,’ says Hieover, ‘for he carries no jockey.’ Again, dogs are not laughing hyænas, or untamable: no amount of instruction is thrown away on them—(what would not Dr. Kay Shuttleworth give for such raw materials?)—their capability of acquiring knowledge grows with its acquisition, until they play at dominoes and point fish. A time-honoured friend of ours in Dorsetshire has so perfected the education of a well-bred house-dog, who previously had waged war, from sheer goodness of nature, against beggars and suspicious-looking characters, that his conservative Cerberus now noses a radical, freetrader or freebooter, be he dressed even as a gentleman, and gives tongue ‘ware wolf in sheep’s clothing, and ‘bristles’ ere either can darken his doorway. Hutchinson, Hieover, and all true and loyal Englishmen, will, we are confident, thank us for making known this important discovery. This good beast is, it is to be hoped, destined to found a numerous family; for Dr. Prichard has demonstrated, in his luculent Treatise on our own species, that the race of dogs has an irresistible turn—‘an instinctive hereditary propensity’—to do, untaught, whatever the parents have learned. Thus canine talents are transmitted from father to son, which by no means obtains in the human race divine.

If teachers of dogs will only make their pupils clearly understand what is wanted, they willingly and pleasantly will perform all that nature has given them the power to do, and the instinct to comprehend. Their memories are excellent; and if they seldom forget ill usage, they never fail to remember kindness: let them once learn to associate the idea of holiday with your presence, they will become the partners of your joys—anticipate wants and wishes—love, honour, and, above all, obey. Under all circumstances spare the rod; break the self-will of your young dogs, but never their courage and temper. If their moral qualities

lities be destroyed, your scholar, says the grave Buffon, becomes 'a gloomy egotist, instead of an honest courtier.' Occasional flogging certainly does good to inattentive idlers; but, however Moslem masters may hold the bastinado a special boon from the Prophet to true believers, the specific is not infallible with Christian dogs. Could learning be thus fundamentally inoculated, few of them, says the kind Colonel, would be found unbroken in England and Scotland, and none in the Emerald Isle, where a Conciliation Kenñel—not Hall—is the thing wanted: and we might quote the equally observant Hieover to the same salutary tune. Send, therefore, your boys to Eton, to Winchester if you will; and we say this, although six lustra have neither blotted from our memories the awful writing on school-wall—'Aut disce aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi'—nor effaced the cicatrised interpretations of Dr. Goddard, 'Plagossimus Orbilius.' Send your pachydermatous sons there, we repeat, but 'take heartily and earnestly to educate your tender dogs yourself,' counsels the Colonel; bring them up and out at home, like your daughters: begin with your puppies in their seventh month to teach them self-respect, and inculcate a moral feeling that they are destined for higher game than a life of play and barking. Finally, as a poetical sportsman sang in long-past days—

'Keep them cautiously from curs,
For early habits stick like burrs.

Dogs degenerate in bad society: thus the coach-dog, from living with stablemen, is deficient in sagacity, and only fit to follow 'the rumbling of the wheels;' while a bulldog, from his brutal associates, becomes incapable of learning anything beyond fighting and ferocity. The unhappy dogs who once have contracted these radical defects are tabooed by all their fellow-creatures who have been better bred and brought up. Honest Launce, whose canine lectures are familiar to more than two gentlemen in and out of Verona, found how soon his retrograded Crab was nosed and cut when he fell into the company of 'two or three gentlemanlike dogs' at the Duke's.

That the spouses of bachelors were the best managed we already knew, and we now learn that their dogs are the soonest broken.

'So long,' says the Colonel, 'as you are unmarried, you can make a companion of your dog without incurring the danger of his being spoiled by your wife and children. The more, by the bye, he is your own companion and nobody else's, the better; all his initiatory lessons can be, and can best be, inculcated in your own breakfast-room.'—*Hutchinson*, p. 12.

He must never be taken out until perfectly master of the sixteen words of command which constitute his drill ; and these are enumerated and explained by the Colonel with such perspicuity (pp. 42, 46), that neither dogs nor men can henceforward misunderstand them. One or two extracts will suffice to put our readers in possession of the principle of this private preparatory schooling :—

‘ Let no one be present to distract the dog’s attention ; call him to you by the whistle you purpose always using in the field ; tie a slight cord, a few yards long, to his collar ; throw him a small piece of toast or meat : do this several times, chucking it into different parts of the room, and let him eat what he finds ; then throw a piece—as you do so, say *Dead*—and the moment he gets close to it check him by pulling the cord, at the same time saying *Toho* (but not very loud), and lift up your right arm almost perpendicularly. By pressing the cord with your foot you can restrain him as long as you please. Do not let him take it until you give him the encouraging word *On*, accompanied by a forward movement of the right arm and hand, similar to the swing of an underhand bowler at cricket. At other times let him take the bread the moment you throw it, that his eagerness to rush forward and seize it may be continued, only to be instantly restrained at your command.’—*Ibid.* pp. 13, 14.

The magic word *Toho* will soon suggest agreeable emotions, and that of the final *Drop* unpleasant ones. Nevertheless, implicit, unhesitating, immediate obedience, being the triumph of your art, there must be no compromise : you must never in the least relax either then or for the future ; for, as Mrs. Jameson has detailed in her ‘ Sacred Art,’ if one moment’s weakness in even an anchorite (see her delectable legend of Saint Shitano Boccadoro and the King’s Daughter) can cancel the virtue of a long life, how shall a poor frail dog resist temptation ? Until, therefore, this obedience to a given signal becomes a second nature, hemp is your only help, and the sudden jerk of the cord must be repeated ; should the culprit be overfrightened, make much of him, and particularly by the aforesaid toast or meat. Never forget that, in dealing with animal natures, eating may be always advantageously combined with education, provided care be taken (however legitimate the connexion between gastronomy and literature) that the meat be not overdone.

‘ Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make the ribs fat, but bankrupt quite the wits.’

Ingenii largitor venter, says Juvenal ; and as an empty stomach, argues the Colonel,—and it will not be disputed at Guildhall—sharpens the reasoning faculties, a little fasting may be tried with the pupil who evinces squeamish appetites for learning, and these initiatory principles may be discussed before feeding-time—*impranso*,

pranso, as Horace proposed. Hunger gives a relish to dry bread, the reward of labour and learning—which Soyer's last Reform Sauce never will; hence the quintessence of mortal bliss is centred with poor dogs and men in eating; nor do the highest intellects disown the savoury impeachment. The whole secret of diplomacy lies in the kitchen, by which the most ponderous protocols are lubricated; and a *liberal* loaves-and-fishes logic makes more converts than Bacon or Plato, who reasoned well—as whippers-in well know at St. Stephen's, and elsewhere. Jew and gentile, Christian and infidel, hound and shooting-pony succumb to this reasoning. The object in regard to the latter, says the Colonel, is to prove not only that the sound of a gun won't kill him, but be of great bodily comfort. The patient is to be argued into loving it after this process. Commence gradually, burn a little powder, snap a copper cap, and at last fire in his presence, always turning your back upon him, as if he were not a party concerned, for he must not even suspect you are thinking of him; at every report give him a bit of carrot; his greedy ears will soon connect sounds with slices, as a groom's do dinner-bell with beef, be he ever so deaf to its tintinnabular summons to family prayer; both animals soon join in chorus, and in encoring the sweet strains, which appeal to their digestive reason through their acoustic organs. By persevering in similar arguments a pony will delight to stand stock still whenever the reins are thrown on his neck, a double-barrel discharged, and carrots the consequence. It is by these vegetable charms, coupled with gentleness, patience, and perseverance, that horses at Astley's and poodles at Paris are taught to dance, and not by hot plates and horsewhips, as grandpapa squires, who still stick to the port, and their gamekeepers imagine. Accordingly, by practising this artful and amiable discipline, the last word of command, '*seek dead*,' is made easy and agreeable to canine capacities. Toast or meat is to be concealed under carpets or—should there be no wife—sofa-cushions, and the pupil bid to find it; his eager inexperience is to be aided by particular waves of the hand. This manual exercise is an axiom, and silent signals must always supersede sounds; the report of a gun does not scare birds so much as the voice of man—the natural enemy of game; therefore first-rate sportsmen never speak when they expect to find. A dog educated on this electric-telegraph system always manœuvres as if the eye of the commander-in-chief were on him. He constantly is looking out for the signal, and, when the right one is hoisted, a Junot does his duty as well as Nelson.

It is of paramount necessity, whatever the code of signals you use, that they should invariably be the same; like the laws of the
Medes

Meds and Persians, they must never change: false indications are fatal; the animal gets perplexed and palters; the master loses temper, uses violence, and the poor beast becomes and dies a misanthrope. Colonel Hutchinson, from feeling the folly and unfairness of this, has often contemplated a new sporting vocabulary, in order that a dog may never hear a word used in giving commands on any other than its specific occasion.

If space permitted, we could confirm the importance of true indications from the excellent 'Hints on Horsemanship' of Colonel Greenwood, than whom few men ever rode better. 'When,' says he, 'you go to the right, pull the right rein stronger than the left; when you go to the left, pull the left rein stronger than the right, and urge your horse strongest on the side opposite to the guiding rein; he who does so, if not a perfect horseman, will at least be a more perfect one than a million out of a million and one.' Many may call these great odds, and think little of such infinitesimal directions, but beasts and men acquire knowledge by accumulating small facts; the pyramids are only piled up particulars; and, without entering more into particulars at present, the result of this synthetic, bit-by-bit, in-door dog education is, that the pupil may be taken out for the first time, be shot over, and yet behave creditably.

Of course the last finish can only be given out of doors: it is as superfluous to speak of hares, hedges, and field-exercise, as to enforce the necessity of shooting to a young dog with straight powder—keep it dry of course—for when the animal is excited, missing is dire disappointment. The Colonel instances 'a bitch named Countess, who took it into her head and heels to run away in disgust' at a bungling cockney. The great aim of a good shot should be, to make his dog as fond of the sport as himself; you must therefore never work him after he is tired, as some keepers do; it infallibly decreases his delight in the chase, imparts a slovenly carriage, and most likely in the end injures his constitution. If he be over-buoyant, couple him with a provisional partner—the link tames, be it even of gold, and placed on neck or finger; hence the Spanish word for handcuffs is *esposas*. At all events, whenever your dog has had a hard day's work, and done it well, have him rubbed dry on getting home, then give him a warm supper, and let him be confined in his straw as comfortably as a countess.

This Hutchinsonian system is in all essentials that of Hieover—but simple and sensible, and justly favoured by all gentle spirits, as the system is, professional dog-breakers generally reverse it altogether; they begin out of doors; their plan is to inspire fear, not love—to effect by fatigue and punishment what is far
easier

easier and better done by reward; for no work is so well done as that which is done cheerfully and voluntarily. Alas! that the horse and dog, the two noblest of animals, should so often be consigned to the veriest brutes of the human race; and yet the Sir Oracles, who let no dog or master bark when they open their mouths, prefer to drive with a ramrod, rather than guide by a straw; they add the tyrant's spirit to a giant's strength. 'Oh!' says Colonel Greenwood, when discussing cognate colt-breaking, 'put off the evil day of force; forgive seventy times seventy, and be assured what does not come to-day will to-morrow.' But then it saves trouble, for those who never think, to cudgel the backs of others rather than their own brains. They begin by expecting their young dog to know his business, and guess the mysterious meaning of their words of command by instinct; and if, when he for the first time sniffs the delicious odour of game, and, obedient to untaught nature, rushes in and springs the covey in spite of *sohos* and *tohos*, he is therefore cruelly rated and flogged, can it be wondered that he should confound the word with the blow, and construe *toho* as *τυπω*? or is he to be led to the halter because, when thus scared and discouraged, the next time he winds birds he either sulks or sculks?*

On the nosology of the pointer, the Colonel, although less technically erudite than Mr. Delabere Blaine, the father, as he tells us himself, of canine pathology, is brief and satisfactory; quack yourself, if you have a fancy for it, but never throw physic to your dog; a little grass and his own tongue are his best remedies; let the patient minister to himself, and nature, unobstructed by art, will work wonders. For the overfed darlings of fine ladies solitary confinement in a garret for three days, with a pan of water, may be advantageously prescribed:—but this is only giving nature a fair chance.

Apropos of ladies: they may take a leaf from our gallant lecturer's treatise. 'The fair sex,' says he, 'although possessing unbounded and proper influence over us, notoriously have but little control over their canine favourites: this solely arises from their seldom enforcing obedience to orders. If a lady takes a dog out for a walk, she keeps constantly calling to it, lest it

* We have read the lively pages, of *Frank Forester* with so much pleasure that we could not lose this opportunity of introducing them also to our readers' acquaintance; but it is only a small part of them that is given to the doctrinal department; wherefore we must content ourselves with expressing our satisfaction that he in that department pretty generally, but especially as to humanity, agrees with the two senior campaigners on our list; and congratulating him on the success with which he has handled in detail the rich and unluckey subject of field-sports in North America. 'Frank Forester,' of course, is a *nom de chasse*. The Preface is signed by Mr. Henry William Herbert, a son of the late accomplished Dean of Manchester.

should go astray and be lost. The result is that, ere long, the dog pays not the slightest attention to her; his own sagacity telling him, that he need not trouble himself by watching her, as she will be sure to look after him' (p. 48).^{*} Ladies' pets are not to be stimulated by common rewards; which proves, says the Colonel, 'that their puppies, as well as their children, can be completely spoilt' (p. 51). The natural instinct of women enables them indeed to teach successfully one important lesson—even the oldest and oddest of them (always excepting Jane Eyres) insist that the slave shall *beg* before he is served. But here the capacity for instruction seems to stop. Their inborn tenderness renders them prodigal of favours to the happy dogs on whom they set their affections, and canine nature is at least constant—nothing ever obliterates its first love, as Dido swore before her fancies pointed to a son of Venus:—

' Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro.'

And here we would remind all surly, and some Surly Hall scholars, who, full of Virgil and Mr. Youatt on the Dog, growl at the injury done to hound and history by giving the name of fickle Dido to a faithful bitch, that it is only by this kennel nomenclature, that coveys of country gentlemen keep up their connexion with the classics at all. We wish them to live and learn, and therefore point out a pretty wrinkle of the Colonel's how to gain and rivet canine affection. An old hand, whenever he gets a young and untaught pupil, for some time never lets any one play with his Venus or Dido but himself; the first come are the best served in these matters, as in pottages: so says hungry and beloved Sancho Panza. 'On revient toujours à ses premiers amours,' sighs the fickle Frenchman. But we must conclude, and cannot do so better than by quoting the 229th section, with which the Colonel terminates his treatise:

'I have one very important direction to give—NEVER LEND YOUR DOG. If you are a married man you will not, I presume, lend your wife's horse to any man who has a coarse hand [Cato, we fear, lent both to Hortensius], and (I hope she will forgive me for saying so) you should feel far more reluctance and much more grief should you be obliged to lend a good dog to an ignorant sportsman, or to one who shoots for the pot.'

Thus loan oft loseth both itself and friend, and in a bad cause, for 'Tout pour le pot,' your foreigner's full cry, turns the plain stomach of an English sportsman, to whom the chase for its own

^{*} We do not know whether the Colonel is, like Captain Hieover, the illustrator of his own text; but if he be, the woodcuts at pp. 48 and 49 do credit to his pencil, and will gratify the ladies.

dear self is whet enough ; his object is rather the sport than the larder ; the run, not the ‘varmint,’ whom Ude could hardly cook, or an omnivorous *table d’hôte abonné* consume ; except, it is true, in the Abbruzzi, where Mr. Lear, himself taken for Palmerstoni, found roast fox considered *cibo squisito*, the delicacy of the season. Our chase from beginning to end is modern and insular : it belongs to us,* and to us alone. All the pursuits of the savage, the classical, and the continental sportsman are marked by a constant eye to the kitchen ; by them eternal war to the knife and fork too was and is waged against fish, flesh, and fowl : all—provided it be eatable—is fair game, from the wild boar of Apicius to the plural larks shot over a well-clipped poodle by a *sous-préfet*, or the single and singular thrush, which formed the whole bag of a French baron, who nevertheless was considered by his compatriots as the ‘*premier chasseur de son arrondissement*.’ For the full and true particulars of this feat, we must refer to Hieover, who was in at the death and dinner. His *Stable-talk* and *Table-talk* on ‘*La Chasse Etrangère*’ (ii. 330) affords capital sport ; and it is high time to turn over the rest of his pages.

A foxite and Briton to the back-bônc, he dotes on our hounds, horses, and ladies : at their very mention the patriot and sportsman warms. ‘Hail to thy name, oh Chase ! Hail—doubly hail—to my country, honest England, land of the chase ; thou only Elysium of the lover of true sport !’ (*ibid.*) ‘No Frenchman is a fox-hunter,’ he adds :—‘*voilà un grand mot*,’ as M. Thiers would say. Lead perfidious Albion as he may in cookery, poodle-clipping, and civilization, after hounds he is ‘nowhere.’ Accordingly, he votes our Christian country-craft *une chasse diabolique* ; and denounces as unmilitary those Peninsular red-coats who took to hunting in winter-quarters, and who being somehow the first over stone walls, were not the last in charging certain *colonnes de granité* to their hearts’-content. Now that the temple of Janus is shut, a good day’s run is followed by a better dinner ; ‘then,’ according to the gay though half-pay hero, Hieover, ‘fairly fingers of sylph-like forms fly over the particoloured keys of the piano. Lovely, thrice lovely woman ! this is thy bright prerogative ; this thy empire ; this is the scene of all thy many conquests ; thy self-created Elysium, where none but the manly should be permitted to enter !’ (*ibid.* 333). These aspirations, glowing and gallant as they are, may pass ; nevertheless, we must, in duty bound, lament the Captain’s too frequent departures from the decorous handling of his colleague the field-officer, whose chapters may be safely scanned by the purest, brightest eyes, though we question whether the most sporting lady or gentleman would trust him with their daughters.

daughters. As the other heads every page with some motto, it is a pity some friend did not suggest for his first and last ones 'Swear not at all.' In rapping out oaths a cad outcaps a Chesterfield; scarcely bearable in a buss, oaths in type are too bad, and at such *malice prepense* printers' devils recoil. We admit that words not fit to be thrown at a dog form, unfortunately, part and parcel of kennel vernacular: yet the custom—more honoured in the breach than the observance—can be corrected. 'Williams,' said his Grace mildly to his huntsman, whose discourse was less polished than his stirrups, 'do you hunt the hounds, and I will swear at the gentlemen.' Hicover will take, we trust, this punishment in good part, and henceforward use a martingale.

We have less quarrel to find with his sporting terminology, not to say slang, with a soupçon of which we have larded these remarks. As to his other sayings and doings, it must suffice to say that he writes as he rides, straight across the country, neither style nor stiles stopping his racy bursts; he published, we conceive, for brother 'bricks' in scarlet, trumps who seldom take offence at fence or phrase, but hie over everything. But whether he held cheap the praise or blame of grave, potent, and reverend signiors in black, who fish not, flute not, hunt not, shoot not, one thing is certain—he is perfect master of his art, and up to all the knavish tricks of trade by which her Majesty's lieges are circumvented. We learn from the preface to the 'Pocket and the Stud'—a brief but remarkable bit of autobiography—how this knowledge was 'forced upon him,' and at what cost he purchased practical experience, a valuable commodity, which many who spend their whole fortunes never contrive to buy.

Captain Hicover's has truly been a many-coloured life; checkered and exchequered was the apprenticeship he served: by birth a gentleman of a spending, not money-making race, raised on Enfield Chase in an old hunting-lodge, and bred within half a mile of Dog-kennel Farm, the *genius loci* marked him in the cradle for his own, and mamma co-operated. Loth to part with her only one, instead of sending him to a public school—best workshop of men—she gave him a vulpicide tutor, and a private, or what Lord Dudley said was its equivalent, no education at all. So the docile pupil ended by 'loving horses and hunting enthusiastically, and hating Homer, and Horace cordially.' Gifted with much natural—not to say mother-wit, provided with a decided bump of philippotiveness in his upper story, and with whippers-in for under-masters, the child was early trained which way to go, and reared by accident altogether equestrian. He rode before he could well walk, saw a fox killed with Lady Salisbury when he was six years old, had two horses

of his own at twelve, and a stud at sixteen. The *toga virilis* and top-boots once put on, so long as his good dog-star shone in the ascendant, he steeple-chased the years away, and distanced care so completely, that he outran the constable also; caught then at fault, a galloping consumption of cash—no fox goes faster—arrested his career; duns and distresses ran into him—until chancery suits settled what tallyhoing, coupled with drags, dragooning, and concomitant *et ceteras*, commenced; then fickle fortune, as might be expected, stole away, leaving him nought save a stable mind. There is little new under the sun; the downfall of Phaëton, a fast man, and the death of Actæon, eaten up by his own dogs, indicate, if there be meaning in myths, that driving four-in-hand and keeping hounds have from time immemorial conduced to untimely ends. Master Harry Hieover's alacrity in sinking was prodigious; his screws once loose, he broke down from ducal domes to dealers' dens, from the court of Carlton House to the racket-court of the King's Bench and Fleet. On emerging from this slough of despond, our tennis-ball of the capricious goddess tried boldly to pull himself up; first he took to farming, which, we need not say, did not answer; next he kept commission stables and 'went into harness,' *Anglicè* turned stage-coachman. Even a deeper bathos still awaited him: he passed to driving the quill, and became, poor fellow! an author. But all's well that ends well, and he has now made books better in many respects for others than those which, when on betting bent, he made for himself. Indeed, 'Sugden on Purchases' excepted, we hardly know a more pregnant treatise in its way than 'The Pocket and the Stud.' Few have been fated to fill the parts of gentleman and professional horse-master; characters as unlike as gentleman and real farmer—performances as distinct as a campaign at Waterloo or Wormwood Scrubs. He has now, however, made a clean breast of it for the benefit of others; and whoever hereafter meddles in horseflesh, without first donning his 'wide awake'—with no particle of nap on it,—may thank himself if 'digged:' so legibly is notice given of the traps by which kennels and stables are beset, and the possible compatibility of stud and pocket confirmed.

This adventurous adept's intervention with pen and pitchfork for the public good has maddened every horsefly of booth and yard. The hundred and more legs, whose cloven hoofs he has bared, and for whom double irons at Newgate are too light, threaten to drag him at Smithfield with its four worst screws, thereby adding horrors to the idea of death, as a noble English ex-Chancellor is said to have exclaimed on hearing that a noble Irish ex-Chancellor had already begun his Life. Hieover dares
his

his centipede tormentors to do their best: he wants the loan of a bark from no man's dog; catch him who can—

‘Blow wind, come wrack,

At least he'll die with harness on his back.’

Having introduced the Captain to our readers, we proceed to string together some of his condensed experiences—pearls, albeit picked from the dunghill, and wrinkles precious alike to young and old. To begin—a *faux pas*, but especially a false start, is fatal in the affairs of men, women, and horses—*c'est le premier pas qui coute*. Few persons, except in church, like being told their faults: the touch of truth, says Hieover (*Stud*, p. 19), is too rude for sensitive vanity, and self-love resents the superiority implied by givers of unasked-for advice; all this, however, he is ready to risk, and leads gallantly off with a golden rule, and prints it in capital letters—

NEVER BUY FOR YOURSELF.

He presumes that every one must have some friend on whose judgment he can rely, and whom he can commission to look out for him. Thus a purchaser has a chance of escaping the Scylla of being taken in by an oleaginous dealer, and the Charybdis of being captivated by some whim of his own which hoodwinks judgment, or of being bitten by some fancy which, as in fairer and more fascinating pursuits, seduces those who act for themselves: meanwhile a cold-blooded, firm friend, who knows well that whistles must be paid for, falls only in love with points of intrinsic value, and so matches his customer that ‘the money is likely to be kept together’ when the illusion-dispelling day arrives of parting, or selling may be with a rope in market overt. *N.B.*—Always buy the wardrobe, the saddle and bridle, to which your acquisition has been accustomed. We omit the curious but painful details, how the most bewitching bargains are got up, being at a loss which mystery of iniquity most to admire—the consummate thimble-rigging by which a regular screw is converted into ‘quite a nice one,’ when Mr. Green wishes to buy, or how his really good horse is changed into a brute when Mr. Green must sell for what he will fetch. The legerdemain practised in certain repositories is most dramatically and grammatically described by Hieover; all the moods and tenses of the verb ‘to do’ are conjugated; all the logic of scoundrels major and minor, is chopped better than by Archbishop Whately. Let the galled jade wince; and he does indeed ‘double thong and over the ears’ those Grecians who to this day carry on the Attic dodge of diddling the Trojans by a made-up horse: and, by this process of bringing the dealers on their own stage, he lets them trot themselves out for our inspection and benefit.

In common with all dealers, high or low, the 'cute chapman instantly gauges his customer's amount of horse-knowledge, and shapes his tactics accordingly, for alligators are not to be tickled like trouts; woe waits the horse-fancier who thinks himself up to their weight; quickly is he done, and as nicely as *côtelette à la minute* by Carême; the partnership of a fool and his money is never of slighter duration than in these equine transactions, nor can we now be surprised that such a yard, and those who practise in it, should stand almost as low in general dislike and disrepute as the Court of Chancery—'not,' says Hieover, 'that I mean or intend that there is any affinity between the honesty of a huntsman and a denizen of Stone Buildings; God forbid that there should be!' This state of things is bad enough, we admit; let not clients, however, totally despair, but specially retain Hieover. According to him, those who, like Richard, want 'a horse! a horse!' and have neither friend nor even Sir George Stephen's luminous hoof-book, 'Caveat Emptor,' will find the least dear and dangerous chance to be this:—

'Go to a first-rate dealer—state what is wished for—trust to him—and give a good price.'

Money is the momentum in facilitating horse causes; a customer appearing in a crack yard *in formâ pauperis* is welcomed precisely as he would be if he went to the London Tavern or the court of law just alluded to. There is no economising luxuries. Many of our readers will be agreeably surprised to learn that the popular belief, *no trust is to be placed in horse-dealers*, is not orthodox; the withers of the merchant-princes in the west are unwrung; and unless a fellow-feeling makes him wondrous kind, Hieover is warranted in saying that 'they do business to the full as uprightly as any other of the upper tradesmen of London.'—It is no business of ours to decide whether these analogies be complimentary, or these comparisons odious: at least we agree in our author's eulogy, of admittedly the first seller of horses in Europe. He, take him for all in all, is 'a man as incapable of making a guinea by any means that could be construed as bordering on what was dishonourable, as of neglecting to make one where it was to be got in a perfectly honourable way.'

To give dealers their due, it must be remembered, be they all honourable men or not, they drive a ticklish trade at best. If good men are scarce, good horses are not common; first-rate articles, whatever readers or riders may be pleased to think, are not to be had at a moment's notice, like bundles of asparagus in spring, or laid in at a profit equally certain as mahogany dining-tables. Review the cost of breeding, the risk of bringing up and out a young thing, which eats its head off if long on hand,
and

and seldom improves in the using ; consider the moving *accidents* that will happen in field, flood, and the best-regulated stables, which become *certainities* when the poor creature is handed over to a new master, who never fails to impute the inevitable diminution of value, that has been occasioned by his own ignorance or ill usage, to the dealer's having deceived him. A dealer's business is to find horses of all sorts and sizes to suit every variety of customer, and he has other things to do besides pointing out the blemishes of his animals ; neither can he be expected to give lessons how to ride or manage them. Possibly, although he cannot construct a horse as the Greek carpenters did, he is up to manufacturing the raw material, and can adjust a screw quite as well as Sinon, and teach a step or two like a dancing-master. A two-legged donkey, whether he buy a watch or a Pegasus, is more likely to injure than improve their going ; nor does it much signify—he can buy another—but to sell is the sum and substance of a dealer : so he gets his nags into tip-top condition, ' round and shining as a bottle ' (so Hicover phrases it), ' and only shows them when in full blow, as a florist does tulips.' He knows his trade from beginning to end, and does everything in the right way. Gentlemen and ladies, on the contrary, mostly go on the other tack ; they commence by paying too much, and, having bought a bad sort, they manage them badly, drive them badly, and employ bad people to look after them. Sad is the change which comes over the spirits and coats of horses when bought, sold, and driven like bullocks from pastures fat to straw-yards lean ; no animal loses condition, and, consequently, value, so fast as a horse ; and the finer he is the faster he goes back ; at all times his real value is what mathematicians call indeterminate—racers and cart-horses excepted. In other sorts value becomes nominal when it exceeds a certain point, on so many local and accidental circumstances does it depend. Buying and selling are distinct operations ; and the turn of the market favours the jobber, whether the bargain be for three per cent. Consols in Capel Court, or for four-footed beasts in a Piccadilly yard.

The section, ' How a first-rate horse-broker purchases his stock,' may be quoted as a fair specimen of doing business, and of the style of description which soon attracted notice to Mr. Hicover's *Stable-talk*. Decision marks the man ; our dealer cannot afford to lose his time or money—indeed they are convertible terms ; he minds the main chance and looks to averages, well knowing, if some horses turn out worse, others will turn out better than was expected. Well—the lots as soon as they are purchased are started off to some neighbouring village, and thither—the horse-fair over—he comes in person, to have a private

vate and more careful view;—and there, if the reader were in his confidence, he would hear something like the following remarks made on the different horses as they are led out. You are to suppose the broker has a friend or a brother of the craft with him overlooking the lot:—

‘That’s a useful sort of nag, and not much too dear. Run on, Jack; that horse goes well; that ‘If do, go in.’ Something like this, perhaps, is said of four or five: ‘Come on, Jack; now I like this horse a great deal better than I did when I saw him yesterday. I was very near losing him. I am glad now I did not; he is a better nag than I thought he was; he’ll do; go in.’—‘Now here’s a horse wants but little to be quite a nice one; I booked him the minute I saw him. Run on, *he can go*; he cost a hundred, and cheap at the money; come on.’ The next alters the tone a little: ‘Why, Jack, that ain’t the grey I got of the parson.’ ‘Yes it is, sir.’ ‘Why, I thought him a bigger horse; but then he makes a deal of himself when going, and that deceived me. The parson got the best of me; he ain’t a bit too cheap, and not a very bad one neither; there, go in.’—‘Now here comes one of the best nags I have bought for some time. I look on him as the best horse in the fair for leather. I gave a good deal of money for him—a hundred and fifty; but he is sold at three hundred (N.B., being sold in this case does not mean that he is actually so, but that he will be sold to some particular customer so soon as he gets home). I offered a hundred for him last year: he was only a baby then; I like him better now at the odd fifty; there, go in.’—‘Come on; why, that horse is lame. I said yesterday I was sure he did not go level; but the gentleman said he never was lame in his life; I dare say he thought so: he must go back. Let him be put in a loose box, and I will write about him.’—‘Ah! there comes one I was sure I should not like. I hated the devil the minute I saw him; but I was a fool to be tempted by price; I thought him cheap—sarves me right. There, take him away; we’ll *ship* him, as soon as he gets home, to somebody at some price.’—‘Here’s a horse I gave plenty of money for; but he’s a nice nag; I wanted him for a match for Lady ——. She is a good customer, and I mean to let her have him just for his expenses. Go in, Jack, and bring out the pony.’—‘There now, if I know what a nice pony is, there’s one; I gave eighty for him. He’ll roll over (roll over means just double his cost price). I mean him for Lord ——; he won’t ride one over fourteen hands, and rides eighteen stone; he’s cheap to him at a hundred and sixty. If such men won’t pay and want to ride, let them go by the road waggon.’—*Stable-Talk*, vol. i. p. 226.

Such ponies ‘sell themselves,’ and, we admit, require no puffing. Corpulent and contemplative riders will think our author presses elsewhere too heavily on cobs, towards which, in Devonshire and out, we plead a long-standing partiality. Hieover—*gracilis puer*—whose horse must be brisk as a bottle of champagne, handy as a fiddle, and over five-barred gates like a bird, would

would sooner ride a rhinoceros than a comfortable cob: According to him, these 'hundred-guinea pigs, with bodies like butts of sherry,' were constructed to carry tons of congenial diners out, to whom, after all, a rocking-horse offers a cheaper and safer vehicle for peristaltic exercise.

On the points of a really fine horse this Hotspur is entitled to attention in prose or verse, page or picture—his songs, set to the music of hounds in full cry, partake, 'tis true, more of Anacreon than Somerville; but ride, drive, and keep a horse he can, and 'hit him off' with a brush too, or 'make a good cast' in clay. But in contrasting animal-painters as they were, such as Sneyders, Stubbs, and Sartorius, with those that are—Ward, Marshall, and Landseer, for choice against the field—our amateur comes to pretty near the conclusions broached by the 'Oxford Graduate,' when comparing the true and careful representation of nature, never wanting in Turner's works (unless when Turner chooses to play crazy), with the vague and general conventionalities observable in the old masters:—

'Look,' says he, 'at an original by Sneyders—two dogs running, their shoulders looking as if they had been driven back into their ribs from the animal having attempted to run through some iron gate too narrow to allow him to pass; a third or fourth lying on his back with his bowels protruding, with a great red open mouth as large as an alligator's; while two more appear coming up, with their bodies half cut off by the frame of the picture, holding forth two pair of fore-legs in about the same animated position as the poles of a sedan-chair,—their only earthly merit being that they look so decidedly and (as Jonathan would say) so everlastingly stationary, that we are under no apprehension of ever being treated by the appearance of the rest of their bodies. Ward would have hanged himself if, by *mistake*, he had manufactured such beasts; he might have copied, but he could not have conceived such for the life of him.'—*Stable-Talk*, ii. 284.

The hunters of Seymour and Sartorius match these hounds by Sneyders:—

'Two-and-twenty couple to wit, and a given number of horses, all, if galloping, resting on their hind-legs, and looking as if they would rest for ever; the horses behind them resting in their gallop on the toes of their hind-feet, like those we see as toys balanced by a piece of curved wire stuck into their bellies by one end, with a weight at the other.'

All this is lively, but the point may be pushed too far. Undoubtedly, the closer the mirror is held up to Nature the truer will be the imitation; but to our minds, great artists like Rubens, Sneyders, and Velasquez, flew at nobler game than mere servile animal portrait-painting. Pigmalion-like, they breathed their own living spirit into brute beasts, and in their action, energy,
and

and riotous animal impulse there is no mistake; hence Besonians and Meltonians, all the world in short, whether they can or cannot ride, are carried away with equal satisfaction and sympathy, dissecting 'vets.' to the contrary notwithstanding. 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam,' said Apelles, who would be pretty well 'placed' too in any painter handicap. The coaching subjects by Henderson, the Derby-winners by Herring, and the hunting scenes of Alken, full as they are of practical truth, are more fitting for Mr. Fore's attractive coloured-print window in Piccadilly, than the picture saloons of Florence or Dresden. The fact is, the jealous and exclusive love of our amateur towards individual horse and hound, for its own sake, will not take less than absolute identification nor bate one single hair. Short almost as the life and love of any one man is, less enduring is the art which is limited to give the form and pressure of his particular ends and affections; to confer immortality and fill the gallery, art must soar as high and free as Ariel; the utmost mere resemblance can do is to stock the garret—that sure and sole refuge of the destitute, that last bourne, and from whence there is no return, to which the third generation dutifully consigns daubs of grandsires, their dams and studs.

Enough, however, of his errors in æsthetics: for these he makes ample amends in other departments. Especially are we pleased to observe that Hieover, albeit no ultra-moralist, preaches and practises principles of humanity to the full as much as his gallant rival in sport and authorship. Cruel as he admits the chase to be, a fact which foxes probably will not dispute, he urges all who pursue them to be as tender at least to horse and hound, as that judicious hooker Isaac Walton was when trolling for jack with live frogs. It is as much, too, from hating their cruelty as despising their ignorance that he expresses such undisguised contempt for the whole pack of grooms; vulgar pedagogues, says he, and pains-taking perhaps, but whose instructional principle—condemnation of their charge's visual organs, enforced with a pitchfork—is wrong. *Naturam expellat furcâ*. Such a course of education, and adorned eloquence, is only suited for that great and growing nuisance the stable-boy. Colts may be frisky from play—but these urchins play tricks from pure monkey-fondness for mischief and lad-love of cruelty; 'thè lash ad libitum is mercy to this age sans pitié;' to reason with them he holds to be no less a waste of words than with most grown-up grooms, whose conceits and prejudices neither permit them to unlearn the bad nor learn the good; they for ever fall back on what they call experience, which is, nine times out of ten, a dogged continuance in the old and generally the worst way, and which merely enables them to do wrong with

with greater facility. Even those expensive articles, stud-grooms, differ (if we may rely on the plain-spoken demi-solde) more in degree than kind; fortunately they only occur in strata where grooms of the chamber and tier upon tier caxon coachmen are deposited; such cormorants can only collect where the carrion is commensurate. Aptly therefore may Hieover quote from Zara—

‘Tis education makes us all,’

although his own was picked up on the highways and byways; but whether it be got in college or on coach-box, a man's life is too short to obtain a perfect knowledge of fox-hunting—so say professors who have died in the vain pursuit. We neither pretend to teach it, nor the art of driving; from well knowing that in a course of classics a little learning is a dangerous thing, we conclude it is not less so in careers where collar-bones may be compromised; and yet men, and women too, in the mass, imagine that they can drive by intuition and mere volition, as a Frenchman fiddles. According to Hieover, ninety-nine out of a hundred of such charioteers labour under monomania, and, fit at best for hearses, are on the road to ruin and suicide every time they mount the box; an amateur driving a gig may be more safely pronounced respectable than longevous; and we suspect the life of a dandy, ignorant of rudder and rigging, and caught yachting in a storm off the Needles, is scarcely more insurable at Lloyd's, than the neck of a volunteer Jehu, who does not know a bit from a brace, would be at Tattersall's if run away with in Rotten-row.

Hieover is never more pithily instructive than when handling the ribbons. For their successful manipulation a special talent is required, combining a clear head, quick eye, fine hand, strong nerve, and presence of mind; and these rare gifts must be perfected by much practice, whether the feat be to insinuate a French diligence waggon into a porte cochère, or to halloo a Spanish coche de colleras along a dry river-bed—whether the passengers' van from the Red Sea is to be full-galloped into Cairo by an Arab cad in a bernouse, or a fast coach brought to time into the Saracen's Head by a top-sawyer in an upper benjamin. Happily the rail, which has ruined half our sweet valleys, country inns, and ostlers, has delivered English horses from the rack and wheel of ‘fast oppositions;’ these torturing concerns, now scheduled away, could only be horsed by thoroughbreds, so essential were blood and pace—blood, because it endured more, not from its suffering being less, but fortitude greater—pace, because matched against time; and how killing both are, few fast men fail to find out. It was in these rival Comet coaches,

coaches, which kept pace with the double quick march of intellect, that the last stages of cruelty were gone through by the high-mettled hunter, who, having during his prime faithfully served the lords of the creation, was in his old age 'bought cheap to drive to death'—no Wakley near, no crowner's quest law handy! 'Look ye,' said a proprietor (one of Hieover's pleasant acquaintance) to his executioner, 'I don't mind skinning a horse a-day—only keep your coach in front.' Let no more be said against the brutal bull-fight of the blood-thirsty Spaniard: there one horn-thrust gives the coup-de-grâce to blindfolded barbs, and a brief pang supersedes protracted agonies—peace to their manes! And if below there be retaliation in Rhadamanthus, a particular paddock, out of sight and hearing of Master Harry's pianistic Elysian Fields, will be assigned to these monster masters when their course is run. Hieover, judge-advocate general for friendless four-footed ones, never spares the lash where biped culprits are brought up to the bar. Far more true and pathetic is his picture of poor English posters than Sterne's sickly sentimentality over French donkeys. 'The fresh horses out' and changed for happy pairs in chariots and four, the inside fare, swiftly wafted as love-thoughts over hard roads, heed not the panting flanks they leave behind, more than suppression-of-cruelty societies do in London, or dozing senators at St. Stephen's; but humanity now-a-days is local, and confined within the bills of mortality—and we leave Colonel Hutchinson to explain why the cruel dog-cart is prohibited in the capital—possibly that parliamentary Broughams may not be incommoded—and yet the canine nuisance is left to stink no less in country nostrils than the city sewers do to those of cockneys, Lords and Commons in their wisdom having also declined meddling with the unsavoury monopoly.

Hieover dips deeply into these matters, which we must decline; his philippics cannot fail to touch the hardest hearts of gentlemen; a something, too, is hinted at carriages being kept waiting by gentlewomen long after midnight in rain and cold, while warm nothings are listened to. Assuredly the tender hearts of the fair sex have no conception of the pains they often unwittingly inflict on noble creatures who administer to their pleasures. Ill betide, however, the churl who looks for moles in bright eyes; their white hands can do—designedly, at least—no wrong: naturally, therefore, Hieover and Co., while they merely glance at a little thoughtlessness about certain points, spare neither space nor pretty words to laud the tender rein-handling of equestrian ladies. In this, depending as it does on smoothness of restraint and delicacy of feeling, they necessarily must excel; hence, trying

trying as long-continued cantering is to the horse, 'with what perseverance does the gallant beast keep on! 'Oh! happy beast to bear the precious weight!' This female tact is the secret why Colonel Greenwood 'has seen the taper tips of the most beautiful fingers in the world restrain the highest-mettled, hottest horse, and rule him at his wildest.' The importance of the hand in riding and driving might be seen exemplified in Miss Ducrow, and may be conceded, without going the lengths of most gipsies and some veterinary professors in cheirological inductions—for the hand, we fancy, is quite as likely to indicate the condition of its giver's stomach, as of his or her mental disposition and future destiny. Sir Charles Bell's scientific and charming work on the Hand human is in every one's; suffice it therefore to say that the sporting variety is defined to be 'spathulate [*Anglicè*, shaped like a battledore], fully developed, rounded, with cushionary termination of fingers, and a large thumb.' Such a sporting conformation, whether male or female, must be no joke; but, be it clenched or open, a stud-owner will be constantly perplexed how to keep it most out of his pocket, and probably agree with poor Theodore Hook, who used to maintain that everything in this world turned on six-and-eight-pence.

Money undoubtedly makes the mare to go; but the uncertainty of the cost is the question which deters many, who otherwise would rather be carried than walk, from meddling with stables. In proof of how much the consequent expenses vary, Hieover cites instances of different friends of his own where the outlay for keeping two horses ranged from one to three hundred pounds a-year—sums which he thinks may have been spent on food, if butchers or bakers were included among the purveyors. Neither Mill nor Malthus ever propounded sounder principles of political economy than our author as regards animal and vehicular locomotion. Let his disciples of both sexes only be true to themselves, admit their incapability of managing stables, make no pretensions to it, nor prate about things which they don't understand, and they may reckon on their paths being rendered pleasant and peaceful, and in the long run for much less money. Gentlemen and ladies, especially the latter with good fortunes, who from widow or spinsterhood have unfortunately no male guardian to look after their stable concerns, are advised by all means to adopt the plan which, since the Reform Bill, has been tried in Downing Street, on a large scale, with commensurate success. They should make a point of always jobbing. Tiptop job-masters, unless Hieover be a Whig or a wag, are all as 'honourable men' as first-rate horsedcalers; they would sooner suppress a despatch than a feed of corn; and then they always keep a goodly supply

supply of rough sturdy veterans to do the more trying night-work, while sleek and pampered prancers are exclusively dedicated to the lighter duties of the day. And here we may just remark that a perfect lady's riding-horse is no less desirable than a perfect bachelor: to secure one is the great difficulty, and no good offer should be rejected; nor should absolute perfection be required, for a first-rate palfrey, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*: so much must nature do for him; besides, good looks, generous disposition, great courage and power, too, are essential—'none but the brave deserve the fair;' moreover, as a lady's work is considerable and continuous, he should be equal, according to Hieover, to a stone or two above her weight. Let not our fair readers despair, for something may be made of a less accomplished beast of burden, if, like a husband, he be early broken in; then his duties end in becoming rewards and pleasures; one thing our ex-dragoon insists on—no alarm or even notice must be taken of a drum or a red coat.

Not only carriage-horses but coachmen and helpers should be all jobbed in the lump: those indeed must get up early who hope to grapple with such centaurs, not fabulous, who consume more oats than clans of Highlanders. If the job-master is not to keep the furnished animals, biped and quadruped, board wages and livery stables are the lone dowager's best security; the cost may then be calculated on to a certainty and the worst known at once. Hieover found, upon comparing a hundred horses kept in private and public stables, three to one more cases of rough coats, coughs, colds, cracked heels, and other ills to which horseflesh is heir, in the former than the latter. A respectable liveryman hates a beggarly account of empty stalls and boxes; let him thoroughly understand that the turn-out will be continued with him so long as justice is done to it, and no longer—that is enough. He thoroughly understands his business, and so do his stablemen; sad scamps as in sober truth they are, none ever try kicking over the traces with a master who is their match. The difference between professional and private stablemasters, according to Hieover, is grammatical; 'the one at the nick of time says, *Eo*, and goes himself: the other says *Ito*, go thou—which naturally ends in *I O U*.' And here we may observe that our author, however fond of quoting Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian, drives four horses better than four languages; we are no less puzzled how to scan '*ne fronte fides*' (*Pocket and Stud*, p. 21), than to construe '*Humanum sum*,' &c. * (*Stable-Talk*, i. 99); but dog Latin is natural to foxhunters. We have, *per contra*, no fault to find with the summing or caany lations of our polyglott Cocker, who, having enumerated the mlcu causes,

causes, besides food, which make the expense of keeping a pair much more than double that of a single horse, as bachelors discover when they marry, defies the majority of grooms and coachmen to throw out his bill, when he puts one horse, with four feeds of corn a-day, at 10s. 8½*d.* per week, and two at 75*l.* 10s. per annum. This, which he proves to the fraction of a barley-corn—we omit the arithmetical vexation—will open the water-filling eyes of many Clarendon spinsters and charioted widows, when their accounts are next brought in. It may conduce to some comfort to set before them a correct dietary irrespective of cost; for neither man nor beast can enjoy *bonne chère avec peu d'argent*, nor live, like lovers, on flowers. Locomotives, whether horse or steam, require more substantial fuel.

Be it therefore remembered, that fragrant, soft, sweet upland hay, although the dearest, is the cheapest in the long run; bad hay is poison anyhow—‘bellows to mend, and no mistake.’ Sixteen pounds of good hay a-day is enough, and better than a feast, for any horse; 12 lbs. is fully sufficient for a hunter, although few grooms can be got to believe it. Horses’ stomachs vary like men’s; but servants, ‘whose good digestion ever waits on appetite,’ have an instinctive love for wasting whatever their master (*à fortiori* their mistress) pays for. Oats should be rationed, as in the army, by weight, not measure, and they should be two years old, and heavy into the bargain, for horses will set seriously to work on a 40 lb. to the bushel sample, who only think about it, ‘*tenui meditantur avenâ,*’ and trifle with lighter husky stuff. If his labour be hard, a horse should have a peck and a half per diem, and *after* he has done his work some bruised beans may be added, not *before*, or cholic is the corollary. The beans must be old, and then they comfort a beast, as tawny port does a senior fellow at Brasenose; insomuch that, once upon a time when oats were at a killing price, Hieover fed his stud entirely on beans and bran, and compares the benefits to a course of brandy with, or of one of sherry without, water. The bran is as essential an addition to high feeding as rice is to curry; and kin to bran is chaff, and very useful it is as a mixture—but then chaffing must not be carried so far in mangers as it is sometimes in cavalry messes. Horses are very fond of carrots—and so unfortunately are coachmen’s wives. Enough of this; the great secret of getting horses into tip-top condition is good care, sufficient corn, and fast work: give them plenty of these, and they are seldom sick or sorry; but should such a sad casualty befall them—for even horseflesh is grass—send them, at once to Field. ‘No disease, your ladyship may depend upon it, is so dangerous or so expensive as a doctor-groom.’

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The transition to stables is easy; and although horses do live in them, more die from them than is dreamed of in some men's philosophy, so seldom do they unite what is essential to health and comfort: they are constructed by blundering builders or ornamental architects, who borrow more from Vitruvius than the Veterinary College. The first requisite is dryness—your damp is a sore decayer. • Ample means for ventilating should abound, so as to insure an average heat of about 60° Fahr. An iron rack in the corner prevents waste of provender and crib-biting; and gas is preferable to candles, as a little straw makes a great fire. Everything should be kept in its right place: buckets in the way break shins, and are neither ship-shape nor stableman-like; above all, no nails—and, mark! no lodgings in lofts: a married coachman, with an active wife and restless cubs above, will banish innocent sleep, Nature's best restorer below, to say nothing, if the good housewife deals in fresh eggs, of her poultry's partiality to oats. As a standing rule, the pavement of the stalls should be perfectly level. On the relative merit of stalls *versus* boxes, which perplexes the Haymarket, we differ entirely from Hieover; he is an examiner of motives, not muscles, and, exceedingly well as he anatomises a 'leg,' has by no means got the length of the horse's foot. Mr. Miles must be his monitor; his capital book, we learn, is now in its sixth edition, so completely has the public verdict ratified our summing up of its humane and philosophical principles (Q. R. No. clv.). Hieover is already far too knowing to be ashamed, and by no means too old to learn more; *Ancora imparo* was the motto of Michael Angelo when rising eighty.

From a lesson which the Captain gave to a bright ornament of French law, it would appear that the schoolmaster abroad will have no sinecure, since even the judgment of Paris is no longer infallible in horseflesh: and these matters are better managed in our shop-keeping horse-dealing nation than across the water. Once upon a time it fell out that Hieover was driving his tilbury over the hideous roads of *la belle France*, and encountered a be-bloused charretier, who gave him just one foot of room less than the width of his axletrees; consequently, the British gig was smashed, and cost twenty pounds in repairs. Our countryman, not satisfied with soundly thrashing the Frenchman and his dog, went to law for damages, but did not obtain one farthing, because the lighter vehicle ought to have given way to the heavier. On his pleading ignorance of the Code Napoléon, the judge rejoined, 'Il faut donc qu'il l'apprenne.' Presently, trotting home by night on the soft side instead of the centre of a paved road, down came his valuable horse into an open drain, getting up thirty pounds

pounds per knee the worse for the fall. Again he went into court, and again redress was denied, because he had not kept the right side of a French *grand chemin*, and the judicial admonition was repeated, 'Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc.'

Soon after it chanced that M. le Juge's wife, whose passion was riding, pined for an English palfrey. Hieover, remembering a beautiful lady's horse at home, which had gone broken-winded and was worthless, sends over his groom, buys him for an old song, and lets an English girl ride him about; 'le beau cheval, doux comme un agneau,' attracts all eyes, and M. le Juge begs to send a friend to inspect him. 'I have not,' complacently observes Hieover, 'spent so much money about horses without being able to make a broken-winded fit to be examined.' The horse passes; and one hundred and fifty napoleons are paid down. 'Out of kindness to the animal,' continues Hieover, 'I desired the French groom not to give him any cold water that day; those initiated in such matters will know why, the groom did not. Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc, thinks I.' Next evening M. le Juge requests M. le Capitaine Hieover to look at the animal, who, of course, was blowing away like a blacksmith's bellows. 'What was de matter? Vas de horse indisposé?' 'Eh, non, Monsieur, il est poussif, voilà tout.' 'Vat vas he to do?' 'Ce n'est pas mon affaire cela,' said the Captain. The Juge got frantic. 'Now,' says our hero, 'for the *coup de théâtre*—I reminded Monsieur of the broken gig and broken knee decisions: he recognised me in a moment. "Now, Monsieur," says I, "what have you got to say? You wanted a beau cheval—you have him. You wanted a docile one—you have that also. I said nothing about his being sound; you have no fault to find with me." "Mais mille tonnerres! I no vant de hors broke in de wind, dat go puff all de day long." "C'est possible," says I, "mais cela m'est parfaitement indifférent: you trusted to your friend's judgment." "Bote my friend have no judgement for de horse." "Il faut, Monsieur," said I, making my bow, "qu'il l'apprenne donc."—*Stable-Talk*, vol. i. p. 452.

We have done enough, we hope, to recommend this writer's *octavos* to such lovers of horses and hunting as have not chanced to encounter them—his new *duodecimo* to all who desire to consult the interests of the purse in the arrangements of the stable. Few books are so sure to save large amounts of L. S. D. to those who duly study their precepts as 'The Pocket and the Stud' of Mr. Hieover. The least the single ladies of this congregation can do in return is to present him (now that he is a sober preacher) with a handsome service of plate for his tea-table.

ART. III.—1. *Account of the Sherryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses.* By Alan Stevenson, Engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board. Edinburgh and London. 4to. 1848.

2. *An Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.* By Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer. Edinburgh. 4to. 1824.

3. *Narrative of the Building and Description of the Construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse with stone.* By John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, F.R.S. Second Edition. Folio. 1813.

THERE is pleasure in the pursuit, and pride in the discovery, of any fragment of the literature of Greece or Rome. There is joy in the Vatican over the discovery of a Palimpsest. Such feelings are legitimate, and we should be sorry to disclaim them for ourselves, ashamed to depreciate them as entertained by more devoted slaves of the lamp. We confess, however, that our own sympathies with such are tempered by the conviction that, so far at least as works of fancy and imagination, of poetry and eloquence, are concerned, the best productions of the best authors are already in our possession. In these departments we might hail additions with a sober joy, but we have no intense craving for any large accession to the creditable stock which has survived the sentence of Omar, and escaped the baths and wash-houses of Alexandria. It may be—for is it not written in Niebuhr—that Virgil made a mistake when he attempted hexameters, that his true vocation was lyrics, and that he should have studied to emulate Pindar rather than Homer; we are, however, content with such mistakes as the *Æneid* and the *Georgics*. If, indeed, we were privileged to select for resuscitation from the list of works no longer extant, but of which the authors and subjects are known, any one production, we suspect that our choice would rest upon the narrative of the construction of the Parthenon by its architect Ictinus. Much of interest would assuredly attach to the record of a process every step of which was evidently founded on deep thought, and directed by high intention, till that result was attained which neither decay nor mutilation has deprived of its matchless grace, and which common consent has pronounced to be the nearest approach to perfection accomplished by human artificer.

Apart from the charm which attaches to classical associations and to remote antiquity, something of kindred interest belongs to the narratives now before us. It is indeed among the noblest functions of genius to devise forms of beauty and sublimity for the structures destined for the performance of man's homage to his Maker. Within those limits which, fortunately for the purification

cation of that homage, were exceeded by Leo, it has been a wise devotion of wealth which has enabled that genius to embody its bright visions in enduring and costly materials. Next, however, to the great testimonials which men like Ictinus and Buonarrotti have reared to the consciousness of our spiritual nature and immortal destinies, we can imagine no triumph of constructive skill more signal, no labours more catholic in their purpose, and more deserving in their success of human gratitude and applause, than those recorded in the trilogy of works enumerated in our title—the labours of Smeaton and the two Stevensons, father and son, men of whom Father Ocean, could he exchange for articulate language the *ανηριθμον γελασμα* of his summer calm, or the sterner accents of his equinoctial mood, might say—

‘Great I must call them, for they conquer’d me.’

There is a passage in Byron, often selected for quotation, in which, towards the close of his greatest poem, he brings the power and immensity of the sea into contrast with the weakness and littleness of man. The charm of verse has, in our opinion, seldom been more abused than in this splenetic paræon to the brute strength of winds and waves, leaving, as it does, unnoticed the great fact of their habitual submission to the moral and intellectual powers of man. To make the pervading sentiment of these famous stanzas as sound as their cadence is sonorous, shipwreck should be the rule, and safe passage the exception. Among the greatest assertors of that qualified supremacy which Providence has delegated to the human race over the destructive agencies of the billow and the storm, the architects of such buildings as the Eddystone and the Bell Rock Lighthouses are pre-eminent; and the story of their construction is well worthy of the minute detail and costly illustration with which it has been recorded.

We cannot be surprised at the cordial satisfaction with which the narrators have evidently discharged a task of justice, not to themselves alone, but to many brave and skilful coadjutors and subordinates. It must be remembered that in all these cases the presiding genius had to struggle not only with difficulties which would have foiled the skill, but with toils and dangers which would have cowed the spirit and exhausted the endurance of ordinary mortals. Bloody battles have been won, and campaigns conducted to a successful issue, with less of personal exposure to physical danger on the part of the Commander-in-chief, than for considerable portions of successive years was hourly encountered by each of these civilians. They could not and did not sit apart from the field of action, and send their staff with orders into the fire. They were the first to spring

on the lonely rock, and the last to leave it. They had to test the solidity of their own contrivances in their own persons, to take up their quarters in the temporary barrack, and to infuse by example their own high courage into the breasts of humble workmen unaccustomed to the special terrors of the scene. It will be found that if these edifices were not, like the Pyramids of the Pharaohs or the canals of Mehemet Ali, completed at a cost of human life, that immunity was obtained, under Providence, by the constant presence, the cool and judicious directions, and the prompt resources of the architect. Like Desdemona, we listen to the tale, and admire the narrator for the perils he has passed, as well as for the benefits he has conferred. What these benefits are, those best can tell who have neared their country's coast in a season of starless nights and wintry gales—who have had experience of the navigator's struggle between hope deferred and the fear of unknown danger and sudden wreck. These know the joy and confidence infused into every bosom by the first gleam of that light which, either by its steady lustre, its colour, or its periodical occultation, identifies the promontory or the reef. In that moment, when the yards are braced, and the good ship put upon her course, which she can thenceforward pursue with confidence towards the Sound, the Forth, the Mersey, or the Clyde, the merits of the Smeatons and the Stevensons will best be felt, their eulogy may best be spoken.

Our especial business being with the last in date of the three constructions above enumerated, we have cited the two former chiefly for the sake of occasional reference and comparison. In position, the tract of foul ground infamous under the name of the Skerryvore Reef offers in many particulars a pretty exact counterpart to the famous Inchcape or Bell Rock. Placed in the same parallel of latitude, it presented the same obstacles in kind and degree to the navigation of the west coast of Scotland, as the Bell and Carr Rocks opposed to that of the east. While the access to the Forth and the security of the northern coasting trade were mainly affected by the one, the great issue to the Atlantic from the Irish Channel and the Clyde was endangered by the other. It would require deep study of a wilderness of Blue Books to pronounce what annual amount of tonnage was affected in either case, so as to strike the exact balance of anxiety and inconvenience. The statistics of actual loss, previous to the erection of the works in question, would perhaps be even more difficult to collect with precision. The list of ascertained wrecks is a long one in either case, but the fishers of Tyree took little note of the comminuted fragments which reached their coast, and many a good ship has left no traces for recognition after a few minutes'

minutes' collision with the gneiss of Skerryvore. Situated considerably farther from the mainland than the Bell Rock, it is less entirely submerged, some of its summits rising above the level of high water, but the extent of foul ground is much greater, and hidden dangers even in fine weather beset the intervening passage between its eastern extremity and Tyree, from which island it is distant some 11 miles. In rough weather the sea which rises there is described as one in which no ship could live. This terrible relic of a volcanic æra had long attracted the attention of the Northern Commissioners, under whose direction the Bell Rock and other Lighthouses had been constructed, and so long ago as 1814 an Act was obtained for a light on Skerryvore, in which year Mr. Robert Stevenson landed on the rock, in company with several members of the Commission, and Sir W. Scott, who has noted the visit in his diary. The difficulty of the undertaking appears however to have deterred the Commissioners from any active proceeding till the autumn of 1834, when Mr. Alan Stevenson received directions to commence a preliminary survey, which he was only able to complete in 1835. That difficulty was not confined to the position and character of the reef itself. The distance from land, strictly speaking, was some three miles less than in the case of the Bell Rock, but the barren and over-peopled island of Tyree afforded neither the resources of the eastern mainland, nor a harbour like Arbroath. It was necessary to construct, at the nearest favourable station in Tyree, a pier and harbour, and the buildings for workmen and stores of all descriptions—all materials for which, except the one article of stone, and after a little stone too, were to be transported from distant quarters. The gneiss quarries of the island did, in the first instance, supply a stock of stone fit both for rubble and masonry; and the liberality of the proprietor, the late Duke of Argyll, who took from the first the interest which became him in the proceedings, gave every facility to the architect. This supply, however, soon failed.

The younger Stevenson's narrative bears, as might be expected, continually recurring testimony to the advantage he enjoyed in the instruction afforded by the example of his father's operations, who in many respects was under similar obligations to Smeaton. In neither case, however, was the imitation servile, nor did either fail to adopt such changes in design and contrivance as were indicated by the variations, slight in the main, between the local peculiarities of the respective sites. These changes are ably detailed and justified by Mr. A. Stevenson in a preliminary chapter.

The earliest, and about the most anxious, of the many questions which present themselves to the engineer intrusted with such a work are those of height and mass. In Smeaton's time, when the best light in use was that of common candles, elevation beyond a certain height could do no good. The application of the mirror or the lens to oil enables us now to illuminate the visible horizon of any tower which, in Mr. A. Stevenson's words, 'human art can hope to construct.' The question of mass is affected by other considerations, and principally by the greater or less facility of communication with the shore—which must govern the question of space for stowage of supplies. The extent of the Skerryvore reef, some three miles to seaward of the spot available for the base of the edifice, indicated the expediency of a greater elevation than had been attained in the case of the Bell Rock, which is little more than 100 yards in its extent. It was determined that the light should be elevated about 150 feet above high water, so as to command a visible horizon of 18 miles' radius; and it appeared that for interior accommodation a void space of about 13,000 cubic feet would be required.

These elements settled, the question of general proportions came next. This was partly dependent on the preference to be given to one or the other of the two principles, by applying which the solidity of a compacted and unelastic mass can be obtained—the principle of vertical pressure, in which the power of gravity supplies the strength required—or that of artificial tenacity, involving the more elaborate and costly contrivances of dovetailing, joggling, &c. It appears clear that, in the construction of buildings in which resistance to a recurrent action of disturbing forces is a main object, the principle of vertical pressure is to be preferred. The power of a given weight to resist a given force is calculable and constant—the strength which results from the artificial connexion of component parts is less enduring, and cannot even at first be so accurately estimated. These considerations had influenced the Commissioners in their rejection of a plan for an iron pillar, and they governed Mr. A. Stevenson in the design which he was called upon to execute for an edifice of masonry, and justified him for some departure from that of either Smeaton or his father.

'There can be little doubt,' he says, 'that the more nearly we approach the perpendicular, the more fully do the stones at the base receive the pressure of the superincumbent mass as a means of retaining them in their places, and the more perfectly does this pressure act as a bond of union among the parts of the tower. This consideration naturally

naturally weighed with me in making a more near approach to the conic frustum, which, next to the perpendicular wall, must, other circumstances being equal, press the mass below with a greater weight, and in a more advantageous manner, than a curved outline, in which the stones at the base are necessarily further removed from the line of vertical pressure of the mass at top. This vertical pressure operates in preventing any stone being withdrawn from the wall in a manner which, to my mind, is much more satisfactory than an excessive refinement in dovetailing and joggling, which I consider as chiefly useful in the early stages of the progress of a work when it is exposed to storms, and before the superstructure is raised to such an height as to prevent seas from breaking right over it.—p. 64.

Of the three works the principle of vertical pressure has been most consulted in the case of Skerryvore, and least in that of the Bell Rock. In the Eddystone, indeed, as well as in the Bell Rock, Mr. A. Stevenson is of opinion that the thickness of the walls towards the top has been reduced to the lowest limit compatible with safety. Proportions were therefore adopted for the tower at Skerryvore which, involving a less projection of the base as compared with the summit, afforded a nearer approximation to the form of greatest solidity, the conic frustum. It does not, however, follow that the curve resulting from the proportion taken at Skerryvore could have been advantageously substituted at the Bell Rock for the curve there adopted. The latter is covered to the height of fifteen feet at spring tides. For two winters the lower part of the tower was exposed not merely to wind and spray, but to the direct action of the sea, without the advantage of any superincumbent weight. During this period the architect had to rely on the compactness, not on the weight, of his structure, and it became necessary to give the portion thus periodically submerged the sloping form least likely to disturb the passage of the waves.

On the interesting question of the best shape for such buildings, Mr. A. Stevenson thus sums up a singularly clear explanation of his views:—

‘In a word, the sum of our knowledge appears to be contained in this proposition—that, as the stability of a sea-tower depends, *cæteris paribus*, on the lowness of its centre of gravity, the general notion of its form is that of a cone, but that, as the forces to which its several horizontal sections are opposed decrease towards its top in a rapid ratio, the solid should be generated by the revolution of some curve-line convex to the axis of the tower, and gradually approaching to parallelism with it.’—p. 56.

This is nothing more nor less than the conclusion which Smeaton reduced to practice in the case of the Eddystone, and,

for aught we are aware, for the first time.* The process of reasoning, however, by which Alan Stevenson arrived at his results is far different from that by which Smeaton describes himself to have been influenced. He thinks that Smeaton's famous analogy of the oak, which has been often quoted and extolled for its felicity, is unsound, and was only employed by him for the purpose of satisfying readers incapable of understanding the profounder process by which he had really arrived at truth:—

‘There is no analogy,’ says the modern architect, ‘between the case of the tree and that of the lighthouse—the tree being assaulted at the top, the lighthouse at the base; and although Smeaton goes on to suppose the branches to be cut off, and water to wash round the base of the oak, it is to be feared that the analogy is not thereby strengthened; as the *materials* composing the tree and the tower are so different, that it is impossible to imagine that the same opposing forces can be resisted by similar properties in both. . . . It is very singular that throughout his reasonings on this subject he does not appear to have regarded those properties of the tree which he has most fitly characterized as its elasticity and the coherence of its parts.’—*Ibid.*

A choice remained to be made between at least four different curves, which would each comply with the conditions specified in Mr. Stevenson's conclusion—the logarithmic, the parabola, the conchoid, and the hyperbola. The logarithmic, though not unfavourable to the condition of vertical pressure, was dismissed as clumsy; the parabola displeased the eye from its too rapid change near the base; the similarity between the conchoid and the hyperbola left little to choose between them, but the latter obtained the preference. The shaft of the Skerryvore pillar, accordingly, is a solid generated by the revolution of a rectangular hyperbola about its asymptote as a vertical axis. Its exact height is 120·25 feet; its diameter at the base 42 feet, and at the top 16 feet. (p. 61.) The first 26 feet from the base are solid, and this portion weighs near 2000 tons. The walls, as they spring from the solid, are nine feet thick, and gradually diminish to two. Mr. A. Stevenson considered himself safe in dispensing generally with the system of dovetailing, which had been adopted throughout the building in the two preceding instances. By an improved construction of the floors of the chambers he also supplied the place of the metal chains, which Smeaton had used to restrain any disposition to outward

* The only great work we know of, antecedent to Smeaton's Eddystone, and resembling it in situation and exposure, is the Tour de Cordouan, in which the conical principle is not adopted. Mr. Rudyard's tower on the Eddystone was a rectilinear frustum of a cone—a form suitable to his principal material, which was wood.

thrust in the circle of masonry, and the copper rings by which the cornice of the Bell Rock building is strengthened. The above are some of the principal features of the differences suggested by study and experience between the three works. We must refer our readers to p. 63 for a diagram which makes them sensible to the eye. The following table, however, may be sufficient:—

	Height of Tower above first entire course.	Contents.	Diameter.		Distance of Centre of Gravity from Base.	Height of Centre of Gravity.
			Base.	Top.		
Eddystone . .	68	13,343	26	15	15.92	4.27
Bell Rock . .	100	28,530	42	15	23.59	4.29
Skerryvore . .	138.5	58,580	42	16	31.95	3.96

The last column shows the ratio which the height of the centre of gravity above the base bears to the height of the tower.

Those who have perused the 'Diary' of Mr. R. Stevenson's voyages to and fro, and long residences in anchored vessels at the Bell Rock, will anticipate that much of the difficulty with which the father had to contend was obviated in the case of the son by the application of steam-power to navigation. The first year's operations at Skerryvore were, however, not assisted by this new auxiliary. A steamer was advertised for, but the river and harbour craft offered for sale were quite unfit to encounter the seas of Tyree, and it was found necessary to build a vessel for such rough service, of 150 tons, with two engines of 30-horse power each. Mr. Stevenson found, as he conceives, compensation for the delay in the accurate knowledge of the reef and surrounding waters which constant trips in the Pharos sailing-vessel of 36 tons procured for him.

One peculiarity of the Skerryvore, in which it differs from the Bell Rock, was found from first to last to occasion much inconvenience. The sandstone of the Bell Rock is worn into rugged inequalities. The action of the sea on the igneous formation of Skerryvore has given it the appearance and the smoothness of a mass of dark-coloured glass, which made the foreman of the masons compare the operation of landing on it to that of climbing up the neck of a bottle. When we consider how often, by how many persons, and under what circumstances of swell and motion this operation was repeated, we must look upon this feature of the spot as an obstacle of no slight amount.

The 7th of August, 1838, is noted as the first day of entire work on the rock. It consisted in preparations for the temporary
barrack,

barrack, which in this case, as in that of the Bell Rock, was considered a necessary preliminary, and was in most respects a copy of its predecessor. Little more than the pyramidal pedestal of beams for this building could be accomplished before the 11th of September—the last day of work for that season—and this commencement was swept away in the night of the 12th of November:—a calamity which mortified those whom it could not daunt nor discourage, and which only led to various improved devices for reconstruction. The quarriers meanwhile had been busy in Tyree, but the experience obtained during this winter, 1838 and 1839, of the gneiss-rock of that island led Mr. Stevenson to resort for further supply to the granite-quarries of Mull. In specific gravity the gneiss has a trifling advantage, but it is less fissile and far more uncertain in quality. Of the quantity hitherto obtained in Tyree not more than one-tenth was found fit to be dressed as blocks for the tower.

The next important operation was that of excavating the foundation. This occupied the whole of the working season of 1839, from the 6th of May to the 3rd of September. The gneiss held out stoutly against iron and gunpowder, and Mr. Stevenson calculates the labour at four times that which granite would have required. In the case of the Eddystone, Smeaton was compelled to follow the shape of the rock, and to adapt his lower courses of masonry to a sort of staircase of successive terraces carefully shaped for the adjustment. The formation of Skerryvore enabled Mr. Stevenson to avoid this delicate and expensive process, and to mark out a foundation-pit of 42 feet diameter, the largest he could obtain at one level throughout. This basin, however, required for its excavation the labour of 20 men for 217 days, the firing of 296 shots, and the removal into deep water of 2000 tons of material. The blasting, from the absence of all cover, and the impossibility of retiring to a distance farther in any case than 30 feet, and often reduced to 12, demanded all possible carefulness. The only precautions available were a skilful apportionment of the charge and the covering the mines with mats and coarse netting made of old rope. Every charge was fired by or with the assistance of the architect in person, and no mischief occurred. The operations of 1840 included the reconstruction of the barrack, in which, though rather more pervious to wind and spray than what Mr. Robins in his boldest mood would have ventured to designate a ‘desirable marine villa,’ the architect and his party were content to take up their quarters on the 14th of May. ‘Here,’ says the gallant chief,

‘during the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments

apartments with water, &c. On one occasion also we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer, and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which was at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed on my mind, on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and the tremor, sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea.'—p. 153.

This spell of bad weather, though in summer, well nigh outlasted their provisions; and when at length they were able to make the signal that a landing would be practicable, scarcely twenty-four hours' stock remained on the rock.

As yet nothing of weight but iron and timber had been landed. The first trial of the landing of heavy stones from the lighters, on the 20th of June, was a nervous one. It succeeded, but difficulty and hazard in this operation were of constant recurrence; and as the loss of one dressed stone would frequently have delayed the whole progress of the building, the anxiety was incessant. Eight hundred tons of dressed stone were, however, deposited on the rock this season without damage. On the 7th of July the ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the Duke of Argyll, attended by a party of relations, including the Duchess and Lady Emma Campbell, and many friends.

The summer of 1840 was a stormy one, and it required some habit to contemplate calmly, even from the height of thirty feet, the approach of the Atlantic wave. The exhibition of its power was more formidable during that period of ground swell which follows a protracted gale than amidst the violence of the actual storm. Cool and careful observation led Mr. Stevenson to conclude that the height of an unbroken wave in these seas does not exceed fifteen feet from the hollow to the crest; but this was magnified to thirty or forty in the estimation of less scientific watchers—some of whom could scarcely familiarize themselves even by repeated experiences of safety to the illusive appearance of imminent destruction. The greatest trial of such a residence was doubtless the occasional inaction resulting from the violence of the weather, which sometimes made it impossible to land a sufficient supply of materials on the rock, and at other times
made

made it impossible to use them. At such intervals the architect's anxiety was great for the safety of the stones deposited on the rock, but which they had as yet been unable to move beyond the reach of the surf. The loss or fracture of any one of these would have occasioned much delay. The discomfort of wet clothes, and scanty accommodation for drying them, after exposure to sleet and spray, was severe. And yet the grandeur and variety of the surrounding scene, combined with the deep interest of the work in hand, were sufficient not only to compensate for the tedium of occasional inaction, but, in the words of the narrator, 'to reconcile him to, nay, to make him actually enjoy, an interrupted residence on one occasion of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.'

In addition to the magnificent phenomena of inorganic nature, an object of interest was afforded by the gambols of the seal, which is said by report of the neighbouring islanders to attain a remarkable size in the neighbourhood of the reef. There is something to our apprehension very human in the seal. The voice, the expression of the eye, its known affection for musical sounds, and its docility, and even attachment to individuals, when caught young, give it claims to better treatment than it usually receives from man. The greatest living authority in matters of zoology has conjectured that the strange animal seen from the *Dædalus* frigate was a seal of the largest (sea-lion) species; that it had probably been drifted into warm latitudes on an iceberg which had melted away, and swimming, poor brute, for life, had neared the strange object, the ship, with some faint original hope of shelter and rest for the sole of its flipper. If Captain M'Quhae could admit a theory which attributes to him and to his officers so large an amount of ocular deception, we are sure he would share our regret at his inability to accommodate so interesting a stranger. The seals of Skerryvore made no such demand on Mr. Stevenson's hospitality. They enjoyed the surf which menaced him with destruction, and revelled in the luxuries of a capital fishing station—

‘They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.’

Perhaps, like the Ancient Mariner, he ‘blessed them unaware;’ but thus he writes of them:—

‘Among the many wonders of the “great deep” which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half a dozen of these animals around the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of the curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes
and

and head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and, diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low cry, as we supposed of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher.—p. 157.

In July, 1841, as the masonry rose to a height which made the stationary crane difficult and even unsafe to work, that beautiful machine, invented for the Bell Rock, and which rises with the building it helps to raise, the balance crane, was brought into requisition with all the efficiency and success described in the narrative of the elder Stevenson. With such aid the mass of masonry built up during this working season amounted to 30,300 cubic feet—more than double that of the Eddystone, and somewhat more than that of the Bell Rock tower. Such was the accuracy observed in the previous dressing of the stones in the work-yards on shore and in their collocation by the builders, that the gauged diameter of each course did not vary from the calculated and intended dimension one-sixteenth of an inch, while the height exceeded that specified by only half an inch. Mr. A. Stevenson only does justice to his father in stating that much of the comparative rapidity of his own work was due to the steam attendance at his command. No death from accident or injury occurred during the entire progress of the work—but the loss of Mr. Heddle, commander of the steamer, who died of consumption in the course of the winter, was probably due to exertion and exposure in that service. On the 21st of July the last stones for the tower were landed under a salute from the steamer. On the 10th of August the lantern was landed. It was, however, impossible to do more this season than to raise and fix it, and cover it with a temporary protection from the weather and the dirt of sea-fowl for the winter.

The summer of 1843 was occupied in repainting the joints of the building—a tedious operation conducted from suspended scaffolds—and in fitting the interior. It was not till the 1st of February, 1844, that the light was first exhibited to mariners. For reasons most ably and minutely detailed in a concluding chapter, the apparatus adopted was identical in its general arrangements with that—in the main dioptric, but combining some of the advantages of the catoptric system of illumination—which had been applied some years before to the Tour de Cordouan. The light is revolving, appearing in its brightest state once in every minute. Elevated 150 feet above the sea, it is well seen

as far as the curvature of the earth permits, and even at more than twice the distance at which the curvature would interfere were the eye of the observer on a level with the sea; for it is seen as a strong light from the high land of the Isle of Barra, thirty-eight miles distant.

In a chapter which Mr. Stevenson devotes to the general history of lighthouses, he has collected the few and meagre notices which remain to us of those constructed by the nations of antiquity. We can hardly doubt that some must have existed of which no record has been preserved. The torch in Hero's tower, and the telegraphic fire-signals so magnificently described in the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, could hardly have failed in times anterior to the Pharos of Ptolemy to have suggested the use of continuous lights for the guidance of the mariner. In later periods, when the coasts of France and Britain were more frequented by the predatory northman than by the peaceful merchant, and when the harvest of shipwreck was considered more profitable than the gains of commercial intercourse, it probably often appeared to the inhabitants of the seaboard more their interest to increase than to diminish its dangers. It is related of one of the Breton Counts St. Leon that, when a jewel was offered to him for purchase, he led the dealer to a window of his castle, and, showing him a rock in the tideway, assured him that black stone was more valuable than all the jewels in his casket. The only modern work of consequence anterior to the Eddystone, cited by Mr. Stevenson, is the Tour de Cordouan, situated in the mouth of the Garonne some two leagues from Bordeaux, which in respect of altitude and architectural grandeur and embellishment remains, as Mr. Stevenson says, the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. Whether that embellishment be as well suited to the subject-matter as the severer grandeur of the curvilinear towers of Smeaton and the Stevensons, may be questioned. Commenced by Louis de Foix, A.D. 1584, in the reign of Henry II., and finished in 1610 under Henry IV., it exhibits that national taste for magnificence in construction which attained its meridian under Louis XIV. The tower does not receive the shock of the waves, being protected at the base by a wall of circumvallation, which contains also casemated apartments for the attendants. Hence a construction in successive stages and angular in the interior, consequently less adapted for solidity, but more susceptible of decoration, than the conical, has for two centuries stood uninjured. In this, as in our own lighthouses, the inventions of science have been gradually substituted for the rude original *chauffoir*, or brazier of coal or wood, such as within memory was in use in the Isle of May. In the latter case it is supposed

supposed to have led to the destruction of two frigates, which mistook for it some kilns on the coast, and ran ashore on the same night near Dunbar. The Tour de Cordouan has, in our times, been made illustrious by the first application of the dioptric contrivances of Fresnel, which Alan Stevenson has borrowed, not without ample acknowledgment, nor without some improvements, for the service of his own country.

Mr. Stevenson, while treading in the footsteps of Smeaton and his father as historians of their great works, has largely availed himself of the progress which has taken place in the art of engraving. It is amusing in Smeaton's folio to observe the costume of days when the rough business of life was transacted under wigs and in shorts and shoebuckles; but the lapse of time is no less apparent in the delicacy and beauty of the modern illustrations. On no part of his work has Mr. Stevenson been more lavish of this useful and instructive adjunct to a pregnant text than in the treatise which he devotes to the curious subject of the illumination of lighthouses. No such assistance, indeed, can bring a disquisition so profound and such an array of mathematical science within the grasp of the unlearned. It needs, however, but an uninstructed glance at these pages to show that when the engineer rests from his architectural labours he has further difficulties to encounter and problems to solve, which require an extraordinary combination of theoretical science and practical skill. The Promethean task remains to which the construction of the corporeal frame is but subsidiary. It may at first appear a simple matter to accumulate within a limited space instruments and materials of luminous combustion, and to trust to the unassisted laws of radiation for the diffusion of the light produced. The result, however, of this process would be to direct an immense proportion of the rays in sheer waste towards the zenith or the centre of the earth. It becomes the business of the engineer, no longer an architect but an optician, to control the rays and to direct their divergence on the system best suited to the local conditions of the edifice, to adapt the range of visibility to the circumstances of the navigation, and to give a specific character to the flame which shall enable the mariner, without hesitation or mistake, to distinguish it from others. It is laid down by Mr. A. Stevenson that no two lights similar enough to be confounded should be placed on the same line of coast nearer than one hundred miles to each other.

The various inventions which have been, with a view to these various objects, substituted for the candles of Smeaton and the brazier of the Isle of May, are of recent date. Many of them
were,

were, as is usual, preceded by those vague suggestions which often put in a claim for original invention, but scarcely diminish the honour of successful accomplishment. Among the names of those who have contributed most effectually to the present efficiency of the system of marine illumination, Argand, Borda, and Fresnel are conspicuous. The hollow cylindrical wick of the first was a sudden and immense advance in the art of economical and effective illumination. The second applied the parabolic mirror to the light of Cordouan—an invention which has multiplied the effect of the unassisted flame in the case of a fixed light by 350, in that of a revolving light by 450. For the merits of that great master of the more complicated system of the refracting lens, termed the dioptric, Fresnel, we must refer our readers to Mr. Stevenson's pages and their elaborate engraved illustrations. It may, however, for the benefit of that portion of our readers whose comprehension of optical contrivances cannot be assisted by the use of Greek terminology, be permitted to us to state here in few words some of the leading and distinctive features of these two systems of illumination. In the catoptric, a certain number of Argand lamps are disposed on a frame-work, each in front of a metallic reflector, which latter is always moulded to a parabolic curve. Both in this and the dioptric system the first great division adopted for the important purpose of distinction and identification is into fixed and revolving lights. The catoptric system, by the aid of various contrivances, has been made susceptible in practice of nine conspicuous and unmistakable varieties; for which differences of colour, periodical gradations of splendour, and absolute temporary occultation are the means employed. The relative arrangement of the lamps with their reflectors to each other differs according as the light is fixed or revolving. In the fixed light the lamps and reflectors are disposed on a circular frame with the axes of the latter inclined to each other at such an angle as shall enable them to illuminate as completely as possible every quarter of the horizon. The revolving light is produced by the revolution on a central shaft of a frame with three or four sides, on each of which the reflectors are disposed with their axes parallel. One variety, indeed, the flashing light, is produced by a somewhat different arrangement, involving an inclination of the axis of each reflector to the perpendicular. In the dioptric system a powerful burner is placed in the centre of a frame, usually octagonal, fitted with a refracting lens to each of the sides.

Contrivances of great ingenuity and complexity have been superadded by Messrs. Fresnel and Stevenson both for reflection
and

and refraction of much of the light, which, without their aid, would be wasted in an upward or downward direction, entitling the whole apparatus, combining, as it then does, the qualities of the two systems, to the designation of Catadioptric. We are sorry to confess that, in spite of the removal of those vexatious excise regulations which so long paralyzed the glass manufacture of England, we are still dependant on France for the glass used in the construction of our dioptric lights. Mr. Stevenson has entered fully into the subject of the comparative merits of the two systems. For lights of the first order in range and importance, specified by him—as those which are first made on over-sea voyages—and which embrace within their action a large portion of the horizon—it seems clear that the dioptric system is to be preferred. In respect of intensity, equable diffusion of light in the direction required, and economy of oil, it has decidedly the advantage—in the latter particular in the proportion of three and a half to one. The consequence, however, of extinction from accident is, as Mr. Stevenson terms it, infinitely great in the case of the one central burner of the dioptric system as compared with that of the numerous lamps of the catoptric. There are also cases, such as those of fixed lights in narrow seas, where it is only needful to illuminate a limited segment of the horizon, in which he prefers the reflected light. He condemns the employment of coloured media on the score of absorption, and considers it only admissible in the case of a line of coast crowded with lighthouses in which the other and better processes of revolution and temporary occultation have been exhausted. In such the red glass may be used, but blue and green, from their greater absorption, are not entitled to promotion from the shop of the apothecary.

The critical position and permanent requirements of the lighthouse make it improbable that the oil-lamp will soon be supplanted on the sea-girt tower either by gas or by any of those still more recondite devices which are almost daily engendered by the advancing chemical science of the age. Gas, indeed, has sometimes been applied to marine lights on the mainland. For the dioptric light, where there is one large central flame, it possesses, at least, two decided advantages—the form of the luminous cone is less variable, and the inconvenience of mechanism in the lamp is avoided. These advantages are, however, more than compensated in all positions to which access is difficult and precarious, by the difficulties of the manufacture of the gas and transport and storing of fuel; perhaps in all cases by the risk, however reduced by modern inventions, of explosion. For the catoptric revolving light it is obviously unsuited.

To the Drummond and Voltaic lights there are other objections than those which adhere to any process involving delicacy of adjustment and manipulation. A full exposition of those objections would require some of that mathematical disquisition and graphic illustration which Mr. Stevenson has lavished in his pages for the use of the learned. It is sufficient here to explain that, to fulfil the purpose of a marine light, whether fixed or revolving, some degrees of divergence are essential—that to produce this divergence, and to control and direct it either by the mirror or the lens, a body of flame, as distinguished from a luminous point, is equally necessary. Such operators as the Fresnels and Stevensons leave nothing to chance—to any chance, at least, but that of fog or violent accident. That effect, whether of slowly increasing and waning splendour, or of fixed radiance, which at the distance of twenty miles cheers the spirit and directs the judgment of the mariner, is previously calculated and rigorously governed by so small a quantity as the measured diameter of the cylindrical wick placed in front of the mirror or behind the lens. If this diameter, as in the case of the Drummond and Voltaic processes, be reduced to a luminous point, of however concentrated and increased intensity, practical utility is annihilated. An experiment was made by Mr. Gurney in 1835 for adding power to the flame of oil without reducing its dimensions by a combination with oxygen, but the plan was rejected by the Trinity House.

Such, however, is the intensity of the light produced by some of these processes, that we cannot despair of their ultimate application to purposes and situations which afford a safer field for ingenuity, where accident is of less consequence and economy may be fairly consulted. Our children, perhaps we ourselves, who remember the old lamps and older watchmen of London, may live to read gas-shares at a discount, and to see the nocturnal duty of the policeman simplified by the radiance of artificial suns which shall fill whole regions of streets and alleys with light from one central source.

Apart from such extended speculations, we consider it not unlikely that the experiments pursued and the processes adopted for marine illumination may suggest minor improvements which, though of less importance, may conduce to public and private convenience. The House of Lords, club-rooms, and other large enclosed spaces, have been assisted by Mr. Faraday and others by various methods to get rid of unhealthy gases and superfluous caloric. The great saloon of Lansdowne House has, if we mistake not, long been partially lighted on festive occasions from without; and Lord Brougham, we hear, has lately availed himself of a
similar

similar resource in the old hall of his seat in Westmoreland, without at all disturbing—on the contrary, aiding and enhancing—its impressive character. We are not aware that any attempt has yet been made towards the effective illumination of a large room without any interior combustion. We understand, however, that Mr. Barry has such an attempt in contemplation for the picture-gallery at Bridgewater House, and this by the aid of the parabolic reflector of the Cordouan and the Bell Rock. Guttering candles and broiling lamps are behind the age we live in, and we have every reason to wish Mr. Barry success.

We cannot attempt the delicate task of a biography of living worthies. The peculiar line in which the two Messrs. Stevenson have attained eminence sufficiently distinguishes them from that family of English engineers who have made illustrious a name so nearly similar, that confusion between them and their respective achievements might otherwise possibly arise. It is a satisfaction to us however to relate, that the architect of the Bell Rock, having retired from the office of engineer to the Northern Lights, is still enjoying an honourable repose in Edinburgh, and that his son and successor in office is at present superintending the building of five lighthouses in Scotland.

For the last century England has been a great school for the practical application of mechanical science. It is somewhat curious to compare the present condition of her intellectual resources in this department with those of the earlier attempts to light the Eddystone—the proceedings and results of solid instruction with the desultory efforts of amateur ingenuity. A country gentleman and a silk-mercator were the predecessors of Smeaton at the Eddystone. The first, Mr. Winstanley, had distinguished himself by a talent for practical mechanical jokes, which must have made his country house, in Essex an agreeable and exciting residence for an uninitiated guest. You placed your foot in a slipper in your bed-room, and a ghost started up from the hearth; you sat down in an easy chair, and were made prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbour, and were set afloat upon the canal. That the more serious device of such a brain should have been fantastic and unsound is less surprising than that it should have endured the weather of the Channel for some three seasons. Mr. Winstanley commenced his operations on the Eddystone in 1696, a period when the doctrine was scarcely obsolete that storms might be raised by the malignity of elderly females. If storms could be provoked by the excesses of human complacency and presumption, Mr. Winstanley was quite the man to raise them. Having completed a structure deficient in every element of stability, he was known

to express a wish that the fiercest storm that ever blew might arise to test the fabric. He was truly the engineer of Mr. Sheridan Knowles' pleasant lines—

‘Who lays the top-stone of his sea-girt tower,
And, smiling at it, bids the winds and waves
To roar and whistle *now*—but in a night
Beholds the ocean sporting in its place.’

Short time indeed had poor Mr. Winstanley to ‘stand aghast;’—for, alas! the undaunted gentleman was engaged in a visit of inspection when the storm he had challenged occurred, and its fury left no trace of the lighthouse, its attendants, or its architect.

Mr. Rudyerd, who next undertook the task, was certainly a man of genius. It is possible that England at this time contained no man more competent for the undertaking than the silkmercer of Ludgate-hill, the son of a Cornish vagrant, who had raised himself from rags and mendicancy, by his talents and industry, to a station of honourable competence. He designed, and with the assistance of two shipwrights constructed an edifice mainly of timber, courses of stone being introduced solely to obtain the advantage of that principle of vertical pressure of which we have already spoken. In this respect it did present some of that analogy to the oak-tree which the artist of Skerryvore impugns in the case to which Smeaton applied the illustration. It might be said to resemble a tree with iron roots, for the balks of timber which formed the base were bolted to the rock, so as to resist lift or lateral displacement, by iron branches, so called, spreading outward at the nether extremity, on the principle of that ancient and well-known instrument, the Lewis. Mr. Rudyerd did not indeed invent that simple and very ingenious contrivance with which heavy stones have for ages past been raised by the crane, but he, as we believe, in the case of the Eddystone, first applied it to the fixture of bolts and stanchions—an application which is extolled by Smeaton as a felicitous and material accession to the practical part of engineering. It was largely adopted by Mr. R. Stevenson in his operations on the Bell Rock, especially in that difficult and anxious one, the construction of the temporary barrack. In the case of Skerryvore, the hardness of the rock made the process slow and unsuitable, and led Mr. A. Stevenson to adopt other contrivances. The worm had commenced ravages on Mr. Rudyerd's wooden structure, which, though capable of timely repair, would have led to considerable toil and expense had a longer duration been permitted to the edifice. It had presented, however, no symptoms of serious instability or irremediable decay when, in 1755, it met with a fate from which its situation might have appeared to be its security—

curity—destruction, rapid and complete, by fire. The catastrophe left Mr. Rudyerd's skill unimpeached as an architect, for in respect of solidity his work had stood the test of nearly fifty winters; but the many instances of marine conflagration should have warned him that an edifice cased to the summit with tarred timbers was quite as combustible as a ship, and precaution against such accident seems to have been neglected in the arrangements of the lantern.

The flashes of amateur ingenuity have paled their fires before the steady lustre of brighter lights and surer guides. The voice of a commercial people demanded aid for daring enterprise and great designs. Men like Smeaton and Brindley answered the call; and not among the least of their followers are those to whom the humble tribute of these pages has been paid. At this moment we shall be pardoned for observing that the selection and employment of such agents does credit to the Northern Light Commissioners. Did any doubt exist as to the merit of the services of that body, given, as they are, without fee or reward, we should be tempted to reply to the sceptic in something like the language of Wren's epitaph—'*Si quæras monumentum, circumnaviga.*' It is known that suggestions have been made for the amalgamation of this and the Irish Board with the Trinity House. We do not claim an acquaintance with all the bearings of the question which would justify us in endeavouring to rouse the perfervid genius of Scottish nationality against such a proposition. We trust, however, that no hasty concession will be made to the mere principle of centralization—a principle misapplied when it disturbs the working of machinery which experience has shown to be adequate to its functions and successful in its operation.

ART. IV.—*The Book of the Farm; detailing the Labours of the Farmer, Farm Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Cattleman, Fieldworker, and Dairymaid.* By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Second Edition, in 2 vols, with numerous Illustrations; 8vo.; Edinburgh and London, 1849.

WE purpose to confine ourselves on the present occasion to that department of agriculture which is engaged in furnishing a supply of animal food to the inhabitants of these realms. Though we trust that we may be pardoned for offering to our readers, almost exclusively, statements and remarks drawn from our personal experience and observation, we hope it will not be supposed that we are indifferent to the rich and interesting

literature of contemporary agriculture. Mr. Stephens' 'Book of the Farm' (of a new and improved edition of which one volume has just reached us) is only one of several comprehensive Manuals that have been received with very general approbation by the classes best able to judge of their merits. The agricultural magazines published on both sides of the Tweed may well be referred to with satisfaction as evidences of the spread of curiosity and speculation as to all questions connected with this great department of national industry; and though neither France nor Germany has of late been sterile in the same line, we believe we may safely say that foreigners are ready to admit as yet the superiority of this branch of our insular manufacture. At any rate, the great extent to which their best writers rely on the facts and reasonings of ours, cannot be questioned. Nor can it be denied that this rapid succession of dictionaries, treatises, pamphlets, journals, and the large circulation which many of them deservedly attain, are features of the time—and features somewhat remarkable when we call to mind that, within the memory of living men, agriculture had scarcely advanced since Virgil wrote the *Georgics*; that the volumes of Tull and Arthur Young were the only agricultural publications which could be found in an English farmer's library, even where such a phenomenon existed; and that in the department of cattle-breeding, in which we have now distanced the rest of the world, the Roman poet appears to have had much the same perception of the cardinal virtues of a bull or cow, as most of the practical British farmers of those generations which preceded Collins and Bakewell.

Up to their time cattle and sheep were produced according to the generosity of the land on which their lot happened to be cast. Perhaps we owe it to difficulties of internal communication that very distinct races maintained in some districts of small extent, as compared to the surface of Great Britain, a separate existence. Over the rest of the country some little attention was paid to the qualifications of the ox as a beast of draught, but beyond this the cow was merely a milk and calf producing animal. The bull was selected for his proximity, and his best recommendation was that he had given sufficient evidence of the talent which Mr. Shandy desiderated in Obadiah's grave pet. 'Their bull gendereth and faileth not.' When he had served the parish in this capacity for three or four years, he was discarded from a prevalent and probably well founded idea that uncanonical connexions were, on more than one account, inexpedient. He was then marched off to Stilton or Porchester Castle to feed French prisoners, or, if his size and substance were favourable, he was degraded into an ox, and took his place in the team. Of his progeny,

progeny, the males, with the exception of a successor or two in his own vocation and a few oxen for the plough, were made into very immature veal. The females were reared. Such as were seasonably prolific, and as showed milking qualities, succeeded their mothers in the dairy, and the remainder, after having been indulged with the best pasture which the district afforded, served to relieve, with the tenderness of youth, the uniformity of old cow beef which formed the staple supply of the provinces.

Of the pure races we must speak more definitely. England preserved the Devons and the Herefords. We add, with some hesitation, the appropriately named Long-horns, which still struggle for a separate existence in a small district round the point where the counties of Warwick, Derby, Stafford, and Leicester approach each other. To fix on a known point we should say they hail from Atherstone. Some splendid horns from this race are preserved by Lord Bagot at Blithfield. As late as the year in which the General Agricultural Meeting was held at Derby a bull of this sort obtained a prize. The earliest, and that very recent, representative of the Short-horn, of which we have knowledge, was a large, uncouth, patch-coloured animal from the district of Holderness—a milk-seller's cow. Wales furnished a mean, black, mountain bullock, dignified with the name of a runt, which still appears in considerable numbers in the markets of the western and southern grazing districts. Perhaps the improvement which has of late years been made in this race by the infusion of West Highland blood can hardly be called a cross. We apprehend that both races speak Gaelic. Scotland gave us the unquestionable West Highlander, whose head-quarters are now fixed in Argyleshire and West Perth, and the somewhat more equivocal Galloway; perhaps even the rough east country stot, from Aberdeenshire and its associate counties, may claim some *locus standi* in this enumeration. In Ireland we trace no distinctive breed. The distinction of the Irish ox and heifer was, that they were the worst shaped and worst fleshed animals which ventured to appear in an English market. 'Good things scarce: plenty of Irish,' became an almost proverbial description of a cattle fair. The same system of haphazard breeding, which overran a large portion of England and Scotland, prevailed universally in Ireland. As with the human, so with the bovine race. Each endowed with a marvellous fecundity: maidens and heifers equally precocious. The same circumstances of penury, hardship, and neglect which made the Irish (not 'the finest,' but) the most degraded peasantry who came into permanent contact with civilization, made the Irish ox the most degraded of oxen.

So stood the case a short century ago. But a great change was at hand. The early systematic improvers of our stock took the readiest, and perhaps, under the circumstances, the most scientific, course. Having come to a definite and, in the main, an accurate perception of the objects which it was desirable to attain, they selected and commingled, without any regard to affinity of race, the animals which appeared likely to realise their vision. Immediate success attended their efforts. The merits of the first cross are proverbial, and even while we write the newspapers offer us a confirmation of the proverb in the statement, that the prize ox, which this year furnished the baron of beef for the Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle, was bred by Prince Albert, was an animal of rare symmetry, quality, and fatness, and was the produce of a buffalo cow by an Ayrshire bull. In sheep, Bakewell put together white-legged and black-legged, horned and polled, long-woolled and short-woolled. Nor was the case much different in cattle. The late Earl Spencer traced much of his standard short-horned blood to a Galloway cow, which is still, we believe, a luminary of the Herd-book, and which produced one or more animals of agricultural celebrity. Still the desire for something distinctive prevailed; and as every three or four years brought a fresh generation of these animals, their fleeting series enabled a successful experimentalist to establish something of uniformity within the limits of one human life. So, from most heterogeneous materials, breeds both of cattle and sheep having respectively distinctive qualities, were called into existence. Of either sort one—of cattle, the improved short-horn, and of sheep, the new Leicester—obtained a decided pre-eminence. They gained a footing in almost every agricultural district of England and Scotland. The uncivilised herds and flocks of our predecessors shrank before them as rapidly as the red man before the white in the New World; and though fashion certainly pushed them into some districts for which they were unsuited, and in which they degenerated rapidly, yet in the main they have retained their conquests. No doubt they trenched on the dominion of the old and pure races. They drove in their outposts, and even made inroads into their territory. Meanwhile the possessors of the old races were not insensible to the spirit of improvement which was abroad, nor to the fierce competition which was forced upon them. To them, as to men in higher station, three courses were open. They might discard their own stock as unequal to the occasion, and adopt that which the enterprise of other men placed within their reach; or, following the example before their eyes, they might aspire to success by crosses of which their own herds should be the foundation; or, thirdly, they

they might seek improvement by judicious selection and rejection within their own domains. Happily, they adopted the last course, and the purity of our old races of cattle was maintained. Who would not regret the disappearance of the beautiful Devon and the picturesque West Highlander? Either position or design had kept these races pure, and they retained all the distinctive marks of purity. Thus they were improved without being adulterated, and remain to this day as marked in their respective characteristics as they were before an improved Short-horn or a new Leicester had been called into existence. Their improvement has perhaps not been so rapid as that of the new breeds, but they did not start from so low a point of degradation. Nor should it be forgotten that they occupy districts below the average of the kingdom in fertility. On the whole, they have maintained the contest for superiority with various success—a success regulated perhaps at times by fashion and caprice, but resulting on the whole in good judgment and truth.*

We should now, perhaps, be in condition to estimate the results of a struggle which has continued for more than half a century. But before we can pronounce even a qualified opinion, we must have a very clear perception of the principles on which a decision ought to be founded. The real and only question for the farmer is, what breed of cattle will year by year yield me the largest money return per acre, or per given quantity of various sorts of food consumed by them? And this question is not settled by saying, Taken—10 tons of short-horns and 10 tons of Devons; 50 tons of food of equal quality were consumed by each lot; the short-horns gave beef as 21 to 19, or *vice versa*. 1st, We must know the respective histories of each 10 tons; we must have a debtor and creditor account of each up to the time of weighing in. The one may have credit for services in the dairy, the other for services in the team; or the creditor side may be blank in the case of either or both. We must *here* consider the breeder and the feeder as one man. Before we can answer the question so interesting to him, we must know the antenatal cost of each 10 tons, and their respective debits and credits up to the day when they leave

* A split has arisen in the Herefords, of which we cannot explain the origin, but which we regret, though we cannot say that it has produced any deterioration. The difference, though small, is decided, and the respective parties are of course very positive. The general Hereford is an animal with a white face, upward horns, and a tawny side. The animal of the offset has a speckled face, generally a broad white stripe down his back, and shorter legs and more horizontal horns than his relative. Of the speckled-faced Herefords the late Mr. Price, Earl Talbot, and Sir F. Lawley have been the most distinguished breeders. The contest between speckled-face and white-face is not worth carrying on.

‘Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.’

the hands of the beef manufacturer for the shambles. 2ndly, We must know which fetched the most money—the beef represented by 21 or that by 19. It is easy to say, ‘I have bred a beast of rare symmetry, great size, early maturity, first-rate quality.’ Equally ready are the inquiries, ‘After how many failures?—At what cost?—How stands the balance?’ These questions are answered by many brave and contradictory assertions, by many wild and contradictory guesses, but by no statistics on which we can found a safe conclusion. And yet on the answer depends, on average agricultural farms suited to any description of cattle, the whole question of successful breeding and feeding. The statistics are not forthcoming, first because few farmers keep any accounts but a cash-book, and secondly, because considerable intricacy arises from the circumstance that the breeder and feeder (in the case of cattle) are ordinarily not the same person. To those who give to the public accurate statistics of one farm, or of one animal, we are under great obligations; but the questions at issue can only be solved by a multitude of instances. Being therefore without the sure monition of arithmetic, and left to our own observation, aided by the opinions of men of sagacity, and finding no very definite or decided preponderance in those opinions, we are not in condition to offer to our readers any guidance on which we could safely advise them to found their practice. But we may mention some of those characteristics of the various animals which we have under review, which must be important points of consideration whenever increased knowledge shall enable us to bring the main question to a definite issue. Before we do so we may be allowed to premise in a single sentence that in the breeding of cattle, as in every other important human pursuit, national objects are promoted by the successful skill and industry of individuals. The first vocation of a cattle-breeder is to furnish his countrymen with the dairy, with all its multitudinous comforts and luxuries. We scarcely know a more important national object of its class than to place a free supply of milk within the reach of the great body of our population. The next vocation of the breeder is to supply animal food—milk and animal food in the case of cattle, wool and animal food in that of sheep. Animal food is suited both to our climate and to the hard-working energy of our people. The breeder has to cater for appetites which bodily exertion has made rather active than critical, as well as for others, of which sedentary and intellectual pursuits have blunted the desire for quantity, but at the same time stimulated the appreciation of quality. Bearing these objects in view, we proceed to remark on those qualities of the various descriptions of agricultural animals which subserve to their attainment.

From

From their general and hitherto progressive prevalence, the new breeds of cattle and sheep claim our first notice. We have already adverted to the manner in which (if at the expense of a little accuracy we may use the most expressive phrase) they were *created*. To the short-horns we must award the merit of uniting milking qualities with a propensity to get fat, to a degree which rarely, if ever, had been previously found in the same animal. We doubt, however, whether the mothers of the prize bullocks are the animals which fill the milk-pail. To that very simple agricultural implement is, as we fancy, to be traced the slack and bare loin which is the characteristic failing of this breed. In the shambles at Birmingham, where a large proportion of the well-fed cows from our dairying districts are slaughtered, you may generally perceive the blue and bare spot on the loin, though the rest of the carcase is loaded with fat. The advocates of the new breeds claim for them, that with a given amount of food, and in a given time, they will yield a larger weight of beef and mutton than animals of the old races. With some qualification we are prepared to admit the claim. In the case of selected individuals, previously brought to a certain age or point of maturity, we think that the claim is well founded. Our qualification has reference to the previous history of the animals. As we hinted above, we must begin at the beginning. We have no doubt, we might almost say experience has proved, that if 1000 short-horned females were subjected to the breeding process in competition with 1000 West Highlanders, Devons, or Herefords, not only in the first named would there be more failures of produce, but among the products there would be more animals of low quality, coarse, and utterly exceptionable, than would be the case in any of the three old races. As little doubt have we that 1000 Leicester ewes would produce fewer lambs, and among those fewer more rickety, wry-necked, and turninthehead, than 1000 ewes of any other breed. This is because, though art may improve upon nature, it never can become so unvarying and sure in its operation. The varieties and incongruities which have been introduced on account of their connexion with some coveted quality, will from time to time re-appear. The concocter of a new breed is always liable to disappointment. He introduces into his herd some unknown animal on account of certain apparent excellences, but he cannot tell what qualities, though latent in the individual, run in the blood. The flat side, vulgar head, or hard flesh of some paternal or maternal ancestor may re-appear in the offspring. We have heard Mr. Buckley of Normanton, the owner of one of the oldest and purest flocks of Leicester sheep, say that from time to time grey faces and black feet appeared among his lambs. We have

have before us a letter from the late Earl Spencer to a friend who had consulted him on a point in breeding, in which he says, 'Your cross will not justify a very high-priced bull, but in order to secure you against *anything monstrous* in his stock, you must ascertain that you have several generations of real good blood.' With such incidents a breeder of horses is familiar. He selects a bay mare with black legs and unites her with a male having the same characteristics. If the produce should be chesnut with a bald face and what the dealers call white stockings, we can assure him of sympathy from many fellow sufferers. To disappointments of this class the proprietors of original or very old races are less liable. Every connoisseur in cattle is aware, that in a drove of short-horned bullocks or heifers there will be more diversity of shape, of quality, of colour, and of aspect than in a corresponding drove of West Highlanders, Devons, or Herefords. Another difficulty besets the breeders of short-horns, and all others who have attained to animals of great merit by many mixings and crossings. You have selected the breeding stock for size, symmetry, propensity to fatten, or for what a Frenchman would call a '*je ne sais quoi*,' and a breeder a sparky appearance. When you have secured the recurrence of these qualities in their offspring, as far as bovine frailty permits, you have invariably attained this object at some sacrifice of fertility. We have known some breeders of short-horns who have been, and perhaps still may be, desirous of having bulls with the heads of heifers and the thighs of bullocks. The offspring of such males is always deficient in quantity, and is of weak constitution; the progeny inherits the paternal effeminacy. When such a blunder has established itself in a herd, it can only be redeemed by recurrence to a male,

'cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
Et crurum tenuis à mento palearia pendent.'

These are the true and natural indications of taurility.

Our lamented friend Mr. Edge of Strelley, having shaped in his imagination a breed of cattle formed on his own model, great size, symmetry, and a propensity to fatten, spared no expense to realise his vision. Aided by a most correct eye, and with no prejudices personal or local, he selected at any cost, and from any quarter in which he found them, the animals, both male and female, which he thought likely to answer his expectations. Nor was he disappointed in the qualities of their offspring. But after some years, when he seemed to have attained, or to be on the point of perfection, he came to a dead lock; his females, though much solicited, refused to give him produce. On this ground, and on this only we believe, he broke up his herd and discontinued

tinued the pursuit. Lord Spencer, an enthusiastic advocate of short-horns, admitted in more than one public speech that in his herd fecundity had diminished to an inconvenient degree, and was only maintained by a degree of care and attention which could hardly be extended to the general breeding stock of a kingdom. We know the ready answer—The females are too fat. But that is not the whole question. We lately inspected a herd of Herefords, the property of a distinguished and (we speak on the authority of his farming accounts) very successful agriculturist. The breeding cows and heifers, living solely on crushed gorse, were considerably above the point of marketable beef in fatness. We have no doubt they would be very bad milkers. The bulls were loaded with fat; but there was no deficiency of calves; the drafts on account of barrenness were very few. The expression of the owner was, 'I have no trouble on that score.' Twins were by no means unknown in the herd. Since short-horns have been very generally introduced into the midland counties, barrenness has been a great 'trouble' to the cheese-making farmer.

We will endeavour to sum up impartially. Even the improved short-horn is by nature a coarse animal, requiring a good climate and a generous soil, and unprofitable for *merely* feeding purposes. Sterility is a serious tax on any herd which, by great care and attention, has attained to a respectable quality of flesh and to symmetry of form. The dairy sustains the short-horns. The cast cows soon acquire a rough coating of fat, and form a valuable supply of low-priced beef for the manufacturing and colliery districts—for those appetites which we have described as being active without being critical. But we should be unjust if we did not assign to the short-horns one quality of great value in an agricultural animal—composure of mind. The males have lost the combativeness of their species. We can hardly conceive a more ludicrous sight than a bull from Althorp or Babworth thrust into the arena at Seville or Ronda. The females yield precedence without contest. If you introduce a little petulant highland cow into a dairy of short-horns, of which every individual is double her own weight, she at once becomes mistress and leader of the herd. We have been in the habit of attending annually a sale of fat cattle where the stalls are filled with beasts of various descriptions. The short-horn is released from the stake to which he has been tied for four months, and proceeds to the hammer with all the solemnity which befits an animal who is walking to his own funeral. The West Highlander, as soon as he ascertains that he is free, rather in frolic than in fury breaks through the ring of his intending purchasers, blunders over a fence, and celebrates his recovered liberty by most extraordinary antics. The
butchers

butchers get but a passing view of him. 'Now, gentlemen,' says the facetious auctioneer, 'you must shoot him flying.' His sale proceeds without the solemn pinching and punching, and the wise looks which, in the case of a more patient animal, are preliminary to a bid. Some excitement has been produced by the scene, and, if the gin-bottle has done its duty, he generally sells well. But we beg pardon.—We must not altogether pass by the important point of early maturity. Here the short-horns claim a decided pre-eminence. We will not altogether negative the claim, though we do not find it borne out by the declared ages of the animals which are exhibited for prizes at the Smithfield show. We only desire to ask and to receive candid answers to two questions, and, in order that we may dismiss the subject, our questions shall have reference to new Leicester sheep as well as to short-horned cattle. Have or have not these two breeds possession of the most fertile districts which are devoted to breeding? Have they or have they not during their two first years more indulgence than falls to the lot of the young of other breeds?

So many general points have entered incidentally into this review of short-horned merits, that we can be more concise respecting the old races. We will take Devons and Herefords together as having many points in common. They are confessedly prolific; neither are suited to a farmer whose rent is to be made by the produce of his dairy; we reckon little of the services rendered by their bullocks in the team; human labour must be at a low ebb where it can be profitably associated with so slow a beast as an ox; bullock-teams and railways will not, we think, long co-exist. We must admit that something will be sacrificed, for we are not insensible to the superior quality of meat of mature age. The claims of these two races are founded on good constitution, on the very rare occurrence of animals without merit, on a considerable capacity to bear hardship without suffering, on symmetry sustained with less care than in any artificial breed, and on the high quality of their beef. When their symmetry does fail, it is generally in the fore quarters; where the high-priced beef lies, they seldom fail. They are unrivalled in the deep cut of lean meat well covered with fat along their whole top and sides, which butchers find so acceptable to their best customers. If compelled to give a decision between the two races we should say, with much hesitation, 'If you wish to please your eye, take the Devons; if your pocket, the Herefords.'

We approach the West Highlander with some fear, lest we should ramble into romance instead of adhering to plain agricultural truth. How can any man leave either his garret in Grub Street, or the tails of a set of lumbering short-horns in a Lincolnshire

colnshire homestead, to visit the free and spirited denizen of Gare Loch Side, Glen Lyon, and the storm-swept Hebrides, without feeling some excitement? Unless the West Highlander has gazed on you from a rocky knoll in his native glen—unless you have felt how much he ornaments and animates the scene, you will not admire and love him as we do. The first merits of a West Highlander are his hardihood and his great industry. Whether you order him to find his living on a black moor in summer, or to gather up the crumbs which have fallen from the rich man's table on your feeding pastures in winter, he is equally prosperous and cheerful. In storms or severe weather you never see him setting up his back and shivering under a hedge or wall; he is constantly working for his bread. We knew a grazier who always cleaned up his pastures in winter with West Highlanders, and who objected on principle to giving them any fodder, even when there were several inches of snow on the ground, saying that it only taught them idle habits. Some years back we saw annually at Falkirk a lot of West Highland bullocks bred by Mr. Stuart of Harris, and brought by him to that market. They were the best lot of one man's breeding which we ever saw; Mr. Stuart kindly gave us their history. From the day of their birth they had never been under cover; neither they nor their mothers had ever received a scrap of food from the hand of man. In the summer they roamed through the mountain glens. The Atlantic storms throw up on the west of Harris long ranges of sand-hillocks, which become fixed by the roots of a coarse grass, to which, if we remember right, Mr. Stuart gave the name of bent. We believe it is the same grass which such of our readers as visit Paris may see extensively planted on the railway sides between Boulogne and Abbeville for the purpose of fixing the drifting sands. Mr. Stuart's herd, when driven from the hills by storms and snow, retreated to these sand hills, and found from them all that they ever received of shelter and food. Both summer and winter they were almost independent of man. The bullocks began their southern travel by a sailing voyage of 60 miles over a very uncertain sea; they then walked about 220 miles to Falkirk, mostly over open moors, on which they bivouacked at night, picking up a living by the wayside as they journeyed. At Falkirk they appeared healthy and lively, fresh as from their native glen, firm in their flesh, and with the bloom of high condition on their long and silky coats. Nor, indeed, were their health, strength, and condition superfluous; for, through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael or some other eminent Scotch dealer, we believe that their general destination was the Vale of Aylesbury (another walk of nearly 400 miles, for it was before railways were

were in general use for cattle), where they revelled in the, to them, unwonted luxury of such pastures as are found on the farms of Mr. Senior or Mr. Rowland, and before the day twelvemonth on which they had stood on Falkirk Moor, they had probably all appeared in the shop of Mr. Giblet, or some other west end butcher. The West Highlander is eminent for the excellence of his flesh; it is not very easy to put on, but when there, it is of first-rate quality and price.* This animal does not compete in size with the short-horn or Hereford, but, in the hands of Mr. Stuart and of the principal Perthshire and Argyleshire breeders, he seems to us to be large enough. About 6 years ago one bred by Mr. Campbell of Monzie obtained the first prize in his class at the Smithfield show, and was sold to a butcher for nearly 50%. At the same time the higher and more barren glens furnish the same animal in a smaller compass, and to a gentleman residing in his country mansion he is almost as well worth having for his beauty as for his beef. The West Highlander has one natural defect, which, however, skilful men have much remedied by judicious selection and rejection without tampering with his purity. He has it in common with the wild and with the least cultivated races of his species—with the bison, the buffalo, both of Italy and South Africa, the bullock of Caffraria, and the mountain bull of Spain. The defect is thinness in the thighs and a general falling off in the hind-quarters. It is a grave agricultural failing. The West Highlander is not very docile, nor very observant of artificial boundaries. His habits of free ranging are not very easily overcome.

Having carried our readers to the Highlands, we must, at the risk of being somewhat episodal, request that on their return south they will accompany us to Falkirk Moor on the second Monday or Tuesday in either September or October. They will there witness a scene to which certainly Great Britain, perhaps even the whole world, does not afford a parallel. On the Monday morning they will see the arrival on this flat and open moor of flock after flock, to perhaps the average number of 1000 in each, of sheep—some black-faced with horns, some white-faced and polled—the individuals of each flock being, however, remarkably uniform in size and character. They will probably observe that the flocks arrive in pairs, the first being a draft of wethers, and the second of ewes from the same farm. Each flock will be attended by two or three men, and at least as many dogs. They take up their respective stations on the moor without confusion, and stand in perfect quietude in little round clumps, which are separated from each other by only a few yards. The dogs are the main guardians, and though they are generally lying down and licking
their

their travel-worn feet, no unruly animal who breaks the ranks escapes their vigilance, but is instantly recovered. Among the shepherds friendly recognitions are taking place; the hand and the mull are freely offered and accepted, and the news from Ben Nevis, Dunvegan, Brahan, Jura, John o' Groat's, and The Lewis is communicated in a singularly soft language, strange to southern ears. We doubt whether we do not much underrate the whole number of sheep thus collected at 100,000. Mr. Paterson, Mr. Sellers, Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Cameron of Corrachille will each have several thousands on the ground. We have heard that this last patriarch has 50,000 head of cattle and sheep on his several farms. The greater part of the sheep are in the hands of their respective breeders, though no inconsiderable number have been purchased, without being seen, at the Inverness wool fair, by dealers who are perfectly acquainted with the qualities of every large flock. Soon after the groups have been collected in the manner which we have described, a large number of agricultural-looking gentlemen on horseback and on foot begin to move among them; these are partly southern dealers, but more generally the large turnip-growers from the east coast of Scotland and from the northern and eastern counties of England. The merits of each flock are so accurately known by those who have an interest in frequenting Falkirk that a cursory inspection suffices. No stranger accustomed to the bustle and the crowd, the handling and the haggling of an English fair, would suspect that transactions of a magnitude to which Barnet, St. Faith's, and Wey Hill afford no parallel, were on the eve of taking place. The owners are seldom with their flocks, but their whereabouts is easily ascertained by those who want them. 'What are ye seeking for the Gordon Bush ewes? or for the Invercashley wethers the year?' says the purchaser; and if the parties are well known to each other, a price is named within 1*s.* or perhaps within 6*d.* a-head of what the vender means to accept. A few words pass about the abatement of the odd shilling or sixpence, and, with a half-jocose complaint that the vender was shabby with his luck-penny last year, several thousand sheep have changed hands. The news of the price at which the best lots are sold spreads through the fair, and, within a very trifling percentage, the value of every other lot is at once ascertained. A large proportion of the lots pass from year to year into the same hands. No purchaser of a smaller number than 500 must expect to get sheep at first hand from any of the standard flocks; indeed, these magnates generally decline to divide their lots at all. On the outskirts of the fair will be found small, mixed, and inferior lots, where the buyer may have haggling for 1*d.* a-head to his heart's content. The settling at Falkirk is as peculiar as the dealing.

No man brings money, *i. e.* currency, with him to Falkirk. On a portion of the moor adjoining the sheep-ground, and adjoining also to long lines of booths, a wooden penthouse about 5 feet square announces itself by exterior placard to be 'The Royal Bank of Scotland;' the British Linen Company, the Commercial Bank, and every other banking company north of Tweed appear there also by similar wooden representatives. The purchasers come to the fair provided with letters of credit, and, stepping into the tabernacle to, which they are accredited, bring out in large notes the amount required; these are handed to the vender in an adjoining booth, and are probably within a very few minutes at his credit with the issuer or with one of his rivals; for a Scotchman, dealing with a banker who is very reasonable in his charges, and who is to be found in every village in the land, always throws on him the responsibility of keeping his money. The bankers in the aggregate carry from the ground the same notes which they brought in the morning, a few scratches of the pen in their books having sufficed to balance all these large transactions. The clearing of the ground is as orderly as the other proceedings of the day, and, under the superintendence of the best herds and the best dogs in existence, the immense fleecy mass moves off, with almost military precision, on its southern and eastern journey.

What shall we say of the gathering of the morrow? Every isle and holm which opposes its rugged crags to the fury of the Western Ocean between Islay and the Orkneys; every mainland glen from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Wrath pours in its pigmy droves, shaggy and black, or relieved only, as to colour, by a sprinkling of reds, and of duns graduating from mouse to cream-colour. From Northern and Eastern Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, and Inverness they come in longer on the leg, smooth, and vulgar. From central Argyle, Perth, and from some of the islands, come the carefully-bred West Highlanders; these are the flower of the show, engage every one's talk, and attract every one's attention; every individual of them is a delight to the eye of a connoisseur. Aberdeen and Forfar send in droves of large and bony, but useful bullocks. A few Ayrshire cows and heifers for the dairy, some miscellaneous lots, and a few Irish, make up the account. We do not know the numbers; we have heard of 30,000, and again of 60,000. The October show is the most imposing. The almost universal colour is black; the moor is in appearance one black mass. You may be accommodated with every size, from that of a Newfoundland dog to a bullock of 100 stones. The cattle are mostly in the hands of dealers, having been bought up at the Northern and Western markets; many, however, of the best West Highlanders are brought to the tryst by their breeders, and you may see a kilted
laird

laird from the Hebrides standing, like Rob Roy, at the tails of his own bonny stots and queys. Every dealer in small cattle offers you Skye beasts, and you would be inclined to attribute almost miraculous productive powers to that celebrated island, till you were informed that (as a merchant would say) 'that is the favourite brand,' and that large numbers of these beasts are brought from the other Hebridean isles to the Skye markets. To speak generally, every one of these animals has his predestined course; the smallest, called six quarters, from being only 18 months old, will clean up the rough pastures and eat a little straw in Clydesdale, Dumfriesshire, Cumberland, and the neighbouring districts. The older of the small cattle will proceed to Brough Hill, a very favourite fair with dealers, because it is said to be attended by more gentlemen's bailiffs than any other in the United Kingdom. The finest West Highland heifers are for Yorkshire, and the bullocks for the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Buckingham. The heavy north-eastern bullocks will supply the Lothians with stall-feeders, and will go in large numbers for the same purpose to Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and the south-eastern counties of England. These are all Norfolks when they get to Smithfield market. The proceedings are as orderly and the dealings on as large a scale as those of the preceding day. A few small lots of a score each may be found, but generally they run from 50 to 300 and upwards. A purchaser of less than the whole of one of these large lots gets his number not by a selection, but by a cut: a drover passes through the black mass, and cuts off by estimation the number; they are then counted and made up to the required figure by alternate selections on the part of the buyer and seller. A third day follows, but it is not of much account. The cattle are for the most part miscellaneous lots, and what a Scotchman calls his shots, and an Englishman his culls. We have been somewhat minute in describing these proceedings, because they are on a scale of magnitude quite unknown to Southern agriculturists. We can assure our readers that the men who carry them on are quite equal to the occasion. We always considered our annual intercourse with them to be both a privilege and a pleasure. No trading class can furnish more intelligent men than the Scotch stock-farmers, perhaps, indeed, than the Scotch agriculturists generally; men well educated, of courteous and simple manners, of great intelligence and much general information, enterprising, and keenly alive to every reported improvement. We never could associate with them without drawing rather disagreeable comparisons. Many of these men are originally and still from the Cheviot district of the border; several of them hold stock farms in districts separated

by hundreds of miles from each other, besides a more agricultural farm on which they reside. Their system must be excellent, for they only see their mountain farms a very few times in the year. Others hold only one farm and reside on it; and of these, some on the west coast of Sutherland have long been the resident gentry and quasi lairds of the district, though holding under their great superior, the Duke of that ilk. Till the very recent introduction of roads and inns their houses were the only refuge of the traveller from the mountain and moor. We must always have a grateful recollection of a lady who strongly objected to these innovations on her generous and refined hospitality. Though 60 miles from her doctor, and dependent on coasting traders for luxuries and fashions, she looked back with regret to the days when she had no conveyance but a horse or a boat.

Having spoken of the stock-farmer and of the shepherd, we must introduce to our southern readers the third member of the triumvirate, the Dog. To any inquiry at a Scotch shepherd as to the race of one of his faithful ministers, you would receive the answer, 'Hout! he is jist a collie.' But this designation is far too indiscriminate, for it is applied equally to the malapert animal which, at the sound of your wheels, rushes from every black hut, and, having pursued you for a few score yards with his petulant yaffle, gives his tail a conceited curl and trots back to inform the family that he has driven you off the premises. Far different is the sheep-dog. Whether employed in driving on the road, or herding on the hill, his grave and earnest aspect evinces his full consciousness that important interests are committed to his charge. When on duty he declines civilities, not surlily, for he is essentially a good-tempered beast, but he puts them aside as ill-timed. At an early age the frivolity of puppyism departs from him, and he becomes a sedate character. At home he shares his master's porrich; lies on the best place before the fire; suffers with complacency the caresses of the children, who tug his ears and tail, and twist their little fingers into his long coat; and, without inviting familiarity from a stranger, receives him with dignified courtesy. When accustomed to the road he will, in his master's temporary absence, convey the flock or herd steadily forward, without either overpacing them or suffering any to ramble; and in the bustle of a fair he never becomes unsteady or bewildered. But the hill or moor is his great theatre. There his rare sagacity, his perfect education, and his wonderful accomplishments, are most conspicuous. On the large sheep-farms a single shepherd has the charge of from three to six or more thousand sheep, varying according to the nature of the country and climate. In performing his arduous duties he has in ordinary seasons no assistance except from his dogs. Those
shepherds

shepherds who have studied political economy introduce the principle of division of labour into their kennels. When on the hill they are usually accompanied by two dogs: of these one is the driving out and the other the bringing in dog. To the first he points out a knot of sheep, and informs him by voice and action that he wishes them to be taken to a distant hill. The intelligent animal forthwith gathers the sheep together, and acts according to his master's instructions. By similar means he informs the second that a lot of sheep on a distant hill are to be brought to the spot on which he then stands, and with equal certainty they are shortly at his feet. To either dog he indicates the individual sheep which he is to catch and hold. The eagerness and impetuosity with which the dog rushes at the neck of his captive would lead you to suppose that the poor animal was in great danger. Nothing of the sort. The dog follows Izaak Walton's precept, and handles him as if he loved him. The hold is only on the wool. The sheep stand in no habitual terror of the dog; though within a few yards of him, the elder will quietly chew the cud, and the younger shake their heads and stamp with their feet, provoking him to frolic or mimic war. We have spoken here simply of the daily occurrences of the sheep-walk—milk for babes—for we fear that the more staggering, but not very ill-authenticated, instances of canine shepherding, with which we might fill our pages, would prove too strong for southern stomachs. Whoever has not read the Collie stories of the great Ettrick herd and bard has anyhow a rich amusement before him. We love the long face, sharp nose, and sincere countenance of the sheep-dog:—

‘His honest, sousie, baws’nt face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.’

One word of advice to our southern friends who rent Scotch moors for grouse-shooting: keep on good terms with the shepherds. With a little encouragement, a collie-dog will find every grouse-nest on the moor. A dinner for the shepherds, with whisky in moderation, followed by tea and a dance for their wives and daughters, are among the cheapest and most effectual modes of moorland gamekeeping. ‘*Experto crede.*’*

We

* We wish that some competent classical authority may be able to assure us that, in the *Odyssey*, 14th book, lines 24 and 26, the words ‘Οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι,’ ‘Οἱ τρεῖς,’ and ‘τον δὲ τεταρτον’ refer to the *κύνες τεσσαρες*, which are mentioned only two lines before; and not, as some commentators suppose, to four assistant swineherds, who have not been previously mentioned at all. The latter interpretation receives some colour from the number of portions into which the supper was divided, which favours the idea that the number of Eumæus’ assistant herds was four. Still, however, we are inclined to hope and believe that Homer spoke of the dogs. It is curious to find that the ancients were so well aware of the refined education which the canine race are capable of receiving,—that the poet could, without comment, represent that Eumæus

We hardly know how to apologise for this wild digression ; but we must recall our thoughts from their wanderings, and return to more homely matters. Having spoken of Shorthorns, Devons, Herefords, and Highlanders, we should be unjust if we passed altogether without notice the great improvement which has taken place in the last thirty years in Irish cattle. Though large in amount, it has not been in any uniform direction. As far as we know, there is still neither a race nor a breed of cattle in Ireland. We have heard of Kerry cows, and we know there are cows in Kerry ; but, though rather extensively versed in cattle, we have no idea what a Kerry cow is, as distinguished from any other mongrel. The improvement in Irish cattle began, we believe, by the introduction of long-horned bulls from the neighbourhood of Atherstone. The rage for short-horns quickly crossed the Irish Channel, and contributed its share to the general progress. Into the mountain districts there has been a large infusion of Scotch Highlanders. We saw lately a drove of some hundreds of small cattle from the county of Down, of which nearly one-half showed unmistakably the Highland cross, and a few had a touch of the buffalo. We have been told that a resident Irish nobleman has buffalo milking-cows for domestic use. The general result is, that Ireland now supplies a large quantity of very useful second-rate bullocks to the Leicester and Northampton fairs, and furnishes beef, quite equal in quality to the average of the United Kingdom, to Liverpool, Manchester, and the surrounding district. This comes for the most part in the shape of strong heifers, admirably grazed, and the supply is now continuous through the whole year.

From cattle we must descend to sheep. The sheep is by nature an animal of the mountain and the wilderness, and the sheep of agriculture is eminently artificial. If we should attempt to reduce the various sorts into races, or even, with one or two exceptions, into breeds, we should find the task far beyond our knowledge and powers. We know that from time immemorial a small dingy white sheep, which has had the honour to give a name to the first quality of mutton and of flannel, has existed on the mountains of Wales. Probably these, if any, have a title to the name of Ancient Britons. Very similar were the fleecy inhabitants of the Scotch Highlands till they were superseded, it is said not above 150 years ago, by a black-faced sort from England, which have again been driven

had sent a dog, *alone*, to take a fat pig from his country station to the city, where, for very good reasons, he was somewhat chary of trusting himself. In the *Τυρος εις Ερμυν* Apollo's cows were committed to the sole custody of four dogs,

‘ ηντε φωτες δημοφρονες ’—

equivalent to the saying of our South Country hinds ‘ he’s as ‘cute as a Christian.’ We knew an old Whig lord, who, during the long Tory rule, always said of his favourite dog, ‘ He has more sense than any of our ministers.’

from

from all but their most rugged and inhospitable fastnesses by an incursion of white faces from the border. To the old race, which still exists in Wales, in Orkney, St. Kilda, and in the parks of some Highland lairds, the Portland sheep seems to bear a close affinity. In the hands of persevering Scotchmen the black-faces have attained a consistency and an uniformity which does not exist in England. The old Norfolk is their nearest English representative. The Cheviots, also, have much improved by their migration to the north; they have also acquired considerable consistency, and we doubt whether it has been judicious to tamper with it by the introduction of Leicester blood. A white-faced horned sheep which inhabits a moorland district called the Derbyshire woodlands, the old Cambridgeshire, and a Dorsetshire sheep, bear to each other a marked resemblance. The Southdown, far the most comely of our English sheep, has about him several of the characteristics of an old race. But how gat he without his horns? In agriculture the Southdowns are invaluable. Grazing the shortest and driest pastures—bearing, from their hardihood and from the closeness of their fleece, confinement on a claggy lair, either in the turnip-field or in the fold, better than any of their congeners—they are not only of more general utility to the mixed farmer, but they also yield a supply of mutton considerably above the average in quality. The black-faced Shropshire ewe is a vulgarized Southdown, which has acquired size and has lost quality. We hear that a big Cotswold sheep is studying refinement and trying to force himself into favour. But of all the polled and white-faced sorts, the New Leicester, though he may of late have somewhat declined in favour, remains still far the most important. With no pretensions to be a race, they have become beyond all dispute a very distinct breed. The New Leicester tup, in his best form, has a smart head, is long and low, with a tabular back, with wide rumps, ‘thick,’ as graziers say, ‘through the heart of him,’ with wonderfully covered sides and shoulders, but very inferior to the Southdown in his legs of mutton. The colliers in the north say that ‘a little fat mutton makes a many fat potatoes.’ To furnish that mutton is the vocation of the New Leicester, and he performs it worthily. He is mutton food for the million; and sincerely we hope that, in his present or in some improved form, he will be brought year by year more within their reach. With some deductions, analogous to those which we urged in the case of the Shorthorn, we must admit his superiority over his competitors in this particular, that he yields at the least cost, and in the shortest time, the largest weight of meat. There our eulogium must end. His flesh is coarse, his wool is inferior, his constitution is tender. Obesity of body and serenity of mind act and react on each

each other, and have conspired to make a Leicester tup a marvel of idleness. He is equally difficult to provoke to love or war: he dies soft under hardships. Showmen find it to be their interest to place together a giant and a dwarf—the extremes of the human race. In order to exhibit at one view the extremes of the ‘genus ovinum,’ with a Leicester ram, prepared for the show, should be coupled a Welsh ewe from Cader Idris, fresh from the hill, newly shorn, and having just weaned her lamb. We throw out the hint to Mr. Burgess or Mr. Stone.

If the sheep of agriculture is an indefinite animal, the agricultural pig is still more so. Every tyro in breeding has tried his hand on them. Every gentleman farmer presents his friend with ‘a gilt of my own breed.’ ‘Encourage the breed of pigs,’ said the Bishop of Chester (now of London) to his clergy, if credit is to be placed in the metrical version of his lordship’s Charge, indited by the Rev. Sydney Smith. We hope that what was enjoined on a parson is not forbidden to a reviewer, for we have had our experience in pig-breeding. We inherited a long-legged sow, hog-backed, bristly-maned, flat-sided, slouch-eared, rather a ferocious-looking animal. Twice a-year she was followed down the lane by an almost interminable series of little grunTERS—reduplications of mamma—sixteen, eighteen, we believe even twenty at a litter. But how could these satisfy the eye of a critic? So we began afresh, and a few years of judicious selection and crossing gave us animals of almost perfect symmetry. The litters, however, from far in the teens, dwindled to six, four, and at length our favourite sow produced one. Nor was this all. The roaded bacon three inches thick, for which, when trimmed with beans, we have seen gastronomes of undoubted authority desert farther-fetched dainties, was replaced on our table by six inches of rather flabby fat, unredeemed by lean. So when we could not even save our bacon we gave up the pursuit; and we are inclined to think that our experience was a sort of epitome of high breeding. A snub-nosed race, called Chinese Pigs, or Tunks, have some distinctive marks. They may, for what we know, claim an antiquity coeval with the Shée-king and Shoo-king, though, indeed, we are not precisely aware of the authority on which they are said to have come from ‘the Flowery Land.’ They are funny little fellows; pert and queer in their ways; very symmetrical; poor breeders; and not exactly the pigs to furnish contract bacon. The Neapolitan, the Portuguese, and the Berkshire pigs have many points in common. For a constant supply of pleasing pigs we should select the Lisbon market. They are the only cleanly animals of a domestic nature (we make no exceptions) in Portugal; very uniform, very symmetrical, very fat, and of sufficient activity to get their living

in the chestnut-woods during the early part of their lives. To this feeding we should have attributed the delicacy of their pork, if we had not heard, on good authority, that in America mast-fed bacon is very inferior both in firmness and quality to that which is fed on grain. Whether the animal which, by an agreeable alliteration, is called a Hampshire Hog owes any of the celebrity of his bacon to acorns and beech-nuts we will not pronounce. We are inclined to attribute a good deal to careful and scientific curing. Pigs, both in their natural and domestic state, deteriorate if exposed to cold. We are told that the wild boars of Barbary, Bengal, and Scinde are much finer animals than those which endure the severity of a northern winter in the forests of Germany. Nature made the pig an animal of great activity and spirit. Man, in the due exercise of the power which has been conferred upon him of moulding nature to his own convenience, has made him a creature of flitches and hams. We think, however, that, in the case of the pig, the transforming power has been exercised rather wantonly. Of all the overloaded animals which deform our cattle-shows, none so entirely outrages delicacy as the *improved* pig. Unless his legs shrink under the weight of his shapeless carcase; unless his belly trails on the ground; and unless his eyes are quite closed up by fat, he has no chance of a prize. The extremes of domestic swine are Prince Albert's prize-pig at the one end, and the pig whose domestic hearth is in the hut of the Finn, all the way from St. Petersburg to Archangel, at the other. This latter is an animal of skin and bone. From his looks you would not suppose that he has any vitals: there seems to be no room for them. His bristles, if not his ornament, are at least his distinction. He furnishes them to our markets to an extent both in quantity and value which, but for customhouse statistics, would be thought fabulous, and to which we only reconcile our judgment by recollecting that he appears by these his representatives on the toilet-table of every lady, we might almost say of every female, in Great Britain. As to flesh, if one could conceive such an animal to be ever subject to the tender passion, the epithalamium with which Porson honoured the union of the lean master of Benet with a leaner bride would be highly applicable to him:—

‘Though you could not, like Adam, have gallantly said,
 “Thou art flesh of my flesh,” for flesh ye had none,
 You at least might have said, “Thou art bone of my bone.”’

Such are the extremes. ‘Medio tutissimus ibis.’

But in swinecraft, we are pigmies when compared with the ancients. Ulysses, at one swine-station in Ithaca (and we are told that he had others on the mainland), which was under the
 care

care of Eumæus, had 600 breeding sows. They were lodged in twelve stately chambers (fifty in a chamber), built of quarried stone, and adequately furnished with yards, fenced in by a substantial paling. The male pigs (πολλοὶ παυροτεροί) were only 360. This disproportion of numbers is accounted for by a statement of the insatiable voracity of the 'godless suitors.' So much for swine. On the subject of turkeys, geese, fowls, rabbits, and 'such small deer,' we must refer our readers to the 'Book of the Farm.' Be it noted however (though not mentioned in this new *Stephani Thesaurus*) that the prime turkeys of East Anglia, whom we apologize for classing among 'small deer,' are *capons*. This is true at least of the huge Goliaths, the glories of Guildhall, one of which an astonished Paddy pronounced 'fit to draw a gig.'

In comparing the merits of the various agricultural animals which furnish food to man, we have frequently spoken of quality, and we wish to explain a little more definitely what we intend thereby. We consider firmness in the fat and a fine grain in the lean to be the criteria of quality. We believe that in those animals where fat and lean are associated, the firmest fat invariably covers the finest-grained lean. Any person who has had the good fortune to eat Highland venison with fat on it will have observed that the fat of a stag differs from that of a Lincolnshire tup much as heart-of-oak differs from the wood of a Weymouth pine or poplar. The wild deer's fat is a substance of firm texture, hardly degradable, we should think, into dips or short sixes. The fat of the fallow-deer possesses much of the same enviable quality. When we descend from the forest and the park to the pasture and stall, we can form a series both for sheep and beasts which will hardly be called in question. For sheep—the Mountaineers, the Southdowns, various nondescripts, down to the New Leicesters. For beasts—Scots generally, Devons, Herefords, indiscriminate crosses and mongrels, down to the Improved Shorthorns. In each case the butchers' shops will confirm our lists. There the animal which stands at the top will sell for at least 1*d.* per lb. more than the animal which stands at the bottom. In both cases, in the article of quality, the new and very artificial breeds stand decidedly below all their competitors. To them must be awarded the merit of producing a coarse article in great abundance and at a low price, suited to those whose appetites are keen and not critical, and whose means are limited; whereas the old races will furnish an article of higher quality for those whose tastes incline, and whose means permit, them to be more fastidious. Whether any individual farmer shall produce one article or the other must be left to his own decision; and, if wise, he will decide the point on the same grounds of position, facilities, and connexion which determine a cotton-spinner to make forties cotton-twist or to make
make

make one-hundred-and-sixties; and which determine a calico-printer to manufacture prints for ladies or prints for housemaids.

Our readers will have observed further that in all these lucubrations we have made a marked distinction between races and breeds, and we wish to state the basis on which that distinction rests. Of late years certain sages have brought prominently before the public a science to which, in the prevailing rage for a Greek nomenclature, they have given the name of *Ethnology*. This science occupies itself in investigating the localization, the affinities, and the distinctive qualities of the various races of men. It is a circumstance which we would rather call satisfactory than singular, that the observations made and the facts collected—made and collected with true philosophic indifference as to the conclusion to which they might tend—all lead to the belief that mankind have sprung from one original pair. At this conclusion, on grounds merely philosophical, Cuvier and Humboldt have both arrived. We call the conclusion satisfactory, because it may reassure some very worthy people, who discountenance philosophical investigations because they entertain narrow-minded apprehensions that revelation will not be able to take care of itself. As men multiplied, their different families were placed in different circumstances of climate, soil, food, security, and demands for exertion, both mental and bodily. These external circumstances produced modifications both in the form and capacities of their bodies, and in the qualities and capacity of their minds. When successive generations had been so long subjected to the same influences that these modifications had become so far engrafted and permanent, that they were found in all the individuals who remained under the influences, and would endure for long periods even in those who were removed from them, a distinct race of men had been called into existence. Two familiar illustrations of this permanence will occur to every one: the Jew, though by ethnologists he would only be considered as one subdivision of an important race, is said to have maintained his national physiognomy in all the various circumstances in which the Dispersion has placed him: and we know that the negro, when not contaminated by white blood, retains his woolly hair, his thick lips, his long heel, and his mental incapacities, though he has been transplanted for generations from the banks of the Tchadda to those of the Mississippi. To any investigation into races of animals the aid of language is wanting altogether: history also is more silent, and tradition more obscure, than in the case of man. Still considerable materials remain to those who may be inclined to pursue an interesting inquiry, for which we have neither leisure nor knowledge. Even zoologists, who seldom pretend to have
much

much respect for the Mosaic records, seem on the whole inclined to an orthodox conclusion—to wit, that animals came as individual pairs from the hands of the Creator. This opinion is favoured, it must be owned, by operations of nature of which unphilosophical people are daily witnesses. Nature permits the connexion of many animals and birds, which have considerable apparent similarity, to be productive of offspring, but refuses to carry fertility farther. The horse breeds with the ass, the dog with the fox, the pheasant with the domestic fowl, the goldfinch with the canary; but all the offspring are sterile. On the other hand, the buffalo breeds with the short-horn, the dray-horse with the Shetland pony, the deer-hound with the poodle, the Dartford-fowl with the bantam, the Caucasian with the Bushman; and all the offspring are fruitful. And yet the outward dissimilarity is greater in the individuals forming the respective pairs in the latter series than in the former. Is it an unnatural hypothesis, then, that, in all cases in which the offspring of a connexion is fruitful, the father and mother are both descended from one original pair? We think not; but for our immediate purpose—and it is a practical one—it is sufficient that we should feel assured that the same influences of climate, soil, security; ease, or hardship, which have exercised so permanent an effect on man, have also formed different races from animals originally of the same type.

To come to our own case of cattle—where we find much uniformity of size and shape, a self-colour, and a similarity of disposition and aspect recurring generation after generation, and even remaining after the external circumstances of the animal have been materially changed, we have reason to conclude that these distinctive marks have been produced by natural causes; in short, that Nature without the interference of man has produced a *race* of cattle: and further, we shall be confirmed if we find that this race does not require the assistance of man to preserve it from deterioration. Should history, ancient painting or sculpture, or even reasonable tradition, give evidence that animals, having the same distinctive marks, existed at a remote period, our conclusion will have received still further confirmation. On the other hand, we witness daily the immense power which man possesses of modifying the various animals which he has reduced to domesticity. Sir John Sebright bred pigeons to a feather; and thirty years ago we were used to see here and there dairies of sheet cows which some very fanciful gentleman had called into existence. But these artificial animals had a constant tendency to relapse, and to lose those coveted distinctions which the sedulous care of man had impressed upon them. Still by patient and judicious perseverance a breeder of cattle may produce considerable

considerable uniformity, and impress distinctive characters and qualities on the animals which he calls into existence, and by dint of liberal rejections may maintain the distinction for a lengthened period. When he has done so he may be fairly said to have created for all agricultural purposes a new breed of cattle: and in this sense Collins (perhaps) and Bakewell (certainly) may be said to have respectively created a breed of cattle and of sheep. But these breeds never have become, and probably never would become, races. We have abundant evidence that their distinctive qualities can only be maintained by the sedulous care of man. When Devons or Herefords are transplanted from the banks of the Exe and the Wye to those of the Hawkesbury, their offspring continue to be Devons and Herefords. But the Short-horn, under similar circumstances, resolves himself into his elements, and distinct traces of all the mongrels out of which he was concocted re-appear within a few generations. In Midland dairies short-horns have nearly supplanted all other breeds. No one can move among them without observing how very inferior they now are to what they were ten years ago. When they came from the north they had all the merits which belong to the breed. Under the ordinary care of the dairy-farmer they have deteriorated rapidly. Several large farmers have appealed to the north again, and have procured bulls of undoubted blood (whose dams and sires were No. this, that, and the other, in the herd-book), without producing any very satisfactory results. We doubt whether improvement is to be found within the limits of the herd-book; our faith is, that, when an artificial breed has been created by crossing, it can only be maintained by crossing. We looked lately through stalls containing 50 short-horned cows in course of preparation for the Birmingham meat-market. Wherever one appeared somewhat better than her neighbours, the invariable explanation was, 'She has a good cross in her.' When Bakewell died he left on his farm a good flock of sheep, perhaps for their purposes the best in the kingdom. His successor imagined that a breed had been created which could perpetuate itself and its merits; but, under that system and in his hands, the flock came to a melancholy end—size, constitution, fertility, flesh, wool—all gone: nothing but a little tallow left. The successor of this gentleman was a Derbyshire man; and he brought with him on to the farm a good flock of sheep. They had in them a good deal of Bakewellian blood; but when their owner saw them dwindle, he had recourse to a large roughish ram from the limestone district of his native county: a big-headed, big-boned, big-muscled animal;

'omnia magna,

Pes etiam.'

Under

Under such management this flock, of which we have now lost sight, for a long time retained its celebrity.

We have appealed to self-colour as one characteristic of a race of cattle. We have done so partly because, with few exceptions, quadrupeds in a state of nature are self-coloured; and we are not aware of any wild animal whose colours are patchy or glaring. The British wild cattle, as preserved in the parks at Chillingham, Cadzow, Chartly, and Lyme, are of a dingy white, with tawny ears. The cattle of mountainous countries, which have been very inaccessible to agriculture, are always of self-colours—black, red, or dun. The Caffrarian cattle are black. The queer little cow which, within the memory of man, had a pure existence in Normandy and the Channel Islands, and which, being celebrated for the richness of its milk, came to our markets under the name of an Alderney, was fawn-colour, with tawny ears. So-called Alderneys are still brought to those vicinities in which gentlemen's seats abound; but by crossing they have lost their uniform colour, and some of their other characteristics. The voice of antiquity indicates self-coloured cattle. The bulls which Nestor sacrificed on the strand at Pylos were *παμμελάνες*. The bull which escaped Mercury, when at three days old he started on a foray to drive Apollo's cows, was *κυανέος*, probably black; but, whatever were the exact shades, certainly self-coloured. The bull over whose sacrificed carcass the oath of the *Ἑπτα ἐπὶ Θηβαίς* was sworn was black. Indeed the only instance which occurs to us, in which party-coloured cattle are alluded to by any classical author, is the line in which Virgil declares his own toleration of motley:—

‘Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo;’

and this very expression seems to indicate the prevalence of self-colours, and that the variety which he mentions was not in very general favour. Then comes the *vexata quæstio* of horns. Wide-horned and lofty-horned are constant epithets applied to cattle in the Greek authors. It always appeared to us that, in a claim for antiquity of race, any animal who came into court without horns exhibited a *primâ facie* case against himself. On the other hand, a gentleman who is as enthusiastic as ourselves about Scotch cattle, but who, while we prefer the Highlander, fixes his affections on the graceful Galloway, always maintains that horns raise a presumption of a bar sinister in the escutcheon, and considers our horned cattle as the offspring of what Mr. Thomas Moore calls ‘a museum of wittols.’ The Hereford brings good evidence that he is the British representative of a widely-diffused and ancient race. The most uniform drove of oxen which we ever saw consisted of 500 from the Ukraine. They had white faces,

faces, upward horns, and tawny bodies. Placed in Hereford, Leicester, or Northampton market, they would have puzzled the graziers as to the land of their nativity; but no one would have hesitated to pronounce that they were rough Herefords. The splendid cream-coloured ox of Lombardy is a Hereford in form. You might dye him into a Hereford, but all the dappling in the world would not make him into a sifort-horn. So much for modern affinities. There are hints also from antiquity. The calf ‘*fronte niveus videri, cætera fulvus*,’ must have been a Hereford. According to the description in a fragment of Bion, the bull which ferried Europa across the sea from Crete was so complete a Hereford, that he might have come from the herd of Mr. Price or Sir F. Lawley. We are gratified by these evidences of permanence. A few years ago we had some apprehension that, under the influence of fashion and favour, the democratic insurrection of the breeds would have swept away the races. We knew the origin of the breeds; they had been loosely put together under our own eyes. Nothing in their career satisfied us that we knew accurately what was to come. Our aspiration was for something standard. We did not think that what Horace Walpole called the union ‘of nobody’s son with everybody’s daughter’ was a satisfactory basis on which to found the supply of cattle for a great beef and mutton eating nation. Now the tide has turned. The new breeds have manifestly declined in popular favour. They will no doubt still occupy the position which may be due to their ascertained utility. The current of authoritative decision has also turned. It did for many years run in favour of the new breeds: now the balance is the other way. At every important exhibition the highest prizes have of late been carried off by the races. As good Conservatives, we rejoice at this, for they are the Bovine aristocracy, and we wish to see them maintain their position in society. If we should seem to our readers to have spoken with too little favour of those enterprising and persevering men who originated our new breeds, and have carried them to their present point of excellence, we beg at least to disclaim all sympathy with those scoffers who represent the breeders and the bred as being much on a par in intellect—

‘Strong as his ox, and ignorant as strong.’

In our estimation, no man ever became an eminent breeder without possessing many very valuable mental qualities—the power of accurately observing matters both important and minute, and of appreciating their value—judgment and decision—perseverance—and another quality still more valuable than these, self-reliance.

Having

Having travelled so far with our mute companions, we must say a few words on their more immediate preparation for the final stage in their career.

Of cattle made fat on natural pasture little need be said. No doubt a grazier, to be successful, must exercise considerable judgment in the selection of animals, and must discern with an experienced eye when his land is stocked to the exact point at which it will give the greatest produce. We have heard it said of one old gentleman, that he could tell when there was half a bullock too much or too little in one of his 100-acre fields. A very small proportion of the grass land in England will, unassisted, turn out animals of the degree of fatness which is required by modern customers, and a still smaller proportion in other countries. Such lands, however, do exist about Boston and other fen-land vicinities in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire; sparingly on the alluvial borders of some of our principal rivers, and in the vales of Belvoir, Aylesbury, and Evesham. Equal, perhaps, to any of these, and far above their average, are the splendid upland pastures which are found in Burton, Great Bowden, and other townships in Leicestershire (many of which our fox-hunting friends overlook, with an enthusiasm not purely agricultural, from Carlton Clump near Kibworth Beauchamp), in Braybrooke and Fawsley in Northamptonshire, and in Liddington and another township, of which we forget the name, in Rutland. Nor must we omit the celebrated 100-acre field at Cestus Over, of which local tradition sayeth, that, on a fine showery day in May, the farmer laid down his stick on a bare spot, and, being hastily summoned home by his dinner-bell, left the stick behind him. After his dinner he smoked only one pipe, and, returning straight to the field, was unable to find the stick, which, having in the interval been smothered by the growing grass, was only discovered when the pasture was eaten bare in the succeeding winter.

The history of the grazing-lands in the Midland Counties is singular. For no other district has nature done so much, and industry and science so little. A generation, with which many of us who are still in a green old age have had personal intercourse, saw these upland pastures in the state of ploughed common fields, the enormous ridges having been produced by many centuries of ploughing, the furrow being always turned upwards. These ridges still remain (and he is a good hunter who skims them cleverly), very frequently describing an easy double curve. When enclosed and devoted to pasture these lands were not sown with artificial grasses, but were left to acquire the turf with which it pleased Nature to clothe them. For forty or fifty years they improved progressively. From that time they have been station-
ary,

ary, at least, if not retrogressive. Except a little, and generally very imperfect, soughing, they have received no improvement. Lord Gardner and Mr. Little Gilmour fly over the same ox-fence now, which was charged of yore by The Meynell, Lindo, and Germaine. Some graziers, to be sure, have diminished the size of their fields by subdividing, and some have increased it by grubbing up fences, and no doubt such spirited men were, in this British Bœotia, considered to be improving farmers. But ‘adhuc sub judice lis est.’ The real improvements in agriculture passed these men by, or were brought to their doors without exertion on their parts:—take as an instance the improvement of cattle and the improved mode of conveying them to market. They had a monopoly, and the sluggishness which attends monopolies. But John Bull will never submit to be stinted in his beef.

To avoid, however, all disagreeable points—somehow land of a quality which would graze cattle had become inconveniently scarce in proportion to the demands of John’s increasing family; and thus stimulated, his ingenuity has found a substitute in an immense extension of artificial feeding. Our ancestors had an ample supply of beef from August to November. By dint of lattermaths and a little hay a few beasts were kept on, rather in a stationary than in an improving condition, till the cold weather had fairly set in; then they were slaughtered, and by pickling and salting dry (nothing exists now on which Mr. Moore could found his joke, ‘hung beef, my Lord, if you try it’) furnished beef for the winter and spring. A stalled ox was a luxury, and a rare one. We believe we need not go far back to the period when the Midland Counties did not furnish a single systematic stall-feeder. By most farmers the process was considered to be ruinous. Artificial green food is now grown on land of every description. The tables have been turned on the mere grazier. The mixed farmer overwhelms him with numbers, with weight, and with fatness. We have daily under our eye lands, now united into one farm, which bring to market annually 250 beasts, averaging about 100 Smithfield stone each, and a still larger number of fat sheep. Within thirty years those lands supplied about a score of the former, of about two-thirds the above-named individual weight, and only a few score of the latter. On two somewhat smaller and neighbouring farms the change has been still greater, and in the same direction. The mere grazing-farms have receded in value more than any other lands in Britain. Men of capital occupying largely in the Lothians, Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Norfolk, have improved their systems, have stood their ground, and have many of them been blessed with prosperity. Those who live in the vicinity

vicinity know the melancholy list of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire graziers who, starting with undoubted capital, and carrying on business on a large scale, have occupied as their fathers occupied before them, and, with no fault but that of belonging to a stationary system, have been overwhelmed, have disappeared from the scene, having commenced with property and ended with debt. Our remarks apply with increased force to the second and third-rate grazing-lands of the Midland District. A few years ago we should have looked for the least improved district of agricultural England from the top of Robin a-tiptoes, on the confines of Rutland, Leicester, and Northampton. No prospect could, in an agricultural point of view, be more melancholy. Large spongy pasture-fields, so encumbered with vast ant-hillocks that nothing but an accomplished hunter could gallop among them with safety, bounded by rambling fences—land of considerable power and inconsiderable produce. ‘I went by the field of the slothful; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the fence thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction.’*

The stall-feeding of cattle is no modern invention, though, as a general agricultural practice, it may almost be said to be new in England. The ‘stalled ox’ is cited as a luxury in the Book of Proverbs. The difference between stall-fed and grass-fed oxen is marked in the daily consumption of Solomon’s household—‘Ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures.’ But though stall-feeding is now general as well as ancient, no agricultural practice has proved a more fruitful occasion of controversy. Cooked food and raw food, warm food and cold food; open yards, open sheds, and close cattle-houses; tying by the neck and turning loose in boxes: each of these practices has its enthusiastic and unhesitating advocates. So also as to the description of food. The object is admitted—the greatest produce at the least cost. One man would be ruined but for gorse; another cannot dispense with hay; a third declares hay to be superfluous, and that the object may be attained by the ‘corpus vile’ of straw. So in roots: mangold-wurzel has its enthusiastic advocates, and equally so parsnip, carrots white and red, cabbage, and swede turnips respectively. And, again, in the cerealia and their congeners; men of nice observation discriminate between the beneficial effects of each: some by chemical analysis; some by the Baconian process of induction; and the result is that meals of ‘every description—barley neat and barley malted, grains, linseed, oil and oil-cake—

* We are told by a resident that something in the way of improvement has been done near Robin a-tiptoes, and that much remains to be done.

are accepted and rejected with most perplexing confusion. We really wonder that those who feed by book do not throw up the case in despair. We should be as unwilling to decide these points on the conflicting testimony of the correspondents of agricultural journals as we should to give a verdict on the evidence of Irish witnesses. The controversies will generally be best settled by a reference to local facilities. Gorse is good—where you have poor and congenial land and ready access to a water-wheel or steam-engine to crush it effectually. Grains are good—where you are near a large brewery and can buy them at or under 4*d.* per bushel. Hay is good—where you have meadows which are effectually manured by some river or stream; and you may, or perhaps you must, make straw an article of diet to your feeding-cattle, where hay would cost you 3*l.* per ton. We believe that 10*s.* per ton would more than balance the feeding-value of any two sorts of meal. Where a stall-feeder has on his premises the means of grinding or crushing, there can be no doubt as to the economy of consuming by his cattle any sort of unmarketable corn. Where he is distant from a mill it may be economy to give it whole. We do not think that the controversy between barley and malt is ripe for decision. As to roots: if you are so fortunate as to occupy a deep dry loam, you may grow parsnips or carrots, or anything else short of tropical exotics; but beware of them on the sharp gravels or shallow sands, from which, by a plentiful application of manure, you may coax an ample crop of turnips, and may feel yourself much at your ease as to the mode of using them, as you may draw them off, or consume them on the land, in all weathers. On land which, however well drained, has an inclination to be sticky, you must make up your mind to have more trouble with your green crops; but, if used tenderly, it will give you a heavy weight of mangold-wurzel, turnips, or cabbage. They should, however, be sown early, for you will have no comfort with them if they remain on the land after November.

So we dispose of all articles in general use for cattle-feeding—except *oil-cake*. It is amenable to no local facilities, and is just as applicable to one situation as to another. In spite of repeated denunciations it maintains its ground. The popular tradition respecting it is singular. For many years linseed-crushers threw what they considered as the refuse of the mill to the manure-heap. A cottager's lane-fed cow, having access to one of these heaps, was observed to be frequently feeding at it; and she gave evidence by the sleekness of her coat and the increased fulness of the pail that the food was highly beneficial. So it came into use, and was soon found to produce fat as no article had ever produced it before. Veterans of our standing will remember the denunciation of cake-

fed beef. It had an unnatural taste—the shambles where it prevailed had an unnatural smell—the grain was coarse—the fat was liquid or rancid—the meat would not keep—and so forth. Now Mr. Giblet or Mr. Slater gives 6*d.* per Smithfield stone extra for a Norfolk-fed Scot (the animal of all in the market which has eat the most oil-cake), simply because they dare not send any other sort of beef to the nobility and gentry, who are their customers. No other article of food (except perhaps bean-meal, which has the disadvantage of making the flesh hard) gives to a butcher the same full confidence that the dead weight of an animal will be fully equal to his appearance when alive. All the prejudices against this food were founded on the three letters O I L. Persons who are prejudiced neither investigate nor reason, or they would have discovered that linseed-cake consists of the husks and farinaceous parts of linseed from which all the oil has been expressed by most powerful machinery; and that though the quantity of oil expressed from a given quantity of seed has been constantly on the increase in consequence of improvements in the machinery, there has been no corresponding, nor indeed any, decrease in the fat-producing properties of the cake. A more refined investigation would have informed them that a ton of cake contains less oil than a ton of any sort of grain. The same delusion which appalled the consumers delighted the producers of beef. They fancied that it was about to lead them to an important discovery. They argued, not illogically—‘If the remains of oil in this article of cake have such great feeding properties, how vast must they be before any oil has been expressed from it!’

Forty years ago we saw at Bretby, under the charge of Mr. Blackie, and at Swarkestone Lowes, then occupied by Mr. Smith, the earliest systematic stall-feeder in the midland counties, considerably expensive preparations for crushing and steaming and steeping linseed. Some other feeders went a step farther, and said, ‘If oil adulterated with husks, &c., is so feeding, how much more feeding must oil unadulterated be!’ and they gave the oil neat. But all the parties soon relinquished such practice. The result did not bear out the *à priori* reasoning. The beasts so fed never got very fat, and the fat they had was very loose and oleaginous. Experience soon showed that neither linseed nor oil could be used with advantage until they were let down by a very large admixture of chopped straw or of some other low-qualified matter. On this experience the recently-renewed practice of feeding with linseed (of which Mr. Warnes is the apostle) is founded. We give the account of the preparation in his own words:—‘One pailful of linseed-meal to eight of water.’ This makes a jelly. ‘A large tub being conveniently placed, a bushel
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of pea-straw or turnip-tops cut into chaff is put in ; ' two or three hand-cupful of the jelly are poured in,' stirred up, &c. ' Another bushel of the turnip-tops, chaff, &c., is next added ;' and so on till the tub is full. And besides this, when Mr. Warnes begins to have a near view of the butcher, he adds ' barley or pea meal' to the mixture. The prejudices against cake are now exploded. It has a fair hearing, and stands or falls on its merits. No doubt it is expensive food ; but it is so effective, so clean, so easily stored, and so much less liable to pilfering than any sort of meal, that we expect to see it stand its ground.

When farmers have determined on the description of food, how are they to give it?—hot or cold? cooked or raw? We have seen an argument as follows (we have not space to extract the passage, but we will state the argument fairly):—A certain sustained temperature of body is necessary to the health and growth of every animal. Liebig has shown that this animal heat is produced and sustained by combustion—oxygen inhaled into the lungs burns carbon which it finds in the blood—if it does not find carbon enough in the blood it seizes on the carbon which exists in the fat, and if there be no fat then on the carbon in the muscle of the body. Food supplies the carbon to the blood, and through the blood to the fat and muscle. If you introduce a quantity of cold food into the stomach of an animal you lower the temperature of its body. The first duty of the food so introduced will be to furnish as much carbon for combustion as will restore the normal heat, and the residue only can be applied to making fat and muscle. If you give warm food, the quantity required for the above purpose will be smaller, and the residue applicable to fat and muscle will be larger. Therefore there is a waste of food in giving it cold.—We detect no flaw in this reasoning : but a sort of instinct founded on long experience always prompts us to look out for practical qualifications of abstract reasoning. We were just preparing to say to the reasoner—' Before we can consent to found our practice on your argument, you must prove to us that burning the extra food in the body is not the cheapest way of restoring the heat destroyed. Charge yourself with the very considerable outlay requisite for warming the food—with the fuel—with the labour and waste : take into account that, when you have heated your food, it will cool very rapidly while it is before the beasts ; that it will cool very rapidly while it is being divided into portions ; that any which is left must be heated over again.' We were just going to say, ' When you have taken all this into the reckoning, tell us the result,' when we stumbled on the following passage in an account of the Cattle Lodge at Howick :—
' The opinion of the feeder is that the animals did not thrive so
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well on steamed straw as when it was given naturally. We believe that, with the exception of linseed—if, according to Mr. Warnes' experiment, that is an exception—it will not be found that the cooking food for cattle, even if it be beneficial, will repay the extra cost, &c. Remembering that Mr. Warnes has been the great advocate for warm and cooked food, we turned back to his experiment, and we find as follows:—Eight Scots shut up in October; four fed 'on the cold, linseed mucilage;' 'the other four have had boiled linseed.' 'His own opinion, and that of many other farmers who have seen the animals, is, that the four fed on raw linseed are superior to their competitors.' Mr. Warnes says, 'But admitting the fattening properties of both systems to be equal, the cold must possess the greater advantages—1st, because firing is dispensed with,' &c. And again—'So satisfied has Mr. Warnes become of the superiority of the cold linseed that he means at once to adopt it in the feeding of the rest of his cattle.' It is somewhat singular that we have made the whole of these extracts from the same publication, in which we had previously found the Liebigian argument, which we have abstracted, put forward as conclusive. Year by year prizes have been offered to agricultural-machine makers for the best apparatus for preparing warm and cooked food for cattle. Many feeders have within our knowledge gone to a great expense in putting up such an apparatus. Every one of them has, we believe, discontinued its use. Nothing is so contemptible as to sneer at unsuccessful experimentalists. Truly our very best hopes for agriculture are founded on the entire explosion of the spirit which used to prevail at our farmers' market-tables in this respect. The reasonable experimentalist is now looked up to as a general benefactor. The patriotism of those who, having the means, make promising experiments, either in agriculture or in anything else, without a view to their own personal advantage takes a very rational line. Every one knows and regrets that many discoveries, made by ingenious men in the spirited prosecution of commercial enterprise, though they have proved to be of great national advantage, have failed to realise a profit to the inventors, and have in some unfortunate cases resulted in their ruin. We are inclined to believe that the experiment of giving warm and cooked food to cattle has failed.

We have already adverted to the very ambiguous sounds emitted by the oracles when consulted on the subject of the lodging of cattle. Our own experience, in a moderately sheltered situation, is, that beasts do best in open sheds well flanked, but open to the S. or S. E. The Norfolk man is prodigal of his straw, and his beasts come out beautifully clean. The Midland
and

and Western man is per force more economical, and the same cleanliness is hardly to be attained. We know an instance in which cows lie habitually without litter, and are decently clean. Their hind legs stand on a strong flag (the produce of the district, probably of the farm), and behind them is a flagged trench 14 inches wide and 3 deep. In twelve years no injury has occurred to the cattle from this trench. At regular intervals holes of an inch diameter are drilled through the flag in the bottom of the trench, and communicate with a drain. The more solid matters are removed with the least possible labour, by means of a shovel which exactly fits the trench. The fore parts of the animals lie on the natural ground. The feeding beasts are as prone to recumbency as in any well-littered stalls, and, except on the east coast, we have seldom seen a cleaner cow-house. The arrangement for bullocks is more complicated, involving the necessity of a drain covered by a bored flag or grating into the middle of each stall. We are bound to admit that the tails, to the great injury of their cleanliness, are apt to slip into the trench when the animals lie down. We wish we could suggest a remedy short of docking that ornamental member. On this farm the proportion of arable land is very small, and every straw is cut up for cattle keep. The cow-house which we have described is a great favourite of ours, because it solves a difficulty which very much perplexes every improving Midland and Western farmer, namely, scarcity of litter. We are inclined to think that the sphere within which this difficulty is felt is extending; the tendency of modern agriculture being to longer courses, and to a less frequent recurrence of straw-giving crops. The real vocation of straw on farms having a large proportion of grass-land, if not on all others, is to give bulk to more nutritive articles of cattle keep. When it is cut up and properly sugared, cattle will eat it to the stumps. Box-feeding is a recent practice, and highly commended. It must involve a liberal use of straw or other litter. The idea that the animal should be confined for months in a loose box, from which nothing is removed, is not very comfortable; but the practice is connected with the consideration of the injury which manure may suffer by exposure to the weather. We know one spirited experimentalist who has gone to a very material expense in roofing, in order that he may have the whole of his manure under cover until it is laid on the land. This is a strange innovation on the practice which prescribed repeated heapings and turnings before the manure was brought into use. Some years ago we read in an agricultural journal, that to mix up a large quantity of snow with a heap of manure was highly beneficial, and philosophical reasons, which we have forgotten, were given for

for the practice. Should the doctrine of a dry lair now prevail, the liquid-manure tanks will be deprived of their principal source of supply.

Till very lately flesh-meat in general, and beef in particular, had its seasons of plenty and low price, succeeded by scarcity and high price, just as regularly as summer and autumn are succeeded by winter and spring. The extremes were from August to December, when naturally fed beasts poured into the market, and from February to June, when those which were fed artificially came in by driblets. Those who have watched the markets for the few last years will have observed, first a tendency to equalization, and then to a complete turning of the tables, which has been fully developed in the season now in progress. The first-named period gave, in the year 1848, to Smithfield, for the Monday's market, from 2000 or 2500 bullocks, with a price for the first quality from 3*s.* 10*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.* per stone. The second period, now in progress in 1849, is giving from 3200 to 3600 bullocks, with a price for the first quality from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.* 8*d.* Nor do these figures represent the full difference of the supply of meat, because there can be doubt that a larger amount of dead meat comes in by railway in the cold months than in the warm. This is a great revolution, which we have no doubt will be in some degree counteracted by an increased prevalence of artificial feeding in summer, either as auxiliary to grass-feeding, or as independent of it.

We have now brought to a close the principal remarks which have occurred to us as bearing on that vocation of the occupier of land, in pursuance of which he furnishes a supply of animal food to his country. We take leave of our cattle-loving friends, and we hope they will not think us less friendly to them because we have omitted any prominent mention of the distressing position in which we and they are placed by the unprecedentedly low price of this article of agricultural produce. Whatever measures they may consider it incumbent on them to take with reference to protection or to taxation, general or local, we think it must be wise to keep these matters quite distinct from the question of the most efficient practice. We cannot look around us and doubt that, in order to maintain our position, to the most efficient practice we must resort; and if our remarks can assist any struggling farmer in discovering and adopting it, we shall have attained our object.

We had hoped to have included in this article some remarks on draining, a subject so intimately connected with artificial feeding that it may almost be called its foundation. But time and space forbid. A few memoranda which we had made must be returned to our desk, perhaps to be reproduced on some future occasion.

- ART. V.—1. *Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic.* By A. A. Paton. 2 vols., 8vo. London. 1849.
2. *Adventures on the Road to Paris, during the Campaigns of 1813, 1814.* Extracted from the Autobiography of Henry Steffens. Translated from the German. 12mo. London. 1848.
3. *Le Congrès de Vienne dans ses Rapports avec la circonscription actuelle de l'Europe.* Par M. Capefigue. 8vo. Paris. 1847.
4. *Ist das Kaiserthum Oesterreich bloss ein Länder-Complex, oder ein Staatenbund, oder ein Bundesstaat, oder ein untheilbare Monarchie?* [*Is the Empire of Austria merely a Cluster of Lands, or a Confederation of States, or a Federal State, or an Indivisible Monarchy?*] Von Anton Bauer, Syndicus. Wien. 8vo. 1848.
5. *Austria.* By Peter Evan Turnbull, F.R.S. 2 vols., 8vo. London. 1840.
6. *Bericht des Ausschusses über den vom Reichsministerium in der Oesterreichischen Frage gestellten Antrag vom 18 Dezember.* [*Report of the Committee on the Proposition of the Ministry of the Empire on the Austrian Question.*] Frankfort. 1848.
7. *Die Deutsche Diplomatie wider das Deutsche Volk.* [*German Diplomacy against the German People.*] Wiesbaden. 1848.
8. *Die Wiener Oktober-Revolution.* Aus dem Tagebuche des Dr. Schütte. [*The October Revolution of Vienna; from the Journal of Dr. Schütte.*] Prag. 1848.

ON the breaking up of the territorial arrangements of Switzerland, consequent upon the shock of the French Revolution of 1789, we find the partisans of the Revolution and of the Ancient Régime respectively distinguished as Centralists and Oligarchs; the former ambitious to shake off the nullity of a federative government, the latter anxious to maintain the constitutional independence of the cantons. The ancient Confederation had been nominally made up of six democratical and seven aristocratical cantons; but the government of the Forest cantons themselves, the kernel of the federal league, had long been oligarchical in substance, though disguised under democratical forms. This circumstance may serve to account for the democratic spirit becoming almost universally identified with the Unitarian spirit. The party which was opposed to the ancient order of government in the cantons, and whose feelings were hurt by their systematic exclusion from political power, saw in the substitution of Central Unity for Federal Union the most effective means of securing great changes in the cantons themselves—and they were desirous to recast their institutions in a French mould, not merely from sympathy with the spirit of the new institutions

institutions of France, but also from observing the irresistible influence which Paris exercised over the departments by reason of the intense centralisation of the French system. Accordingly, upon the entrance of General Brune into Bern, the Helvetic Republic was proclaimed, and at the same time it was announced that the ancient Confederation had ceased to exist. The traditions, however, of five centuries could not be at once swept away by a mere proclamation. The accidents of the various localities, out of which those traditions had grown up, continued unaltered. The soil, the manners, the spirit of the different populations, which had given its peculiar colour to each local government, remained unchanged:—and thus we find, after the short interval of five years, the new order of things reversed, and the Diet once more assembled at Schwytz, with the object of restoring the ancient constitution. At this crisis the First Consul intervened. He had carefully studied the peculiarities of the Swiss question, and he had satisfied himself that an organic change, such as the partisans of the French system insisted upon, was at variance with the nature of the political elements, as well as with the international vocation, of Switzerland; and with this conviction he counselled the Swiss Deputation, that had waited upon him at Paris, to renounce the idea of Absolute Unity, and to resume their character of a Confederation of States. He said—this is the language in which M. Thiers expresses the First Consul's views—

‘Il faut rester ce que la nature vous a faits: c’est à dire une réunion de petits Etats Confédérés différens par le régime comme ils le sont par le sol, attachés les uns aux autres par un simple lien fédéral, lien qui ne soit ni gênant ni couteux.’

And again, in passing onwards from the geographical configuration of Switzerland to its political situation, he added:—

‘Etre chez soi, libres, invincibles, respectés, c’est une assez noble manière d’être. Pour celle-là, le régime fédératif vaut mieux. Il a moins de cette unité qui ose, mais il a plus de cette inertie qui résiste.’

Considerations analogous to those which actuated the First Consul on this occasion had their weight in determining the basis upon which Germany should be reconstructed after the campaign of 1813. The ancient empire had crumbled to pieces, as all edifices, the foundations of which are decayed, must crumble when they receive a powerful shock from without. The aggrandisement of Prussia had necessarily sapped the foundations of the Germanic Empire; the mediatisation of the small secular states, and the secularisation of the great ecclesiastical bodies in 1803, had so loosened the ties of the building—already grievously shaken by the wars of religion in the seventeenth century,

century, and the separatist policy of Prussia in the eighteenth—that it fell asunder almost as soon as it was touched by the rude hand of Napoleon. It was impossible to restore it, because a large mass of the elements of which the ancient Empire had been composed, had disappeared before its fall, and the rest had been crushed under its ruins; and the attempt would have been impolitic, because its success must have entailed the mediatisation of all the princes who had become invested with full sovereignty upon the dissolution of the Empire in 1806, and the more powerful of whom would have become formidable enemies to the new order of things. Besides, the good sense of the Emperor Francis recoiled from setting up a sham Empire, whilst his good feeling revolted from ascending the throne of a Jacobin emperor, and although he was strongly urged to resume the old Imperial crown, he steadily refused to abandon the defensive system, upon which the policy of the Austrian cabinet was essentially based. The same policy, however, forbade that those German princes, who had been united in the Confederation of the Rhine, should be left in the isolated enjoyment of sovereign power. Such an arrangement would have been calculated to defeat the very object which the allied powers had in view. Their declaration, conveyed in a letter from Prince Metternich to the Duke of Vicenza, which is preserved in the Baron Fain's 'MS. of 1814'—was: 'Nous ne poserons les armes sans avoir le seul fruit de la guerre que nous croyons digne de notre ambition, la certitude de jouir pendant des années d'un état de repos, qui ne vous est pas moins nécessaire qu'à nous.' To leave the smaller States on the Rhine detached from all federal ties would have been an obvious provocation to a renewal of the ambitious projects of Napoleon: to allow them to place themselves under the protection of France would have been suicidal on the part of the allied powers. A third alternative presented itself, the germ of which may be traced in the memoir presented by the Abbé Piatoli to the Czar in 1805, which seems to have formed the basis of the magnificent conception of 'the Alliance of Mediation for the pacification of Europe,' before the Third Coalition. According to this design France was to be restrained within reasonable limits by a Germanic Confederation, excluding indeed Austria and Prussia, but including a proposed kingdom of the two Belgiûms, and the whole of Switzerland. It is needless to criticise this ideal combination. M. Thiers, who has been the first to call attention to the secret memoirs of the bosom-councillors of the youthful Emperor Alexander, has very justly observed:

'En supposant ces diverses combinaisons bonnes et praticables, nous ne saurions nous empêcher de faire observer, que retrancher la Prusse
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et l'Autriche du Corps Germanique, ce n'était pas affranchir l'Allemagne; car ces deux ambitions, restées en dehors, auraient agi à son égard comme les états absolus placés autour d'un état libre—comme Frédéric et Catherine autour de la Pologne; ils l'auraient divisée et agitée; au lieu de vouloir y exercer de l'influence, ils auraient tendu à la conquérir.—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, vol. v. p. 330.

We cite this passage the^c more readily, because similar considerations apply in the present day to the proposal to exclude Austria from the Confederation.

It would appear, however, from a confidential letter of Prince Metternich to Prince Hardenberg—published in Von Gagern's work, to which we have been indebted on a previous occasion for much original information—that the practical design of a Federal Union of the States of Germany, in which both Austria and Prussia should be included, originated with the Cabinet of Vienna:—

‘L'idée première d'un système de puissance intermédiaire, basé sur l'union la plus intime de l'Autriche et de la Prusse, renforcée par celle d'une fédération Germanique, placée sous l'influence égale de deux états, sans que l'Allemagne cessât de former un seul corps politique; *l'initiative de cette idée appartient au cabinet Autrichien*; la marche entière de l'Autriche, tous les traités conclus par elle, portent l'empreinte de cette idée, qui dans son développement et par l'intimité des Puissances Centrales que ce développement amènerait, offrirait à l'Allemagne une garantie de repos, et à l'Europe entière un gage de paix.’—*Mein Antheil an der Politik*, vol. ii. p. 269.

The cabinet of Vienna, whose voice could not but be most influential in deciding the question of the reconstitution of Germany, saw in the application of the federal principle the only sure means of combining internal peace with external security. Two facts were patent on the surface of history—that the great powers who guaranteed the treaty of Westphalia, had thereby indirectly declared the *political unity* of Germany to be inconsistent with the general interests of Europe—and that Richelieu and his successors had been enabled to paralyse the *international action* of Germany by fomenting internal dissensions amongst the members of the Empire. It was thus necessary, on the one hand, to keep clear of any arrangement which would be inconsistent with a real and durable balance of power in Europe, at the same time that it might give umbrage to the friendly powers, and deservedly alarm France; on the other hand, to avoid establishing in the heart of Germany, and in the person of any one of its members, a State whose power of aggression would be out of all proportion to the means of resistance which the combined action of the other States could present—as
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the peril to which the smaller States would be constantly exposed, would sooner or later force them to seek the alliance of foreign powers, and so nullify the system of defence against any disturbance of the European balance, which the intimate union of the Germanic body was calculated to maintain. A Confederation of States, properly adjusted, might secure both these objects; whilst a Central State was clearly inconsistent with the former, and had been shown, by the conduct of the Germans themselves in the Thirty Years' war, to be in their own opinion at variance with the latter.

It is difficult to study the history of the Germanic Empire, and to resist the conviction that the Germanic body is essentially anti-Unitarian in its nature, and that the tendencies of its members have been rather to separate themselves from the body, than to merge their individuality. The historical view, it must be admitted, does not coincide with the poetical view embodied in the celebrated verses of Arndt; but poetry is from the nature of things more philosophical than history, and the poet is privileged to feed the mind with splendid generalities, whilst the historian is restricted to the soberer fare of dry facts. Accordingly, in the earliest period of the Empire, we find the dominions of the Crown subject to the same law of inheritance and division as the general estate of the Emperor on his decease, nor was it until the accession of Otho the Great in 936 that the indivisibility of the throne was established; but this indivisibility led indirectly to the abolition of its hereditary character. Twice had the reigning family become extinct, in the Saxon and Franconian races respectively, when at last, in the person of Frederick I., the principle of a free election to the chieftom of the Germanic Empire was established as a part of the Germanic Constitution. By this change, which took place early in the twelfth century, the seven Electoral Princes became the real depositaries of power—and almost simultaneously with this great practical modification in the tenure of the Imperial crown, the secular states succeeded in acquiring for themselves hereditary rights. Early in the following century both the ecclesiastical and secular states obtained large territorial prerogatives, and with the grant of territorial power the provincial estates became of increased importance, and the custom was introduced of holding Provincial Diets, so that in the middle of the thirteenth century Germany had acquired its singular constitution, by which, although it remained one empire, it was really a composite body of particular states, which in the aggregate only so far continued to form one state, as they preserved their connexion under one common head. The alteration in the tenure of the crown, when it became hereditary in the

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House of Hapsburg, did not import any legal alteration in the attributes of the central authority.

On the accidental effects of this change some curious reflections occur in an abstract which was found amongst the Mount Vernon Papers in General Washington's handwriting, on the subject 'of the general principles of ancient and modern confederacies.' The great federalist statesman, in noting the vices of the constitution of the Germanic Confederacy, observes, 'that the establishment of the Imperial Chamber in 1495 as a means of preserving the public peace, would not have been found capable of giving force to the laws and maintaining the peace of the Empire, if the House of Austria had not acquired force enough to maintain itself on the Imperial throne, to make itself respected, and to give orders, which it might be imprudent to despise, as the laws themselves were heretofore despised.' He adds this further observation, that, 'Jealousy of the Imperial authority seems to have been a great cement of the Confederacy.'

Prussia, on the other hand, appears to have clung with considerable pertinacity to her favourite idea of uniting the northern states of Germany in a separate league, which she had attempted to set up on a smaller scale before the battle of Jena. The military question, however, caused great difficulty, for Austria insisted on the line of the Maine and the fortress of Mayence, as necessary for the defence of South Germany, as well as of the Austrian dominions themselves. By this arrangement, which the Emperor Francis made a preliminary condition, South Germany would have had a tolerable military frontier—whilst, without the possession of Mayence, Austria would have had no means of arresting the march of a French army until it had reached Linz. North Germany, on the other hand, would have been exposed, without the possession of Mayence, to be cut into two parts by a French army crossing the Rhine at Wesel, and so turning the mountainous centre of Germany, and debouching by Westphalia on the great plain of the north. It is true that the Elbe might have formed an effective bulwark to the hereditary dominions of the House of Brandenburg, but it could afford no defence to Hanover or to Prussia's newly-acquired territories in the west of Germany. The division, therefore, of Germany into a northern and southern state would have been inconsistent with one of the primary objects in view, its 'external security; and we thus find the military question on the side of the Rhine ultimately settled in a manner which made Mayence equally available for the protection of both Prussia and Austria.

Another project was circulated in the *salons*, though it by no means met with general favour, according to which a German constitutional

constitutional monarchy was to be set up in the place of the ancient empire. This, however, seems not to have been a German notion, as we may gather from a passage in the interesting memoirs of Professor Steffens :—

‘ Amongst the most distinguished persons whom I met at Grüner’s table [at Dusseldorff in 1814] was the present Duke of Coburg. I remember a conversation which I held with him one day after dinner, on the wish which then generally prevailed for a closer reunion of the German Empire. I was surprised to hear him argue that it was desirable to suppress or merge the smaller states, through which the strength of the empire was broken up. Whether he thought his own dominions safe, or whether by his disinterested speech he meant to discover my private opinions, I cannot tell. I was quite decided against remodelling the empire according to the crotchet that filled people’s heads at the time, which was, to have a German constitutional monarchy with a great metropolis like Paris or London, and I stated my objections. “My wish,” said I, “to see Germany composed of so many separate states, is not altogether disinterested—it affects men of science too nearly. The progress of free and individual intellectual development depends on such an arrangement now in Germany, as it did in former times in Greece ; the contracted views which pervade all English and French literature are owing to the influence exercised in the capitals of those countries. At this moment I can instance a philosopher, who, restricted in the free dissemination of his peculiar views in one state, found ready protection in another. Fichte, banished from Jena, found a refuge and freedom in Prussia.” The Duke laughed, and reminded me that he had taken part in suppressing Fichte’s teaching. I answered, that I was fully aware of the fact, neither was I presuming to censure the decree ; but I could not resist so apt an illustration of my argument. On many other occasions I heard opinions from persons of high stations, which I always ventured to resist to the uttermost, since they involved principles which I thought opposed to the complete regeneration of Germany.’—*Adventures on the road to Paris*, p. 133.

There was further a practical difficulty in the way of suppressing the smaller states, independent of the consideration that the alliance of the four powers had been announced to be essentially based upon principles of reparation, or, to use the language of Austria, was *un système réparateur*. So much of the new element, which Napoleon had introduced into Germany in 1806, had been received and adopted by the allies before it was certain on which side victory would declare itself, and so strongly was it rooted, that justice as well as policy required that the smaller sovereigns should not be mediatised. Their admission as members of the Confederation may have been a blot in its constitution, but they were a link between the old and new order of things. As States, they were associated with the time-hallowed traditions which

which still hung about Austria; as Sovereigns, they served as companions to Prussia, and softened down the hitherto harsh pre-eminence of that youthful kingdom. That the internal arrangement of the Confederation would have been different from that which was ultimately adopted, had Napoleon not returned from Elba, seems hardly questionable; but for the reasons already mentioned, there can be no doubt that its outward form would still have been a confédération of states. The evil which the return of Napoleon entailed upon Germany, affected rather the political than the international organisation of the states. According to the project first submitted by Austria and Prussia jointly, each component State of the Confederation was to have Constitutional Estates, and the minimum of political rights was to be fixed by the Federal Act. Bavaria and Wurtemberg, however, objected most vehemently to this proposal, as interfering with the plenitude of their newly-acquired sovereignty. It is not unusual to suppose that the great powers were on this occasion advocates of absolutist principles of government—whereas *Austria*, in the person of the President of the Congress, declared that the subjects of every German State under the ancient Empire possessed rights against their sovereign, which had of late been disregarded—but that such disregard must be rendered impossible for the future; whilst *Hanover* demanded, that it should be declared as a fundamental law of the Confederation, that Constitutional Estates should be created wherever they did not already exist: and both these powers conjointly with *Prussia* placed on record a note (November 16, 1814) in which they maintained the necessity of introducing universally Constitutional Estates, and giving to them a voice in questions of taxation, public expenditure, the redress of public grievances, and general legislation. The Emperor Alexander is well known to have supported the proposals of his allies in the strongest possible manner.

It may be asked with plausibility by what strange combination of circumstances were the great powers—if really on this occasion in earnest—induced to give way? The answer, however, is not far to seek. The same considerations which had led Austria to sign the treaty of Ried in 1813 with Bavaria, and that of Fulda with Wurtemberg, again commanded some concessions to be made to those powers. The conferences on this subject had been broken off in November, 1814, when the King of Wurtemberg abruptly quitted Vienna; scarcely had they been resumed in 1815 when tidings of the return of Napoleon arrived, and all other questions became of secondary importance to that of uniting universal Germany in arms against the foe. Wurtemberg on this occasion was absent. The King, indeed, from the despotic character

character of his temperament, had opposed the very idea of a confederation, much more the project of a federal resolution to establish everywhere Constitutional Estates. Bavaria, however, was represented, and she contested from the same point of view as Wurtemberg the thirteenth article, whilst on the opposite side Stein and his friends were anxious to pledge the Confederation to the establishment of a popular representation (*volksvertretung*) in each State. A middle course was at last adopted, after a discussion of four weeks, chiefly through the influence of Austria, and the result was the concise wording of the thirteenth article of the Federal Act, which, like the Delphic oracle, committed its authors to no very definite result, and of which the true meaning has been to the present day a subject of dispute. The occurrence of the *Hundred Days* must ever be a subject of deep regret for Germany, by reason of its having precipitated the settlement of this and other important internal questions.

It might have been supposed, from the very remarkable part which Professor Steffens played in arousing the spirit of the German youth against Napoleon, that the sentiment predominant in his mind would have found a responsive echo in their breasts. Such, however, does not appear to have been the case. We have on previous occasions cursorily alluded to the *Association of Virtue* which was formed in Prussia soon after the peace of Tilsit, and had the special approval of the King. The *Tugendbund*, however, was not the only secret association of that kind. When Napoleon dissolved the University of Halle in 1806, the spirit which afterwards displayed itself in so intense a form among the German students did not, according to Steffens, exist. The *Burschenschaft*, in fact, did not originate before 1808. It was not altogether a novel institution, but rather an old vessel into which new wine was poured. The term *Bursch* had been employed from early time in the north of Germany as a familiar synonym for student—its use, however, in this sense had never extended to the south; but both in the north and south of Germany the universities had always exhibited that peculiar organisation of the students which prevailed in the universities of France and Italy under the name of *Nations*, and which is still preserved in some of the Scotch Universities—as at Glasgow in the well known divisions of *Clydsdale*, *Thevidale*, *Albania*, and *Rothsda*—at Aberdeen in the *Nationes* *Marriana*, *Buchanensis*, *Moraviensis*, and *Angusiana*. In the German universities, the clanship of the students was regulated according to the ancient circles of the Empire, and thus we find associations of Saxons, Franconians, Suabians, &c., everywhere formed under the denomination of *Landsmannschaften*. This early national or provincial

vincial organisation was *disciplinarian* in its object. In Oxford, for instance, where it seems to have prevailed in a modified degree, until the Caroline statute of 1628 regulated the procuratorial cycle in a different manner, the two proctors were the representative officers of the two Nations of Northern-men and Southern-men. In Paris the four Nations elected their proctors, who, according to Bulæus, acted as their registrars. At Bologna the thirty-five Nations had each its own officer, called consiliarius, but the German Nation (Alamania) enjoyed a peculiar privilege; it had the right of electing two proctors, to whom, instead of the rector of the university, it took an oath of obedience. In a similar manner the Landsmannschaften in the German universities had their own presiding officers, and enjoyed certain, as it were, corporate rights. In the English universities this geographical distribution of the students had entirely disappeared in the seventeenth century. Not so, however, in Germany, where the universities had preserved their traditions of the Empire long after the circles of Maximilian had become politically obliterated.

It is true that the branches of this ancient tree were mainly swept off by the invasion of Napoleon; but the trunk still remained, and the institution of the Burschenschaft was engrafted on it, similar apparently in form, but with a totally different object from that of the ancient Landsmannschaften. The latter had kept alive the local feelings, and were strictly social: the new institutions, on the other hand, had a great political design in view, and were specially intended to fuse all local attachments into one universal feeling in behalf of the common fatherland. They served as excellent auxiliaries in the War of Liberation, but even at that time the far-sighted statesmen of Germany could not but tremble at the power which had been evoked. They felt that the mind of Germany was making giant strides in advance of the body; and that it threatened, if it pursued its course without a check, to part company from it.

With the conclusion of the war the secret societies, instead of dissolving themselves or contracting their sphere of action, assumed a much wider development, and the moral of the fable of the Horse and Stag could not but suggest itself to the Prussian cabinet. It attempted accordingly in 1816 to put them down by a royal edict (Capefigue, p. 115), which, after declaring it to be the duty of all good citizens to make known to the authorities the object of every society to which they belonged, with some inconsistency went on to prohibit any one within the Prussian dominions from printing or publishing anything on the subject of secret societies. The reason does not readily suggest itself for this concluding provision, which at first sight would appear calculated

lated to defeat the discovery of such societies. In the following year the fraternisation of the Burschenschaft took place at the festival on the Wartburg, in Saxe-Weimar, where the students of Jena welcomed the students of twelve other universities, and a general association of the Burschen of Germany was formed under an established directory. The next year saw the union still more effectively organised, with its leaders, and its banners—the flag of the ancient Empire, black, red, and gold. The further development of this association, combined with the assassination of Kotzebue by Sand, called forth the Carlsbad decrees, upon which history, it is hoped, will some day throw a clearer light. At present it is difficult to form an opinion with any confidence, whether the spirit which actuated the Burschenschaft in 1820 might at that time have been turned to account by a different system of treatment, or whether it was already essentially revolutionary, and challenged the suppression which it underwent.

In 1827 the Burschenschaft was revived with a more definite object; and within a short time we find it divided into two parties, the Germanen and the Arminien—the counterparts of the Mountain and the Girondins in the French Convention. The *Germans* proposed to themselves a political line of action which should conduct them straightway to the political unity of Germany as their goal; whilst the *Arminians* had in view an ideal unity, and advocated as a means to that end the adoption of a special scientific, moral, and bodily training. The party of the Germans, as may be readily supposed, carried the day, shortly before the second French Revolution of 1830; and their inclination to immediate political action received no slight encouragement from the successful issue of that movement in France. It was not, however, until 1832, that they publicly declared war against the Federal system of Germany, by an announcement that ‘their object was to achieve the unity and freedom of Germany by revolutionary means’—‘Die Allgemeine Deutsche Burschenschaft soll ihren Zweck, Einheit und Freiheit Deutschlands, auf dem Wege der Revolution erstreben, und deshalb dem Vaterlandsverein in Frankfurt sich anschliessen.’ When the Francfort Attempt took place a few months later, the duty of the German governments to put it down was as imperative as that of the British government on the late occasion of the criminal excesses of ‘Young Ireland.’

We should risk doing great injustice to the statesmen whose counsels have maintained the federal arrangements of 1815 during the life of an entire generation of men, if we overlooked the fact that their situation throughout that period has been a prolonged struggle between the Unitarian and the Federal principles; and that the governments have always had to carry on their operations

in the face of an enemy—namely, the Unitarian spirit of an active minority seeking to supersede the Federal system. What the temper of that enemy was may be inferred from a remarkable passage in the letter of a student, disclosed in the course of the inquiry which the assassination of Kotzebue called forth—‘*Lasst euch nicht irre führen durch das was man den Geist der Zeit nennt, und was wir selbst als solchen ausrufen. Der Geist der Zeit ist das, was ein Starker in die Zeit legt*’—that is, ‘Do not be led astray by that which is called the Spirit of the Time, and which we ourselves proclaim as such. The Spirit of the Time is that which a strong mind impresses upon it.’ It was only requisite that the Hegelian doctrine of individual Reason (*die Vernunft*) should be engrafted on this sentiment, to render the student-mind of Germany incapable of any longer discriminating between an *idea* and an *order of things*.

There are certain shades of difference between the situations of 1820 and 1848 which deserve to be noticed. In the former period the Unitarian movement was one of enthusiasm; in the latter it has been the result of political calculation—partly revolutionary, partly diplomatic: in the former it was supported by the students, in the latter it has been marshalled by the professors. Its attacks have always been directed against the diplomatic character of the Diet, which it has sought to invest with the authority of a representative body, and to control by the action of a Second Chamber, composed of deputies from the local Houses of Estates; and in this project it has always experienced a natural opposition from the Austrian and other cabinets, which have held such a change to be incompatible with the spirit of the Confederation, as embodied in the Federal Act of 1815.

Every confederation, indeed, from its very nature as such, presupposes a body of independent states, each individual of which has given up a portion of its own freedom of action in entering into the confederation, such portion being regulated by the terms of the federal compact. It is by this peculiarity that a confederation is distinguished from an alliance—that its restrictions extend to the rights of sovereignty themselves, and do not merely relate to the mode of exercising them. But in a confederation of states the presumption of sovereignty still remains in favour of the individual states equally as in an alliance, and in the case of the Germanic Confederation this fact was embodied in the record of the Federal Act itself. Not so, however, in a Central state, or in that kind of Unitarian state into which it has been proposed at Frankfurt to fuse the various German states; for the proposed Composite state, with its central executive, regulating diplomatic, financial, and military matters, would have superseded the sovereignty of

of the individual states. The very term *Bunde-Staat*, which properly designates a State which is a member of a Confederation, has been re coined, as it were, expressly to mask the character of the contemplated change, and with some success—for there are individuals who have thereby been led to suppose that there is not any difference of kind between a *Staaten-Bund* and a *Bunde-Staat*, but that the change of name involves only a question of degree; yet the fusion (*das Aufgehen*) would have practically mediatised the sovereigns of Germany under an Emperor or a President—in other words, under the semblance of an empire, or the substance of a republic. The idea of such a combination seems never to have occurred to any of the statesmen who took part either in the deliberations at Töplitz in 1813, or in the discussions at Vienna in 1815.

So far from the *unity* of a *Bunde-Staat* being indisputably the political organisation which is best calculated to secure the internal peace and develop the national resources of Germany, that it would seem from the result more than doubtful whether the *uniformity* in the political institutions of the individual states, which the 13th Article of the Federal Act was intended to secure, was not incompatible with the inherent diversity of their respective elements. If we consider the remarkable position which Germany occupies in the geography of politics—with Democracy on her western frontier, and Absolute Monarchy on her eastern—with a half-Gallic population on the Rhine, and a half-Slavonic population on the Oder and the Danube—we should be prepared to find a series of proportionate shades of political thought and political habits, analogous to the prismatic bands of light in the solar spectrum, which would require to be matched with very different political institutions.

History seems to establish this fact, that a confederation of states occupies a corresponding place between a simple state and a composite state, to that which the accretive or agglutinative languages (Tatar) hold between the monosyllabic (Chinese) and the inflective (Indo-Germanic); and it seems highly probable that in all cases where simple states have come together in the way of *aggregation* instead of *composition*—in the form of a confederacy instead of a central state—there have been antecedent diversities of individual structure which cannot be made to assimilate. The most beautiful mosaic tablets are frequently made up of fragments which are incapable of being chemically combined together, and the utmost efforts of art would fail to reduce them to the homogeneous consistency of a crystal.

Many of the considerations which apply to Germany are applicable in a still more forcible manner to the Austrian Empire, in

respect both of its geographical position and its internal structure, under which are found nationalities in contact with one another, and radiating round a common centre, differing in their origin, their history, their language, their habits, and their mode of annexation to the empire, yet that empire bears externally the appearance of a single political body. Some of these peculiarities have been discussed at length in the preceding number of this Review; and we are well-satisfied to refer the reader to the treatise of Syndicus Bauer, the title of which will be found at the head of this article, for a clear and very complete summary of the historical question.

The position, however, which the Austrian Empire occupies in relation to Europe deserves to be considered in its moral as well as its material aspect. By reason, in the first place, of its geographical location, occupying a middle place between the east and the west, between the north and the south of the European continent, the empire is called upon to discharge the functions of ballast in the European state-vessel; and as the shock of every disturbance, in whatever quarter of Europe it may occur, must vibrate through her, the readjustment of the European equilibrium on such occasions becomes a matter of vital interest to her. For this purpose it is obvious that she must be capable of concentrating at a short notice a considerable weight upon any given point, and hence she requires a more complete organisation for combined action than is needed in the case of Germany. Again, it is of the utmost importance for the maintenance of the European equilibrium that a Great Power, whose policy is essentially pacific, should have the control of the basin of the Save. Napoleon, in proposing to regenerate 'the Great Illyrian Nation,' was well aware of the important part which the Illyrian population, if it could be effectually detached from Austria, might be made to play in establishing the preponderance of a rival power in Europe.

'If the reader,' writes Mr. Paton,* 'will cast his eyes to the eastern frontier of Tyrol, the river Drave is seen to enter Illyria, passing eastwards, to separate Croatia and Slavonia from Hungary Proper, and then to fall into the Danube, which continues its course onwards to the Black Sea. A few degrees farther south of this water-way is seen the Balkan chain, which stretches from Montenegro, on the Adriatic, to a point in the Black Sea between Varna and the Bay of Bourgas. The space between these water-ways in the north and the mountain-range in the south, is the principal seat of the Illyrian nation—that is to say, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia,

* Mr. Paton's account of his travels is an acceptable supplement to Sir G. Wilkinson's *Dalmatia and Montenegro*. The sophistry of some of his economical lectures is charmingly transparent, and will only amuse the young gentleman's readers.

Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia; to these distinctly-defined settlements may be added a considerable Illyrian or Bulgarian population to the south of the Balkan, extending through the greater part of Macedonia; and to the north of the Danube and the Drave, three Hungarian counties, Bacs, Torontal, and Baranya have, taken together, a majority of Illyrian population.'—vol. ii. p. 122.

Mr. Paton in this passage has perhaps gone rather too far in classifying Bulgaria among the distinctly-defined settlements of the Illyrian nation, if he means the nationality of races. The Bulgarian is a Slavonised Oriental, of a more gentle temperament apparently than the Tatar; and his tranquil agricultural habits contrast strongly with the roving pastoral habits of the Servians and the Bosmans. Further, there is this remarkable peculiarity in the Bulgarian character, that although the conquering Oriental race has been absorbed in the vanquished Slavonic race, it retains the utmost repugnance to fuse itself with other Slavonic tribes. One remarkable instance in modern times may suffice. After the campaign of 1829 the Russians, on crossing the Danube, carried back with them about thirty thousand Bulgarian peasants (Raïas), to whom an exceedingly fertile district on the banks of the Dnieper was assigned as a settlement. They could not, however, assimilate themselves to their Russian neighbours, and one by one found their way back into Turkey.

On the other hand, Carinthia and Carniola should have been included amongst the seats of the Illyrian nation, for the Carinthian is a dialect of the Illyrian branch of the southern division of the Slavonic languages; and the Slavonic population of Carniola speaks, in the present day, the identical dialect in which the Slavonic Liturgy of the Greek Church is drawn up.

In the political sense, however, of the word 'nations,' the Bulgarians may be classed with the Illyrians, for the name is now purely conventional, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson has very justly observed,—

'the Illyrians of the present day having no necessary connexion, either of origin or language, with the ancient Illyrian races who occupied the Danubian provinces of the Roman empire, but deriving their name from the country which they have overrun. Though the language of Dalmatia and the neighbouring provinces is called Illyrian, and many modern writers have run into the error of supposing it the same as that of their early predecessors, who occupied the country when conquered by the Romans,—the fact of its being a Slavonic dialect, and the known period of the arrival of the Slavonians, suffice to disprove this, and show that it can bear no more relation to the ancient Illyrian than to the Macedonian and the Thracian. Nor has the modern Epirote or Albanian any resemblance to the Slavonic dialect.'—*Dalmatia*, &c. vol. i. p. 36.

The Power which at present keeps sentinel on the Danube and the Save is an essentially pacific Power. Saturated with the existing extension of her territorial dominion, Imperial Austria has no reason to covet the possessions of any neighbouring state; and in withdrawing herself from all direct contact with France in 1815, she has put an end to the continued jars between herself and that power, of which such contact was either the cause or the pretext. Conservative thus, in regard to her own interests, Austria maintains an attitude which is necessarily conservative for other Powers.

The two great political bodies, which in this respect exhibit the greatest moral affinity by reason of their respective material differences, are obviously Austria and Great Britain: the one in her character of a purely continental power; the other in her insular position, unconnected with any possessions on the continent of Europe—for the rock of Gibraltar constitutes only a nominal exception to her territorial insulation. As there cannot thus be any cause of rivalry between these two Powers, they cannot, if they understand each other, but serve their mutual interests by striving to maintain a state of general peace. The normal state of their relations ought accordingly to be that of friendly alliance, and any other condition of them must be exceptional to the general rule.

The position of Austria, on the other hand, in reference to Germany, is a given position, analogous, in many respects, to that of the fly-wheel which regulates and steadies, whilst at the same time it gives greater effect to, the action of an extensive and complicated system of machinery, and without which the latter would be liable to violent disturbance at times. The mantle of the Roman Emperor of the German Nation has, in respect of this important duty, fallen on the shoulders of the Emperor of Austria. Austria, besides, is the prop of the Roman Catholic states; the sentiment of South Germany rests for support upon her against the intellect of the North; and the material interests of Bavaria and Wurtemberg connect those countries intimately with the Austrian empire. The Danube and the Inn are the great arteries of commerce for the southern states, just as the Rhine and the Elbe serve a similar purpose for the western and northern states. Saxony, on the other hand, instinctively clings to Austria from gratitude and from interest. An illustration of the feeling of the German States towards Austria is indirectly supplied by the votes of the Francfort Assembly on the 25th of January, after the debate on the hereditary chiefdom of the proposed German Empire. The votes for and against the proposition—in other words, for and against a
Central

Central State, with the King of Prussia as hereditary chief, and Austria either mutilated or excluded—were as follows:—

I. On the North of the Maine.

	For.	Against.
Prussia	132	37
Royal Saxony	2	16
Hanover	16	9
Electoral Hesse	6	4
Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg	7	3
Brunswick	3	1
Oldenburg	2	3
Mecklenburg	6	2
Nassau	3	3
Luxemburg-Limburg	2	0
Anhalt	2	0
Waldeck and Lippe	2	0
Thuringia	6	4
Free Cities	5	0
	194	82

II. On the South of the Maine.

	For.	Against.
Austria	0	90
Bavaria	6	52
Wurtemberg	6	20
Baden	2	8
Hesse-Darmstadt	3	10
Hohenzollern	0	1
Lichtenstein	0	1
	17	182
	211	264

This decision was quite in accordance with the Report of the Commission of the 18th of December, which declared that—

‘without Austria, without Bohemia and Tyrol, Bavaria could not remain in Germany. Bavaria and a part of South Germany have a more natural leaning (Zug) towards Austria than towards Prussia; but even without this natural inclination from political and commercial considerations, Bavaria, in a strategical point of view, would be sacrificed, if Austria were excluded from Germany.’

The Commissioners proceed to say—

‘We ask this further question, whether Austria would acquiesce in this exclusion? and we think we must answer this question in the negative. Austria has not only duties towards Germany, but she has rights in Germany. Austria, German Austria, could scarcely stand without Germany; and, to cut short the various complications of the question, would

would Germany go to war to effect her own dismemberment? We ask finally, would Germany give up the Germans in Austria? To this we answer most decidedly in the negative; for such an abandonment of the Germans would be to surrender them irretrievably to the Slavic and non-German population in Austria. The German element is at this very moment depressed in Austria: it cannot express its wishes openly. If Germany should give up Austria, she will perpetuate the conquest of the German-Austrians. The most sacred obligations of patriotism, and of brotherly love towards our fellow-countrymen, demand imperatively that we should prevent this disgrace attaching to Germany.

Again, Austria can afford to separate from Germany with much less inconvenience than that which Germany would experience if she were separated from Austria. The Austrian empire, for instance, is exceedingly well rounded off. Germany, on the other hand, without Austria, would be mutilated in a very inconvenient manner. The mountains of Bohemia would no longer be a friendly rampart to Saxony towards the east, the Carpathian chain would no longer break the pressure of the Slavonic races on Western Europe, and the natural bulwarks of Austria would cease to form part of the available defences of Germany. Austria at present occupies all the outlets of Germany towards the east and the Adriatic; and in placing all the weight of her empire in the political balance of Germany, she triples the disposable forces of the other German states. Further, Austria has nothing to seek from Germany, excepting the same peace which she has always sought to secure to Germany.

The position of Austria, in reference to the members of her empire, is singularly complicated by the great variety of subordinate political elements which they respectively present. No European state has consequently a more difficult problem to work out, in determining the proper equation between the unity of government and the diversity of administration, which the peculiarities of her material composition demand. The Austrian question, in the present day, exhibits some affinity to the German question. Composed, like the Germanic Confederation, of heterogeneous parts—of parts, indeed, historically more heterogeneous, though politically less divergent, than the Germanic States—the Empire, on the one hand, does not allow of a system of central administration in its full extent, like that which France, whether wisely or not, regards—or till very lately regarded—as the most precious conquest of her first Revolution;—on the other hand, it cannot subsist with that diversity of government which is admissible in Confederations. The difficulty of defining the proper functions of the central government, which at all times was great from the circumstance that the various countries which
make

make up the empire possessed different secular constitutions, has been much enhanced by the transformation which the central power is itself undergoing. The empire is not unusually regarded as a pure monarchy. Such a view, however, is erroneous; for it is rather a cluster of monarchies, some of which are *pure*, but others *mixed*, all, however, being constitutional, and some, such as Hungary and Transylvania, parliamentary. Accordingly, the system of government which has hitherto been pursued has endeavoured to accommodate itself as much as possible to the peculiarities of each monarchy; and whilst the executive functions have been exercised by the Emperor alone, or by his officers, the administrative functions have been exercised by him conjointly with the respective Estates or Parliaments.

The composition of these Estates, or Stände, varies in the different parts of the empire, and rests on laws and customs derived from the middle ages. Mr. Turnbull, in his valuable work upon the social and political condition of Austria, gives an account of them, which, as they differ very considerably from ordinary representative bodies, deserves notice:—

‘In all the German provinces, however,’ (he proceeds) ‘with the exception of Tyrol, these Stände, or States, are composed of members representing, or supposed to represent, the interests of the different free classes of which society in the feudal condition is understood to consist. Of these there are four:—First, the clergy, or Prälatenstand, or Geistlichkeit; secondly, the high nobility, or Herrenstand, consisting of princes, counts, and barons; thirdly, the lower nobility, or Ritterstand, being the untitled nobles; fourthly, the citizens, or Bürgerstand. The number and the qualifications of the members vary in every state; but, waiving smaller distinctions, we may take the following observations as of general application:—Of the *first* class, the greater number of members sit in virtue of benefices, to which they are appointed by the Crown. . . . To these fixed spiritual members are added a certain number of others, deputed by the Chapters of cathedrals and other clerical corporations. The *second* and *third* classes contain members partly hereditary and territorial, and partly elected. Many sit in right of their entailed baronial estates, others as the chiefs of certain ancient families, some as holding specific offices, and the rest are made up of deputies elected nominally by certain individuals of their own order, in whom the right of election rests. The *fourth* class, the Bürgerstand, are the deputies of the cities and towns, who enjoy the privilege of “sending members to parliament” by royal charter, and in which the right of election is exercised in practice by those close corporations, the constitution of which has been formerly explained. The number of corporations thus qualified is very various, and it is generally the more relatively great in proportion as the Crown has gained the greater ascendancy over the feudal aristocracy. Thus the towns which send deputies are—in Upper Austria, with Salzburg, thirty-nine; in Styria, thirty-seven;

thirty-seven; in Lower Austria, nineteen; and in Carinthia, fifteen; while in Moravia their number is but seven; in Bohemia, four; and in Galicia only one. A slight peculiarity exists in Tyrol, where the higher and lower nobility form one order only, and where a fourth order in the *Stände* consists of deputies sent from the class of peasants, or non-noble holders of land.

'The *Stände* meet at least once a year, and form but one chamber, without distinction of classes; the resolutions being carried by a simple majority of votes. The president is either the governor of the province, or some other high officer of the crown; and no sitting can be held but in his presence, or that of a royal commissioner, whose sanction is necessary to all the proceedings. The session commences with the consideration of certain royal propositions, which consist, in part, of the demand annually made by the Crown for the portion of direct revenue to be raised in each province. The supply being voted, or, to speak more correctly, the demand for it having been enregistered, they apportion its *quantum* among the different districts; and, through the agency of a permanent committee, which sits for this and other purposes during the recess, they superintend the collection. They then pass to matters of local interest, either as recommended by the Crown or suggested by any individual member. Of legislative power they have none; but their administrative faculties, varying in different provinces, are always important. They have, generally speaking, a control over the application and direction, by the governor or the government, of the numerous local establishments, revenues, and endowments, for provincial purposes. They make representations on all matters of local concern, and these representations, coming from such influential bodies, must necessarily have considerable weight at Vienna.

'In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom a somewhat more popular system prevails. Each of the two provinces has its assembly, with attributes and powers similar to those of the German *Stände*; but their internal composition is wholly different. They have neither ecclesiastical members, nor nobles sitting in right of birth or property, nor deputies of close corporations. The members are all elected; but through the medium of a double, or rather a triple, stage of election. The two great classes—of *Contadini*, the proprietors of land, and *Cittadini*, the inhabitants of towns—are the primary electors, the suffrage depending on the payment of a certain sum in annual taxes. These primary electors vote in, from their general body, a council of election, the members of which must possess a higher property qualification than is requisite for the primary elector himself. The council of election nominates, by vote, from the members of its own body, a certain number of candidates, and from these candidates the Crown selects those who shall act as members of the Provincial Assembly; with the power, however, in its discretion, of refusing them all, or of ordering a new selection.'—vol. ii, p. 217.

In Hungary, on the other hand, and in Transylvania, the Diets or Parliaments are purely aristocratical bodies, which have been
hitherto

hitherto omnipotent in maintaining for the nobles their feudal privileges, and their exemption from all direct taxation.

‘They consist of two chambers; a chamber of Hereditary Magnates, and an elective chamber of deputies from the counties, the free towns, the higher clergy, the Magnates, and the widows of Magnates. But of these deputies the country members, who are themselves all noble, and are chosen by nobles, have alone the privilege of voting; the deputies of the free towns, contrary to the spirit of the ancient constitution, being merely allowed by the nobles to sit and speak, on the ground that, being under the immediate protection of the Crown, they might be obsequious instruments in its hands.’

It may reasonably be doubted whether the interests which such parliaments represented were so national, as those which the estates elsewhere represented, and whether the caste-legislation which such parliaments pursued was calculated to promote the general welfare of the nation, as much as the exercise of legislative power by the Emperor himself.

It is by no means unusual to compare the British and Hungarian parliaments, and there are doubtless certain accidental analogies of form between them, but in their substance they are totally different, the former being based on an expansive, the latter on a close principle; the former representing at all times the various orders of society, though in different proportions, the latter one order only, which was also already represented by its chiefs in the chamber of Magnates.

On the other hand, the executive functions of government have been hitherto exercised by the Emperor through the instrumentality of Councils at the head of each department, resembling in character the Boards of Admiralty and Treasury at Whitehall, with the exception of the department of Foreign Affairs. The latter was confided to a Minister for the first time in the person of Prince Kaunitz, during the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, under the title of ‘Privy-Chancellor of Court and State,’ who was supreme over his department, and alone responsible for the conduct of affairs. The heads of the other departments, of Finance, War, Interior, &c., bore the name of Chancellors or Presidents of the Councils or Boards, before whom all business in the departments was brought by Referendaries, and decided by plurality of voices.

Before the establishment of the Privy-Chancellorship of Court and State, the conduct of Foreign Affairs at Vienna rested with the Vice-Chancellor of the Germanic empire; who fulfilled in this respect the duties which had of old attached to the Elector-Archbishop of Mayence, as Arch-Chancellor of Germany, just as the Elector-Archbishops of Trèves and Cologne had respectively exercised

exercised the Arch-Chancellorships of the Arelate and of Italy. The uninterrupted enjoyment of the Imperial crown by the House of Hapsburg rendered this arrangement feasible, although it was occasionally found to be inconvenient. Austria, for instance, had interests in connexion with foreign powers peculiar to herself, apart from those of the Germanic empire, and it was accordingly found necessary to hand them over to a special Councillor in the Chancery of Bohemia (the Department of the Interior), as Referendary, until at last Prince Kaunitz entered himself upon the general conduct of Foreign Affairs in the capacity of Privy-Chancellor of Court and State.

Until long after the commencement of the present century the Councils acted quite independently of one another, each being supreme in its own branch of the service, and subordinate only to the Emperor, who set them in motion from above, when not applied to from below, by special instructions termed *Præsidialia*, addressed immediately to the Presidents, and for the execution of which they were alone responsible to him. This arrangement could not but be found defective in operation under the pressure of affairs which required unity and promptitude of action; and such was the conclusion to which the Emperor was led at the termination of the war with Napoleon in 1815. He was accordingly induced on one occasion to change the titles of the chief functionaries of the three most important departments, and we thus find Marshal Bellegarde, Minister of War, Count Sauran, Minister of the Interior, and Count Stadion, Minister of Finance. Upon the death of the latter, however, and the change of office of the two former, the old titles were resumed, and the Ministers of these departments fell back upon the more limited functions of Presidents of Boards.

One reason for the introduction of this system of Councils and its prolonged duration, may doubtless be sought in the diversity and separation of the various parts of the empire. Thus, before the changes which the wars of the French Revolution entailed, we find at Vienna a Chancellor of Bohemia at the head of a Council charged with the management of the internal affairs of the German parts of the monarchy—and in a similar manner Chancellors of Hungary, Transylvania, the Low Countries, and Italy, with their respective Councils. All matters of finance, on the other hand, having been first discussed by local boards established at Buda, Klausenburg, Brussels, and Milan respectively, were referred for approval to the Central department of Finance, sitting at Vienna, under the title of *Hof-Kammer*.

‘In the provinces,’ writes Mr. Turnbull, ‘three great branches of authority exist, the civil, the financial, and the military, mainly independent

pendent of each other, although mutually co-operating for their respective objects when occasion may so require. Each *military* district, of which (if I mistake not) the empire contains fourteen, has a general officer in command, whose staff and other functionaries, appointed by the Crown, form his permanent council, and who acts under the orders of the Council of War at Vienna. Each financial district has its chief of finance, with a similarly appointed council, who corresponds with the head of the department at Vienna, and who has the control of everything connected with the collection and expenditure of the general revenue within the districtual limits. Each *province* has its *Landes-stelle*, consisting of a civil governor, and a council of a certain number of members, who exercise all the functions of civil government, with the exception of those which depend on the financial or military branches. Acting in every step under orders from Vienna, the *Landes-stelle* has the general administration of the religious, charitable, educational, and other provincial funds; the direction of the police, and the control of all civil establishments; and that kind of real power, which consists in its having a right of *veto* on the appointment and the proceedings of all functionaries and public bodies, single and corporate, lay and ecclesiastical, and judicial to a great extent as regards the class of misdemeanours. . . . They are in every branch, excepting those of war and finance, the agents and representatives of the executive power of the Crown; but on scarcely any point have they a faculty of action without previous communication with the authorities around the person of the Emperor. That which the *Landes-stelle* is in the province, the *Kreis-amt* is in each of the districts into which a province is divided. It consists of a *Kreis-hauptmann*, or districtual chief, who has also his council of local government; and, subordinate to the *Kreis-amt*, every township or village has a commissary or civil authority, encharged with its immediate concerns.

‘Such is the organisation of this very remarkable government. In every branch wherein a government can be said to hold duties towards subjects—in dispositions for religious instruction, civil education, the administration of justice, the provision of medical aid for the sick, and eleemosynary support for the destitute, as also for the collection of the public revenue, and the repression of public disorder—a series of authorities exists, descending in regular gradation from the sovereign on the throne to the humblest country village—each rendering statements, in the fullest detail, to its immediate superior, and acting under its instructions; and thus, by a perpetual circulation of reports and directions between the Imperial metropolis and the extreme ramifications of the provinces, producing, as it is conceived, a unity and an energy of action through the whole political machine.’—vol. ii. p. 227.

By the side of this system of Councils or Boards we find two sets of Ministers—Ministers of State, whose rank in the hierarchy of the service was that of Presidents of Departments, and Ministers of State and Conference, who occupied a still higher rank; but neither of those classes of Ministers had, as such, a portfolio

portfolio or a department. They attended the Council of State (Staats-Rath), or the Conference of State (Staats-Conferenz), only when the Emperor summoned them.

The Staats-Rath was a deliberative body, composed—very much after the form of the Conseil d'Etat of Napoleon—of *Councillors of State*, distributed into four sections, the Interior, Justice, War, and Finance, who met together according to the exigencies of each case, but not necessarily in a *plenum*. The Council of State was the adviser of the conscience of the Emperor, who referred to it only those reports of the heads of departments upon which he thought fit to consult it. It had no executive functions, but merely gave advice, and in many respects it discharged duties analogous to those which the law officers of the crown perform in England, having the care of correcting the proposed measures of the government, if they should be defective in point of substantial or formal legality. The Staats-Rath did not occupy an intermediate position between the Emperor and the departments, but rather stood behind the throne.

The Conference of State was the *Council of Ministers*, over which the Emperor himself presided, or in his absence a person deputed by him *ad hoc*. The Conference of State was instituted by the Emperor Francis. Since the accession of the late Emperor Ferdinand it was composed of permanent members, and occasional members, who were summoned *pro re natâ* to assist at its consultations. The permanent members were the heir presumptive of the throne, the Archduke Francis Charles, who has since waived his right of inheritance in favour of his son, the present Emperor Francis Joseph; the Archduke Louis, the uncle of the Emperor Ferdinand; the Councillor of Court and State, Prince Metternich—and the Minister of Conferences, Count Kolowrath—the former of whom represented at the Council the Foreign Affairs of the Empire, the latter the Home Department. The occasional members who were summoned to attend according to the nature of the business before the Conference, were the Heads of Departments, the Councillors of State, and the Referendaries of Departments, who were allowed to attend their respective chiefs, if the latter required their assistance.

The absence of *unity* in the administrative system of the Austrian empire, whilst it was apparently a source of weakness in the ordinary working of the machine, must be allowed to have proved a source of strength under extraordinary circumstances. The power of the empire was not concentrated at Vienna, and hence the occupation of that capital by an enemy did not necessarily paralyse the action of the empire. The system in this respect hitherto pursued has been eminently anti-centralistic—the system henceforward to be pursued

pursued should be no less so. A little more *unity of government*, easily to be effected by combining the heads of departments in a Council under a President—which we believe has already been adopted—is all that seems required in order to give to this branch of the service the same efficiency which the Governments in France and England exhibit; but it would be a great calamity to the Austrian empire, if the experiment of Joseph II. were to be repeated—if the administrative centralisation of Louis XIV. and the French Republic were to be imposed upon it. The language of M. de Tocqueville is full of political wisdom, and is most apposite to this subject:—

‘Pour ma part, je ne saurais concevoir qu’une nation puisse vivre, ni surtout prospérer, sans une forte *centralisation gouvernementale*.

‘Mais je pense que la *centralisation administrative* n’est propre qu’à énerver les peuples qui s’y soumettent, parcequ’elle tend sans cesse à diminuer parmi eux l’esprit de cité. La centralisation administrative parvient, il est vrai, à réunir à une époque donnée, et dans un certain lieu, toutes les forces disponibles de la nation:—*mais elle nuit à la reproduction des forces*. Elle la fait triompher le jour du combat, et diminue à la longue sa puissance. Elle peut donc concourir admirablement à la grandeur d’un homme, non point à la prospérité durable d’un peuple.’—*Démocratie en Amérique*, tom. i. p. 145.

Hungary, under existing circumstances, and Italy present considerable difficulties. The duchy of Milan, originally a fief of the Empire, after undergoing extraordinary vicissitudes of political dependence on its various powerful neighbours, has remained more or less under the Austrian sceptre since the peace of Utrecht. It should not be overlooked in studying the historical question of Austrian supremacy in Northern Italy, as Syndicus Bauer has aptly remarked, that

‘the Lombards were themselves Germans before they became Italians; that their ancestors, the Longobardi, migrated from their original seats on the northern bank of the Danube into Italy, and there founded the kingdom of the Lombards, which was conquered by the Franks under Charlemagne: that the Lombard language is a daughter of the old German and Roman mother tongue, and the hated feudal law is of Lombard origin.’

It may be remarked by the way, that the most valuable historical records of the Lombard kings are not found in the kingdom of Lombardy itself, but in the South of Italy, just on the edge of the Lombard duchy of Benevento, which maintained its independence two centuries after the kingdom was subjugated. These early acts of the first Lombard kings, which are preserved in the archives of the monastery of La Cava, between Nocera and Salerno, invariably exhibit the words ‘Lang Bart’ (Longa Barba), written after the name of the King whose signature is subscribed.

Accordingly

Accordingly the duchy of Milan, antecedently to the first French revolution, formed a kind of colony, which, in union with the duchy of Mantua, was ruled, like the Austrian possessions in the Low Countries, by a general government sitting at Milan, as in the latter case at Brussels, corresponding with departments at Vienna, respectively designated as the Chanceries of the Low Countries and of Italy, which were both subordinate to the Chancery of the Court and State, in other words, to the Head of the Department of Foreign Affairs—very much in the same manner as the government of all the British colonies is confided to the Secretary of War, whose original functions are practically lost sight of, and are cloaked under the familiar appellation of Colonial Secretary.

In Hungary, on the other hand, the Crown had its viceregal establishment at Buda, in addition to its chancery at Vienna;—but—to use the language of Mr. Turnbull, writing before 1840—‘The maxims of government in the two countries are utterly at variance. The monarchical principle is dominant in Austria—the aristocratical is absolute in Hungary. Under such circumstances, it is hardly to be supposed that either party should render justice to the views and intentions and feelings of the other. The government of Vienna, anxious for the happiness of all the subjects of the crown—but guided in its notion of happiness by the principles of its own paternal rule—seeks to extend to Hungary those institutions of civil and criminal law, public education and general government, which have been so productive, in the German provinces, of contentment, prosperity, and order: it perceives nothing but the spirit of factious and turbulent obstinacy in those who, on constitutional principles, oppose its views. The ruling party in Hungary, dreading above every evil the reduction of their constitutional rights, view with an unwearying suspicion, every movement of the Austrian cabinet; and they too often reject or defeat propositions of internal alterations, which would be avowedly [?] beneficial to the country, because, being made by the crown, they dread that, under the outward garb of public good, some insidious design is concealed to inveigle them within the sphere of the general absolutism. The mass of people partake the sentiments of their superiors. The tranquil and enjoying Austrian, attached to the institutions around him, regards the Magyar as little better than a rude and lawless barbarian; and the Magyar returns the compliment by contemning the Austrian as a being unworthy of civil rights, and the willing instrument of absolute power.

‘The crown has for the last three centuries made repeated, indeed almost continual attempts to gain ground upon the nobles; but the nobles, dreading the consequences of the slightest concession, have maintained their position to the uttermost. Paying no direct taxation themselves, they allow not a florin more of revenue to be extracted from the peasants than that conceded in the reign of Maria Theresa; they permit no alteration of force in their military contingent, either in war or in peace; and they suffer their lands to remain half desolate,
and

and their vassals half barbarous, lest any alteration in their social fabric may open a crevice for that royal interference which it is their main object to exclude. The crown, on the other hand, has for three centuries laboured by every means to amend or to subvert this antique constitution. Sometimes it has employed force and sometimes persuasion, but ever alike without success; and for the last few years it would seem to have given up what it has experienced to be a hopeless struggle. It seeks now some compensation for the want of Hungarian revenue, by imposing duties of export and import on goods passing between Hungary and Austria; and it exerts what influence it can in the municipalities and in the Upper House of Diet, as some very slight attempt at counterpoise to the predominance of the Lower Chamber.'—vol. ii. p. 397.

The situation of the Austrian Cabinet would have been considerably embarrassed had the late attempt to abolish by way of revolution all *objective sovereignty* been successful, for it is hardly necessary to point out that the so-called 'Sovereignty of the People' is a *doctrine*, not a *fact*; that it reduces all sovereignty to subjective sovereignty: that in any other view of sovereignty it involves a contradiction of ideas, or resolves itself into a palpable truism. Although, however, the tendency of the Revolution was destructive, its effects, up to the point where it has been checked, have not been fatal to reconstruction. The sovereignty of the Crown remains unimpaired, which constitutes the first condition for maintaining the unity of government and the union of administration through the various parts of the empire. The second condition is that of a central representation of the various parts of the empire in a legislative and not merely administrative capacity; and this is the problem which awaits solution at the hands of the cabinet of Prince Schwarzenberg.

It is well known that the Austrian cabinet was occupied, at the period when the French revolution of February broke out, with a plan according to which deputies were to be summoned from the various provincial estates and parliaments to Vienna, to form a centre of representation; and that the idea was by no means novel, having been seriously entertained, though from circumstances not executed, on more than one occasion during the lifetime of the Emperor Francis. The construction of a central representative body has been found, even in the case of simple homogeneous states, to be a most difficult problem of statesmanship; much more must it be so in the case of a composite state, the members of which already possess local representative institutions of very diversified character: for the suppression of the latter would seem to be a retrograde step in political life, whilst their co-ordinate existence would be calculated to promote discord and disunion. It remains that the provincial representative bodies should be made subordinate to the central representative body, in

a manner which may secure their acquiescence in the decisions of the central body. Such a result is most likely to be secured by the central body being formed of deputies from the provincial bodies, elected by those bodies themselves, and holding their diet at a different period from the provincial diet. It must not be overlooked that the spirit of the awakened nationalities of the Austrian empire requires to be soothed; that existing rights must be maintained; that both policy and justice demand that the historical diversity of the various parts which make up the empire should be respected. The safety of a state depends on the soundness of its local institutions, no less than the welfare of society on the purity of the family and the household.

‘J’ai visité,’ says M. de Tocqueville, ‘les deux nations qui ont développé au plus haut degré le système des libertés provinciales, et j’ai écouté la voix des parties qui divisent ces nations.’

‘En Amérique, j’ai trouvé des hommes qui aspiraient, en secret, à détruire les institutions démocratiques de leur pays. En Angleterre, j’en ai trouvé d’autres qui attaquaient hautement l’aristocratie : je n’en ai pas rencontré un seul qui ne regardât la liberté provinciale comme un grand bien.’

‘J’ai vu, dans ces deux pays, imputer les maux de l’Etat à une infinité de causes diverses, mais jamais à la liberté communale.’

‘J’ai entendu les citoyens attribuer la grandeur ou la prospérité de leur patrie à une multitude de raisons ; mais je les ai entendu tous mettre en première ligne, et classer à la tête de tous les autres avantages, la liberté provinciale.’—*Dém. en Amér.*, tom. i. p. 162.

The observations which have been already made on the 13th Article of the Federal Act, will be more clearly appreciable after the description of the Estates, or Stände, in the Austrian empire, which we have cited from Mr. Turnbull’s work. Stein, with the representatives of some of the German cabinets, was anxious that a clause of the following purport should be inserted—‘In jedem Bundestaat soll eine Volksvertretung eingeführt werden’ (a Popular Representation shall be introduced into every Federal State). This was opposed by Austria and several other States, on the ground that all the ancient portions of the Empire, which formed parts of the Confederation, possessed constitutional Estates of very varied character according to their State-peculiarities and essentially parts of their State-constitution. To have adopted such a resolution would consequently have been to revolutionise, and not to restore, the Germanic body of States, and to disturb the greater part of Germany, instead of tranquillising it. Weary of war, Stein and his supporters abandoned their project, and acquiesced in the wording of the 13th Article as it at present stands—the word ‘Volksvertretung’ being replaced by ‘Ständische

dische Verfassung' (Assemblies of Estates), and 'angeführt werden soll' (shall be introduced) by 'wird statt finden' (will find a place).

The objection which at once suggests itself to the universal application of such a provision throughout the Confederation was, that in many of the smaller states which had been members of the Confederation of the Rhine, the ancient estates or stände had become obsolete, and there were no longer materials for their reconstruction in an efficient form.* On the other hand, it was felt necessary to organize the smaller states in a constitutional form in accordance with the public law (Staatsrecht) of Germany, in order to revive their German feeling and associations, which had been interrupted under the protectorate of Napoleon. Besides, the leaven of revolutionary ideas was likely to ferment in those states which were placed in immediate juxtaposition to France, and a constitutional organization of them would so far afford greater security for the peace of Western Germany. Experience, it was conceived, would suggest improvements which might from time to time be worked out in accordance with the principles of each constitution—and thus we find it laid down in the Final Act of 1820:—

'Art. 55. Comme d'après l'Article XIII. de l'Acte Fédéral et les déclarations postérieures qui ont eu lieu à ce sujet, il doit y avoir des Assemblées d'Etats (landständische Verfassungen) dans tous les pays de la Confédération, la diète veillera à ce que cette stipulation ne reste sans effet dans aucun Etat Confédéré.

'Art. 56. Il appartient aux Princes Souverains de la Confédération de régler cette affaire de législation intérieure dans l'intérêt de leurs pays respectifs, ayant égard aux anciens droits des Assemblées d'Etats (mit Berücksichtigung sowohl der früherhin gesetzlich bestandenen Ständischen Rechte) ainsi qu'aux relations actuellement existantes.

'Art. 57. Les Constitutions d'Etats existantes, reconnues comme étant en vigueur, ne peuvent être changées que par des voies constitutionnelles.'

The views of the cabinet of Vienna in reference to the best mode of carrying into execution this last-cited provision of the Final Act may be gathered from the well-known despatch of Prince Metternich to the Baron de Berstett, at that time (4th May, 1820) Minister of State at Baden, which has lately been republished at Wiesbaden with other diplomatic documents relating to German affairs (*Die Deutsche Diplomatie wider das Deutsche Volk*, p. 9). Having premised that 'Time was striding onwards in storms, and that to attempt forcibly to arrest its impetuous course would be an idle undertaking,' the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs observes that

'every order of things which has once legally existed, unless it be the offspring of pure arbitrary will and senseless delusion, as the Constitution

tution of the Cortes of 1812, contains materials for a better system. A Charter, moreover, does not establish a Constitution. Time alone can supply this; and it depends under all circumstances upon the clear insight and steadfast will of each Government to give to the development of the constitutional system that direction according to which the good elements will become more and more separated from the evil, the public authority be strengthened, and the peace and contentment of the mass of the population be protected against hostile disturbance.'

In pursuance of this he proceeds to recommend, that the German States should steadily maintain the legal foundations of their existing constitutions, and defend them with vigour and wisdom against all individual attacks, whilst the governments themselves should originate well-considered amendments of the essential defects in them.

The great reproach of the Austrian cabinet has been its scrupulous respect for legality, which, although it found sympathy amongst the German people in general, who are still inclined to the old *Staats-Recht*, has never been acceptable in Western Germany (Klein-Deutschland). The sting of the first French Revolution has never ceased to rankle in the wounds which it inflicted on Germany, and the moral effects of it remain to be appreciated long after the material effects have passed away. Twice has the contagious spirit been checked in Germany at its first onset. On both occasions there were premonitory symptoms, in the assassination of Kotzebue in 1820 and the festival of Hambach in 1832, which alarmed the German Governments and the German people in time; on the last occasion the Revolution precipitated itself into the streets of the great capitals, and achieved a momentary triumph over order; but although an active minority may effect a revolution, a majority can alone maintain it; and revolutions which require to be carried by a *coup de main*, have naturally no basis of endurance in them.

Dr. Schütte was one of the most prominent leaders of the insurrection at Vienna. He now writes as follows, in his *Journal of the occurrences of last October*:—

'Every one who looks deeper into the events at Vienna, and learns to know the political drift of them; must clearly perceive that the continuance of such social relations was an impossibility; that legal freedom could not coexist with capricious anarchy; and that an exertion of power was needed to put an end to this nondescript state of things between lawlessness and an ideal freedom unsuitable to real life.

'Reaction was suspected to lurk behind every earnest step which the government took in order to open the way for the return of legal order. Every measure which appeared necessary to maintain the integrity of the monarchy was scoffed at, hooted down, and condemned, as a means for oppressing the free movement of the nationalities.

'What was really intended at Vienna can remain a secret but to
very

very few persons, and to those who are still ignorant of it we announce that *it was the Republic which was desired*. What Paris had employed some tens of years to obtain, the people of Vienna thought to obtain in a few months, and then to be able proudly to proclaim :—"Behold! the Viennese are the leading free people of the world! in one year they have overthrown absolute monarchy, obtained a constitutional monarchy, and gloriously won a republic."

'If the democratic party had made known their real intention, it would not have obtained for them so many adherents, for it was only under the banner of *the Constitution* that a great party was raised, which at the beginning embarked in the contest as the sentinels and guardians of freedom, and afterwards were led on gradually and unconsciously by the democratic leaders to pure republican tendencies.

'Vienna was to be the centre of the East-German Republic, Berlin of the North-German Republic.

'This was the aim of the leaders of the democratic party. The men who intended to carry out this plan knew neither the relations of the Austrian monarchy nor the mental vigour and physical strength of its adherents. They could not know that Austria was not a pure German State, that Austria contained so many nationalities, and that its military power was so extraordinary, being neither Bohemian, nor Moravian, nor Silesian, nor Croatian, nor Hungarian, nor Italian—but Imperial, Royal, and Austrian; and that this military knew no other master or ruler than the monarch whom it had sworn to serve. Hence, to introduce or to seek to introduce into Austria any other form of government than constitutional monarchy, as long as the military did not consent to this, was for the men and the people who attempted it an inconsiderate and senseless undertaking. If we regard the circumstances of the various nationalities, they present still further obstacles, inasmuch as to-day one is prepared to fight with the other, and to-morrow the contrary disposition may exist; and thus each nationality is curbed by the majority of its fellow-nationalities. Under these circumstances, we may regard the overthrow of the monarchy as a practical impossibility, and we must even condemn those who took part in such an attempt to overthrow it, because the severance and breaking to pieces of the common bonds which knit together the Austrian monarchy, if it were possible, would only produce mischief and unspeakable misery.

'We went to Vienna, genuine Austrians in heart and thorough democrats in spirit. In Prague we attached ourselves rather to the Czechs than to the German party, but only after the days of June, because we recognised in the former the party who were contending in the path of true and genuine freedom, in the latter the conservative party who wished to maintain the old long-established system of government with some slight alterations. We were for that reason called renegades, because we attached ourselves not to the nationality, but to the democracy of the Czechs.

'Our maxim is, "Equality of rights for every nationality in the Imperial Austrian State."—p. 10.

Differing

Differing altogether from the views of Dr. Schütte as to democracy being the path of true and genuine freedom, we cannot but approve his good sense in recognising the impracticability of the enterprise in which he had embarked, and his honesty in avowing it. He stands forth in bold relief when contrasted with the foolish and wicked Italian demagogues, whose only conception is embodied in the ever-recurring phrase, '*Bisogna del disordine per aver ordine.*'

It is impossible to cast a glance at the present state of Europe and not admit the truth of M. Capefigue's remark :—

'*Je distingue l'immense différence qui existe entre l'esprit libéral et l'esprit révolutionnaire; je crois que la révolution a beaucoup contribué à tuer la liberté en mêlant une question de bouleversement à une question de garantie et de constitution politique. L'Europe dès lors a dû réprimer avant d'organiser.*'—p. 113.

We may extend this observation further, and say that the cause of liberty is at present still further endangered by mixing it up with questions which affect directly the treaty-engagements of all the great European powers.

The positive public law of Europe rests, as is well known, partly on a system of rules tacitly sanctioned by the practice of the European powers, partly on conventions expressly agreed to amongst all and several of them. Of the latter the Treaty of Paris of the 20th of November, 1815, must be regarded as the keystone of the arch on which the European conventional law of nations at present rests, as this treaty confirmed the provisions of the previous Treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, where they had not been specifically modified, as well as the Act of the Congress of Vienna of the 9th of June, 1815. But the first Treaty of Paris expressly provided that '*les Etats de l'Allemagne seront indépendans et unis par un lien fédératif,*' and the Act of the Congress of Vienna embodied all the general provisions of the Federal Act by which the hitherto existing Germanic Confederation was constituted, the arrangements of which have thus become part and parcel of the public law of Europe. The same Treaty therefore which divested France of her possessions on the left bank of the Rhine and transferred them to Germany, provided expressly for the maintenance of the treaties which established the independence of the sovereign princes and free cities of Germany under a federal league—and thus the existing federal union of the Germanic States is guaranteed by the very treaties by which Prussia holds her Saxon possessions and her Rhenish provinces. That the Germanic Confederation should be converted into an Unitarian State, with Austria at its head, is as inadmissible on the part of the other European powers as the union of the imperial

imperial crown with that of Spain was deemed to be in the sixteenth century: that Austria should be excluded, and the south-western States should be absorbed into a north German Unitarian State, with Prussia at its head, is inadmissible on the part of France on any other conditions than those which the Treaty of Luneville established in reference to the left bank of the Rhine. But France after the Revolution of 1830 accepted the conditions of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaties of Paris, and France has again set an example of moderation since the Revolution of 1848. The power, therefore, which should venture to lead the way in setting aside the established international landmarks of Europe, will incur a most heavy responsibility, and would justly be regarded as the common enemy of the whole European family.

It may be said, however, that by the side of the treaty-engagements of 1815 a *customary* law of nations has grown up, supplemental to the *conventional* law, and based on the practice of the last quarter of a century, in respect more especially of the Neapolitan, Greek, Belgian, and Cracovian questions; and that the doctrine of 'immediate interest' has been indirectly recognised as an equitable ground for exceptional cases. The conferences of Troppau in 1820 did not propound this doctrine in its explicit form in reference to the Neapolitan question, but the great powers there assembled held themselves entitled in self-defence to take measures to check the revolutionary movement in Europe on the joint grounds of urgent necessity and their obligations under the Treaties:—

‘L'exercice de ce droit devenait d'une nécessité plus urgente encore, quand ceux qui s'étaient mis dans cette situation, cherchaient à étendre sur leurs voisins le malheur qu'ils s'étaient attiré eux-mêmes, et à propager autour d'eux la révolte et la confusion.

‘Une telle position, une pareille conduite est une infraction évidente *du pacte* qui garantit à tous les gouvernemens Européens, outre l'inviolabilité de leur territoire, la jouissance des rapports paisibles qui excluent tout empiétement réciproque sur leurs droits.’—*Capefigue*, p. 137.

On the other hand, the armed mediation of Russia, France, and Great Britain, in the war between Turkey and Greece (1827) was prompted by political sentiment (Philhellenism) on their part; and the sequel illustrates in a remarkable manner how the violation of a right leads invariably to moral, if not material, mischief. The result of the intervention of the three powers was to bring on a war between Russia and Turkey, which terminated in the treaties of Adrianople (1829) and of Unkiar-Iskelessi (1833), the former of which established the legal supremacy of Russia

over the Danubian provinces, and the latter for the time of its duration (eight years) made the Sea of Marmora for the purposes of war equivalent to a Russian lake. The affair of Greece was in a word a *casus omissus*, out of the circle of events provided for by the Treaties of 1815.

In the affairs of Belgium France took a more decided course, and distinctly set up the plea of 'immediate interest,' when Count Molé declared to the cabinets of Berlin and the Hague, 'J'ai un *intérêt immédiat* à ce que la Belgique soit organisée sur certaines bases.' This was clearly in the face of the treaty-engagements of 1815; and accordingly we find that the sanction of the five great powers, the signatories of the second Treaty of Paris, as well as the assent of the Germanic Confederation, was invited and formally given to the subsequent territorial arrangements of the new kingdom of Belgium.

The last event which attracted attention to the Treaties of 1815 was the re-incorporation in 1846 of the territory and city of Cracow into the Austrian dominions, of which it had formed a portion before 1809, when it was ceded by the Treaty of Vienna with Western Galicia to the King of Saxony. On this occasion the three Powers, who had established the qualified independence of Cracow under their united and joint Protection, declared the express conditions of the arrangement to have been violated on the part of Cracow, and the arrangement itself to have thereby determined in respect of that city; whereupon they formally agreed to revoke and suppress their reciprocal obligations under the Treaties of 3rd May, 1815, and Cracow consequently reverted to the Crown of Austria. It has been observed in a previous number of this Review, that the independence of Cracow was altogether a counterfeit. Cracow was, in fact, declared to be free and independent, as a compliment to the fancy of the Emperor Alexander on the part of Austria and Prussia; but it was the creature of the Three Powers, who, in their character of Protectors, retained a joint supremacy (*Jus supremæ inspectionis*), and were virtually sovereign over it, in some such manner as the East India Company is supreme and virtually sovereign over the protected Sikh and Hill states in Upper India. It was unwise on the part of the other Powers to consent to the registration of so anomalous an arrangement amongst the transactions of the Congress, as it was calculated to create diplomatic difficulties at some future time, which has already been the result; for by reason of the Treaties between the three Powers (*les Puissances Créatrices*) having been made integral parts of the Act of the Congress, some of the Signatories of the Act have felt themselves called

called upon to notice the apparent departure from its provisions by the suppression of the Treaties between the three Powers, whilst, on the other hand, those Powers have maintained that the spirit of the Treaty of Vienna has not been thereby substantially violated. It would be as well that the term *Protection* should not find a place in the vocabulary of the Law of Nations, for its meaning is essentially ambiguous, and its use therefore unsafe: and it has been justly observed, in a minute of the Governor-General of India (Marquis of Hastings) of 13th April, 1816, that 'where the ruler of a state has been induced, from whatever cause, to rely upon a foreign power for *protection*, not only against external enemies, but also against the dangers which may arise from the turbulence and disaffection of his own subjects, it is only in a very qualified sense that the term *independent* can, with propriety, be applied to him.'

Three of the great Powers of Europe have already taken their stand upon the Treaty-engagements of 1815. Germany, in its collective capacity, ought to be the first to pay homage to those Treaties. The general interests of Europe are paramount at the present moment to any considerations of local interest. Above all, respect for the peace of Europe dictates the sacrifice of some opinions, and the abandonment of some supposed interests. It is rare that a false Utilitarian policy is not retributive. The fall of the throne of the Bourbons in France was, in a great degree, the penalty which they paid for having assisted the British colonists in North America, in violation of the law of nations, to emancipate themselves from the mother country. On that occasion the policy of France was not based on any principle of public law, nor even on sympathy, but purely on a calculation of interest. So likewise was it with the partition of Poland. Whilst the dawn of a new state was seen in the far West, the star of an ancient nation sank in the East; but Polish nationality still lives and still avenges the suppression of the Polish nation.

We do not cite these instances by way of reproach, but with the object of warning the nineteenth century against imitating the errors of the eighteenth. For there is a spirit abroad in Europe which is especially captivating to the mind of Germany—the spirit of generalising ideas and sentiments, which constitutes the moral malady of the age. Applied to political life, this spirit begins with diluting the sentiment of locality, and ends with effacing the idea of Country. We believe this spirit to be the enemy of civilization as of political liberty, both of which are plants of slow growth, which must be raised from seed if they are to bear fruit a hundred-fold. It is to be hoped, however, that after the

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the pursuit of German *Unity* shall have been abandoned, it will have served, like the pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, to produce indirect results of more value to the German people, than any which could have been directly achieved by the success of the experiments in the Frankfort Laboratory.

March 17.—The tidings of the promulgation of a Constitution for the empire of Austria by the Emperor Francis Joseph I. only reached us after the above remarks on the general question had been put into type. The importance of this measure seems to call for a few observations on the outline of the scheme. A year has now nearly elapsed since the Ides of March, 1848, witnessed the resignation of the Archdukes, and the cessation of the ancient order of things, when the Letters Patent of the Emperor Ferdinand I. announced the advent of a Constitution. The interval has been rife with anarchy. An emperor has abdicated, a civil war has been carried on in the very capital of the empire, and still continues to rage in the provinces—but the transition-period is, it is to be hoped, drawing to a close. The month of March, 1849, has beheld the promise of a Constitution fulfilled by the successor of the Emperor Ferdinand, and the Crown has thus shown itself to be still 'the fountain from which law and justice spring forth.'

There has been some disposition amongst political writers to quarrel with the origin of the Austrian, as of the Prussian, Constitution, on the ground that it has been accorded by the Crown without the concurrence of the Subject. There might be some weight in such an objection, if such a concurrence on the part of the subject were needed to found a legal basis for the new order of things, which is notoriously not the fact. On the contrary, a Charter establishes an unimpeachable basis of legality, whilst it keeps up the historical continuity of the Constitution, the importance of which has not been sufficiently appreciated on the continent of Europe. It should never be forgotten that a Royal Charter is the fundamental law on which the liberties of the subject in England rest, and that it is our ancient monarchy from which, as Mr. Hallam most justly observes in his Constitutional History, 'the House of Commons and every existing Peer, though not perhaps the aristocratic Order itself, derives its participation in the Legislature.'

We shall content ourselves on the present occasion with observing that the Constitution of the 4th of March has sought to reconcile two vital considerations, adverted to as such in the foregoing pages, namely, a due respect for the diversity of the Constituent

stituent Elements of the Empire, with a necessary provision for Unity of Government. With this double object it has—as we had hoped it would do—combined the existence of Local Diets with the establishment of a Central Diet—the latter consisting of an Upper and a Lower House, of which the one is to be chosen from among the members of the respective Local Diets, the other by general and direct election on an uniform basis of population throughout the empire. The epoch of the new order of things is, it must be admitted, only a starting point; but the vessel of the New State is launched, and we believe it is so far steering in the right course.

ART. VI.- *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jun. With numerous Woodcuts. London, post 8vo. pp. 449. 1849.

SOME few years ago we submitted to our readers a brief account of the Syriac and other MSS. with which the British Museum had been enriched through the zeal and industry of Mr. Archdeacon Tattam; and we were fortunate enough to be allowed to enliven our article on apparently a rather dry subject, by several sketches of monastic manners, extracted from the private letters and journals not only of Mr. Tattam's niece and companion Miss Platt, but also of Lord Prudhoe (now Duke of Northumberland) and the Hon. Robert Curzon—both of whom had preceded the Archdeacon in the inspection of the Coptic convents of the Natron Lakes, and negotiated, with more or less success, for the purchase of ancient books and scrolls no longer intelligible to the few poor harmless drones that still doze out life in those mouldering traddles of asceticism. The fragment of narrative then furnished to us by Mr. Curzon (*Quar. Rev.* vol. 77, pp. 52-55) seemed to ourselves a particularly entertaining one, and we hinted our hope that he might take courage to give the public more copious specimens of his adventures as a bibliomaniacal tourist in the Eastern regions. This volume consists of such specimens—being the descriptions of visits to several of the Egyptian convents above mentioned in 1833—to those of the Holy Land in 1834—and subsequently to others in different parts of the Ottoman empire—ending with the extraordinary conglomeration of monasteries on Mount Athos. He seems to have spent about five years in his expedition, and his notes leave no doubt that they were well-spent years. Whether or not he passed part of *them* in Italy we are not told; but he seems to be very well acquainted with her monuments of antiquity and

and art, especially with her ecclesiastical architecture and old religious painting and sculpture. It is needless to add that the ardent Roxburgher shows himself to be familiar with her great libraries—as well as those of France. The reader, however, is not to anticipate a ponderous dose of erudition and artistic criticism. Anything but that. Mr. Curzon, a young gentleman of rank—heir indeed to a peerage—had left Oxford with the usual tastes and habits of his contemporaries, as well as with a rare and praiseworthy love and affection for the darkest recesses of the Bodleian, and such a filial reverence for its antique gems of calligraphy and typography as must have satisfied the warmest wishes of Doctor Bliss. He had kept a healthy appetite for the ordinary comforts and pleasures of prosperous youth, and evidently enters into all innocent varieties of sport and fun with a fearless zest. He would not be a worthy Roxburgher if he did not, among his other scientific developments, include a cognoscent appreciation of eatables and drinkables—the ‘portly eidolon’ of Dibdin would frown! Nor—haunting as he does with such gusto the dim and flinty corridors of Oriental cœnobites, poring morning after morning over unciated and miniaturized parchments, and in the evening hobnobbing (*rosoglio* to wit) with holy recluse Agoumenoi of Meteora or Athos (within which last entire peninsula of piety no female creature is known to have ventured for ages, except only one cat and certain fleas)—does our ‘Milordos Inglesis’ conceal his having retained in one corner a decorous but genial devotion to the cowl-eschewed charms. We should be inclined to form a very favourable notion of our author’s whole character and disposition: but not to trespass further on what may seem hardly lawful ground, we think all his readers will feel how gracefully the literary and antiquarian enthusiasm that prompted and gives importance and dignity to his wanderings is set off by the artless unchecked juvenility of spirit which he carries everywhere with him in his social intercourse, and the fresh hearty enjoyment he has in the beauties of external nature.

• ‘The greatest and rarest merit of the book is the total absence of all conceits and affectations.’ We have seldom read one that had less the air of being written for effect. Nobody can put a volume of light sketches from a tour for missals and triptics on a level with such a masterly record of gallant enterprise and exciting discovery as Mr. Layard’s; but it will, we are confident, take a good place and keep it. No book could well be less like *Eothen*—in spirit, in substance, in temper, in style, they are each other’s antipodes; but we hazard little in prophesying that Mr. Curzon’s work will be more popular than any other recent set of Oriental descriptions, except Mr. Kinglake’s; and however that

remarkable

remarkable writer may claim the superiority in wit, point, and artistical finish, we should not be surprised if the respectable oddity of Mr. Curzon's objects and fancies, with the happier cast of his general sentiments and reflections, should be sufficient to win fully equal acceptance for the *Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant*.

When an author of such promise publishes his first book, we consider it our duty to adhere, or rather to revert, to the old style of reviewal, and allow our readers the opportunity of judging him for themselves from as copious extracts as we can well afford.

No one will pretend to compare on the whole the monasteries of the East with those of the West—the influence of the former, whether we look to religion, to literature, to science, to art, or to the political arrangements of society, has been very inferior to that which all historians recognise in the other case. But still the Eastern monasteries deserve more attention than has fallen to their share—and to trace them from their origin to the present time would be a task worthy of no ordinary talents. Should Mr. Curzon possess, in addition to the many excellent qualities he has already given proof of, the fixity of purpose and resolution to devote his leisure to this task, he might, we do not doubt, earn for his name a permanent station in a high department of historical research. These establishments in their earlier day were the residences of the Christian Fathers from whom we ourselves inherit our noblest liturgies, many of whose doctrinal expositions remain of uncontested authority, and whose command of lofty and pathetic eloquence must always rank them foremost in the literature of the pulpit. Continuously as the Greek monasteries have been sinking during many centuries past, their preservation from utter destruction amidst so many violent revolutions, in spite of the downfall of Christian empires and kingdoms, the conquests of unbelieving powers, the cruel persecutions and oppressions, murderings and spoilings of ages of barbarous tyranny, has more than any one circumstance besides kept alive many traditions of antiquity; and to the very buildings themselves, few, comparatively, though they be that still exist, we owe all but our best materials for realizing the modes and conditions of ancient life among any one class of men. But for the revelations of Pompeii and Herculaneum we should in this respect have had nothing at all to place above or beside them.

Their troubled history too well explains why, from a very early date, they all assumed the character of fortresses. Everywhere, from the morasses of Moldavia to the Cataracts of the Nile, from the vale of the Peneus to the mountains of Koordistan, they

they have been and are castles. Sometimes they are found hanging like birds'-nests or bee-hives on some shelf in the face of an enormous precipice—accessible only by pulleys or ladders. Not uncommonly they occupy the summit of an isolated pillar of rock, rising hundreds of feet sheer from the pass. In flat regions, where violence has been rife, as in Egypt and Mesopotamia, the whole is enclosed within a high dead wall—with no windows outwards, except perhaps in some wooden gallery or wicker cradles that top the massive battlement, and may be removed with ease, or destroyed without serious inconvenience. If by such means they can baffle external assault, their own hereditary feelings ensure a most sacred watch over whatever is enclosed within, and can be in any degree appreciated by the community. If a chapel, a refectory, even a kitchen or a cellar requires repair, it is restored with the most anxious precision, and all trace of the modern hand is very soon indistinguishable. It is the same with every painting—a careful pencil is always ready to freshen the least spot of decay or dimness—and such as they were a thousand years ago or more, such are they at this hour. The artists are servilely mechanical—they have sets of rules many centuries old, with pattern tints for every object of detail, and by these they guide themselves from generation to generation, as scrupulously as if the most serious duty of religion were concerned. Their shrines, reliquaries, chalices, every article in metal, the carved and embossed frames of pictures and boards of holy books, have in many instances come quite unharmed through all the chances of twelve centuries. The MS. charters and books themselves, the great objects of Mr. Curzon's quest, are often of equal antiquity; and but for the unhappy device of the Palimpsest, and the utter ignorance of the more modern monks, we might not unfairly hope for the recovery among their tranquil shelves of all those treasures which were accessible, it seems as but yesterday, to the Grammarians and Epitomizers of the Byzantine School. As it is, we by no means give up all such hopes, even as to remains of classical literature: a wandering Mai may yet work wonders of decipherment. But the stores of Eastern and Ecclesiastical history are undoubtedly very great; and after what we have just seen gathered from the Natron Valley, it is hard to put limits to still rational anticipation.

There can be no question that the ever darkening ignorance of the monks has induced neglect in the one department where care would have been most important; that thus, even within a recent period, very many curious MSS. have been lost or destroyed; nor do we see how the process is at all likely to be checked, except by the excitement of cupidity from the visits of such liberal merchants

chants as Mr. Curzon. The examples his own narrative affords of woeful waste are frequent and most painful :—in his Preface he retails at least a good story :—

‘ A Russian, or I do not know whether he was not a French traveller, in the pursuit, as I was, of ancient literary treasures, found himself in a great monastery in Bulgaria to the north of the town of Cavalla ; he had heard that the books preserved in this remote building were remarkable for their antiquity, and for the subjects on which they treated. His dismay and disappointment may be imagined when he was assured by the agoumenos or superior of the monastery, that it contained no library whatever, that they had nothing but the liturgies and church books, and no palaia pragmata or antiquities at all. The poor man had bumped upon a pack-saddle over villanous roads for many days for no other object, and the library of which he was in search had vanished as the visions of a dream. The agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *Κυrie eleison, Χριστε eleison* (pronounced Kyre eleizon, Christe eleizon), which occurs almost every minute in the ritual of the Greek Church. Each of the monks was standing, to save his bare legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library and applied to purposes of practical utility in the way which I have described. The traveller on examining these ponderous tomes found them to be of the greatest value ; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date ; all these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which he presented in their stead to the old monks ; they were comfortably covered with ketché or felt, and were in many respects more convenient to the inhabitants of the monastery than the manuscripts had been, for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail-heads, which inconvenienced the toes of the unsophisticated congregation who stood upon them without shoes for so many hours in the day. I must add that the lower halves of the manuscripts were imperfect, from the damp of the floor of the church having corroded and eaten away their vellum leaves—and also that, as the story is not my own, I cannot vouch for the truth of it, though, whether it is true or not, it elucidates the present state of the literary attainments of the Oriental monks.’—p. xxiii.

On another point Mr. Curzon’s candid statement may disappoint some. The architecture of the churches in the ancient monasteries of the East is rarely fine ; they were for the monks alone, and therefore usually very small—never large. Even the non-monastic churches were always far inferior in every respect to the Latin basilicas of Rome. The only Byzantine church of any magnitude is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, now a mosque.

‘ The student of ecclesiastical antiquities need not extend his architectural

tectural researches beyond the shores of Italy; there is nothing in the East so curious as the church of St. Clemente at Rome, which contains all the original fittings of the choir. The churches of St. Ambrogio at Milan, of Sta. Maria Trastevere at Rome, the first church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; the church of St. Agnese near Rome, the first in which galleries were built over the side aisles for the accommodation of women, who, neither in the Eastern nor Western churches, ever mixed with the men for many centuries; all these and several others in Italy afford more instruction than those of the East—they are larger, more magnificent, and in every respect superior to the ecclesiastical buildings of the Levant. But the poverty of the Eastern church, and its early subjection to Mahometan rulers, while it has kept down the size and splendour of the churches, has at the same time been the means of preserving the monastic establishments in all the rude originality of their ancient forms.—i. p. xxi.

It was in the winter of 1833 that Mr. Curzon's bibliomania first carried him into a Mahometan realm; and though he has far too much taste and modesty (which always go together) for occupying many of his pages with the scenery and manners of Egypt, so fully treated by contemporaries like Lane and Wilkinson, still, in the fragments of general narrative necessary for bringing in conveniently and intelligibly his accounts of monastic fastnesses and book-bargainings, there are not a few passages that will reward his reader—thoroughly unaffected transcripts of the first impressions made in a totally new world on an acute and susceptible mind. For instance, take this little glimpse at Alexandria:—

‘Long strings of ungainly-looking camels were continually passing, generally preceded by a donkey, and accompanied by swarthy men clad in a short shirt with a red and yellow handkerchief tied in a peculiar way over their heads, and wearing sandals; these savage-looking people were Bedouins, or Arabs of the desert. A very truculent set they seemed to be, and all of them were armed with a long crooked knife and a pistol or two, stuck in a red leathern girdle. They were thin, gaunt, and dirty, and strode along looking fierce and independent. There was something very striking in the appearance of these untamed Arabs: I had never pictured to myself that anything so like a wild beast could exist in human form. The motions of their half-naked bodies were singularly free and light, and they looked as if they could climb, and run, and leap over anything. The appearance of many of the older Arabs, with their long white beard and their ample cloak of camel's hair, called an *abba*, is majestic and venerable. It was the first time that I had seen these “Children of the Desert,” and the quickness of their eyes, their apparent freedom from all restraint, and their disregard of any conventional manners, struck me forcibly. An English gentleman in a round hat and a tight neck-handkerchief and boots, with white gloves and a little cane in his hand, was

was a style of man so utterly and entirely unlike a Bedouin Arab, that I could hardly conceive the possibility of their being only different species of the same animal.'—pp. 7, 8.

At Cairo he gives this note:—

'The Mahomedan day begins at sunset, when the first time of prayer is observed; the second is about two hours after sunset; the third is at the dawn of day, when the musical chant of the muezzins from the thousand minarets of Cairo sounds most impressively through the clear and silent air. The voices of the criers thus raised above the city always struck me as having a holy and beautiful effect. First one or two are heard faintly in the distance, then one close to you, then the cry is taken up from the minarets of other mosques, and at last, from one end of the town to the other, the measured chant falls pleasingly on the ear, inviting the faithful to prayer. For a time it seems as if there was a chorus of voices in the air, like spirits calling upon each other to worship the Creator of all things. Soon the sound dies away, there is a silence for a while, and then commence the hum and bustle of the awakening city. This cry of man, to call his brother man to prayer, seems to me more appropriate and more accordant to religious feeling than the clang and jingle of our European bells.'

Nothing has left a deeper impression on most Oxonian memories than the observance at Magdalen College on the 1st of May, when the choristers ascend the tall and beautiful tower, and there sing a Latin Hymn to the Season. We rather wonder that Mr. Curzon did not allude to that scene—for he seems to have had in his mind the lovely stanza on it in 'The Scholar's Funeral' of Professor Wilson—where the bells have due honour as well as the human voices:—

'Why hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalen Tower,
Still wont to usher in delightful May,
The dewy silence of the morning hour
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?
And those pure youthful voices, where are they,
That, hymning far up in the listening sky,
Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,
As if a troop of sainted souls on high
Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?'

But to return to El Kahira and the Muezzins:—

'The fourth and most important time of prayer is at noon, and it is at this hour that the Sultan attends in state the mosque at Constantinople. The fifth and last prayer is at about three o'clock. The Bedouins of the desert, who however are not much given to praying, consider this hour to have arrived when a stick, a spear, or a camel throws a shadow of its own height upon the ground. This time of day is called "Al Asr." When wandering about in the deserts, I used always to eat my dinner or luncheon at that time, and it is wonderful to what exactness I arrived at last in my calculations respecting the Asr. I

knew to a minute when my dromedary's shadow was of the right length.'—pp. 37, 38.

His first interview with old Mehemet Ali was in February, 1834, at Cairo :—

'A curtain was drawn aside, and we were ushered at once into the presence of the Viceroy, whom we found walking up and down in the middle of a large room, between two rows of gigantic silver candlesticks, which stood upon the carpet. This is the usual way of lighting a room in Egypt :—Six large silver dishes, about two feet in diameter and turned upside down, are first placed upon the floor, three on each side, near the centre of the room. On each of these stands a silver candlestick, between four and five feet high, containing a wax candle three feet long and very thick. A seventh candlestick, of smaller dimensions, stands on the floor, separate from these, for the purpose of being moved about ; it is carried to any one who wants to read a letter, or to examine an object more closely while he is seated on the divan. Almost every room in the palace has an European chandelier hanging from the ceiling, but I do not remember having ever seen one lit. These large candlesticks, standing in two rows, with the little one before them, always put me in mind of a line of life-guards of gigantic stature, commanded by a little officer whom they could almost put in their pockets.'

'When we were seated on the divan we commenced the usual routine of Oriental compliments ; and coffee was handed to us in cups entirely covered with large diamonds. A pipe was then brought to the Pasha, but not to us. This pipe was about seven feet long : the mouthpiece, of light green amber, was a foot long, and a foot more below the mouthpiece, as well as another part of the pipe lower down, was richly set with diamonds of great value, with a diamond tassel hanging to it.

'We discoursed for three quarters of an hour about the possibility of laying a railway across the Isthmus of Suez, which was the project then uppermost in the Pasha's mind ; but the circumstance which most strongly recalls this audience to my memory, and which struck me as an instance of manners differing entirely from our own, was, in itself, a very trivial one. The Pasha wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and looked about and felt in his pocket for it, but could not find it, making various exclamations during his search, which at last were answered by an attendant from the lower end of the room—"Feel in the other pocket," said the servant. "Well, it is not there," said the Pasha. "Look in the other, then." "I have not got a handkerchief," or words to that effect, were replied to immediately,—"Yes, you have ;"—"No, I have not ;"—"Yes, you have." Eventually this attendant, advancing up to the Pasha, felt in the pocket of his jacket, but the handkerchief was not to be found ; then he poked all round the Pasha's waist, to see whether it was not tucked into his shawl. That would not do ; so he took hold of his Sovereign and pushed him half over on the divan, and looked under him to see whether he was sitting on the handkerchief ; then he pushed him over on.

on the other side. During all which manœuvres the Pasha sat as quietly and passively as possible. The servant then, thrusting his arm up to the elbow in one of the pockets of his Highness's voluminous trousers, pulled out a snuff-box, a rosary, and several other things, which he laid upon the divan. That would not do, either; so he came over to the other pocket, and diving to a prodigious depth he produced the missing handkerchief from the recesses thereof; and with great respect and gravity, thrusting it into the Pasha's hand, he retired again to his place at the lower end of the hall.'—pp. 49–51.

The sense of all this apparently free-and-easy handling of the Turk by his servant is, that the servant is his chattel—and can no more be suspected of intentional disrespect than a pair of lazy-tongs.

In the course of his progress up the Nile, Mr. Curzon has the good luck to be an eye-witness of a fact mentioned by Herodotus, but not previously attested by any traveller from the lands of modern science, and consequently questioned by many of the learned lords and knights of the British Association—who will no doubt be surprised to find themselves instructed by a young collator of codices and stalker of crocodiles:—

'I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a greyish colour, and as large as a small pigeon.

'The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed Ziczac! Ziczac! with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying; threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in

having witnessed a circumstance the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.'—pp. 149–151.

Our readers may, if they please, turn back to the Q. R. of Christmas, 1845, for the most important of Mr. Curzon's book-hunts among the monks of the Nitrian desert in Upper Egypt, as well as our own summary of their past history and present abject condition. Though the account of his discoveries in the vault and tower at Baramous was not so full as that now printed, it was picturesque and for our purposes sufficient. But his emergence from the murky and musty store of oil-vats and patristic vellum is new, and not to be omitted:—

'On leaving the dark recesses of the tower I paused at the narrow door by which we had entered, both to accustom my eyes to the glare of the daylight, and to look at the scene below me. I stood on the top of a steep flight of stone steps, by which the door of the tower was approached from the court of the monastery: the steps ran up the inside of the outer wall, which was of sufficient thickness to allow of a narrow terrace within the parapet: from this point I could look over the wall on the left hand upon the desert, whose dusty plains stretched out as far as I could see, in hot and dreary loneliness to the horizon. To those who are not familiar with the aspect of such a region as this, it may be well to explain that a desert such as that which now surrounded me resembles more than anything else a dusty turnpike-road in England on a hot summer's day, extended interminably both as to length and breadth. A country of low rounded hills, the surface of which is composed entirely of gravel, dust, and stones, will give a good idea of the general aspect of a desert. Yet, although parched and dreary in the extreme from their vastness and openness, there is something grand and sublime in the silence and loneliness of these burning plains; and the wandering tribes of Bedouins who inhabit them are seldom content to remain long in the narrow enclosed confines of cultivated land. There is always a fresh breeze in the desert, except when the terrible hot wind blows; and the air is more elastic and pure than where vegetation produces exhalations which in all hot climates are more or less heavy and deleterious. The air of the desert is always healthy, and no race of men enjoy a greater exemption from weakness, sickness, and disease than the children of the desert, who pass their lives in wandering to and fro in search of the scanty herbage on which their flocks are fed, far from the cares and troubles of busy cities, and free from the oppression which grinds down the half-starved cultivators of the fertile soil of Egypt.*

'Whilst from my elevated position I looked out on my left upon the mighty desert, on my right how different was the scene! There below my feet lay the convent garden in all the fresh luxuriance of

* John Abernethy used to tell his scholars that all human maladies proceed from two causes—*stuffing* and *fretting*. Mr. Curzon seems to agree with this theory—by which our great surgeon's own personal practice was not regulated.

tropical vegetation. Tufts upon tufts of waving palms overshadowed the immense succulent leaves of the banana, which in their turn rose out of thickets of the pomegranate, rich with its bright green leaves and its blossoms of that beautiful and vivid red which is excelled by few even of the most brilliant flowers of the East. These were contrasted with the deep dark green of the caroub or locust-tree; and the yellow apples of the lotus vied with the clusters of green limes with their sweet white flowers, which luxuriated in a climate too hot and sultry for the golden fruit of the orange, which is not to be met with in the valley of the Nile. Flowers and fair branches exhaling rich perfume and bearing freshness in their very aspect became more beautiful from their contrast to the dreary arid plains outside the convent walls, and this great difference was owing solely to there being a well of water in this spot from which a horse or mule was constantly employed to draw the fertilizing streams which nourished the teeming vegetation of this monastic garden.

‘I stood gazing and moralizing at these contrasted scenes for some time; but at length when I turned my eyes upon my companions and myself, it struck me that we also were somewhat remarkable in our way. First there was the old blind grey-bearded abbot, leaning on his staff, surrounded with three or four dark-robed Coptic monks, holding in their hands the lighted candles with which we had explored the secret recesses of the oil-cellar; there was I, dressed in the long robes of a merchant of the East, with a small book in the breast of my gown and a big one under each arm; and there were my servants armed to the teeth and laden with old books; and one and all we were so covered with dirt and wax from top to toe, that we looked more as if we had been up the chimney than like quiet people engaged in literary researches.’—p. 93.

This is very good. Nor can we pass the subsequent discovery that within the strong wall of these Coptic fathers shelter had been found for the remnant of an Abyssinian brotherhood, whose own monastery far off in the desert had been sadly mauled by certain Ishmaelites, and was since fallen into utterly desperate dilapidation. Every spring these guests were recruited by one or two Abyssinian pilgrims on their way back from Jerusalem; and so for many years the little stranger community had pretty nearly kept up its original muster. His ear was suddenly invaded by the sound of a psalmody different in character from that of the Coptic choir, and accompanied by a most barbarous squeaking and grinding of hitherto unknown kurdigurdies. The story of the siege, the rapine, and the exile was told—and when the Abyssinian service was over, and the party filed out of their little chapel-of-ease in a corner of the court, an introduction took place. He says,—

‘These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic-looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives

natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age and of a state of things the opposite to European, as these Abyssinian Eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh; and they were all clothed in tunics of wash-leather made, they told me, of gazelle-skins. This garment came down to their knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak or toga, of the same light yellow wash-leather as the tunic; I do not think that they wore anything on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease; for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which however had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics, true disciples of the great Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "*La danse Macabre*," known to us by the appellation of the Dance of Death. They seemed to be men who fasted much and feasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience' sake. It was such men as these who lived on the tops of columns, and took up their abodes in tombs, and thought it was a sign of holiness to look like a wild beast—that it was wicked to be clean, and superfluous to be useful in this world; and who did evil to themselves that good might come. Poor fellows! they meant well, and knew no better; and what more can be said for the endeavours of the best men?" —pp. 94-96.

Nevertheless, these black and odoriferous men of Habesh could do what their Coptic hosts could not—"they could all read fluently out of their own books." (p. 98.) Their kitchen and refectory was also their library. All round the walls, just within arm's reach, were long wooden pegs, and on each peg hung one, two, or three of the leathern bags above mentioned, some square, some oblong, all well strapped and buckled. These contained the Service-books, Evangelisteria, and Hagiologies, which constituted the library. In the middle of the floor was a hearth, on which one brother was busy with the lentile-soup. The table was ready for dinner close by—that is, a long board or tray placed flat on the ground; pots and pans—a very few—garnished low shelves behind the cook; beneath the important pegs long spears, and also some long pipes, rested against the wall. The stranger, if introduced without preface, would have fancied himself in the guard-room of some of Mehemet Ali's irregulars, surrounded suitably

suitably with their arms, knapsacks, and cartridge-boxes. But they could read, and would not sell their books; whereas the blind old abbot of the Copts was, as previously set down, easily seduced by a second bottle of rosoglio; and so much the better, not only for Parham but for the Museum.

On his way from one of these cœnobias to another, Mr. Curzon had the good fortune to be piloted by a Mussulman cobbler, who vilipended his last, addicted himself (like so many of his craft here) to poetry, and possessed a considerable knowledge of history; we are favoured with this very desirable specimen of his information:—

‘In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign.’ Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. “Oh, vultures!” cried King Solomon, “come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face.” But the vultures answered, and said, “We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back on our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face.” Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, “Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey, the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world.” And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

‘Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the King cried out to them, and said, “O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings.” Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and

and said, "O King, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the King, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

'When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the King, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?" Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honour of standing before the feet of the King; and, making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O King, live for ever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and his councillors what it shall be that the King shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

'But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the King for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon, with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves as it were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops her cousin, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

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‘Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, “It is a crown of brass.” And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes’ crowns. Whereupon the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

‘Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny. At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

‘So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, “Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth.” Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.’—p. 152.

Mr. Curzon, having finished his first visitation of the Natron monasteries (for he was there again in 1838), made his way to the Red Sea, and thence, *viâ* Sinai, to Jerusalem, where he wished to be present at the grand ceremonies of Easter. He says, in reference to all this part of his travels—

‘In addition to the Bible, which almost sufficed us for a guide-book in these sacred regions, we had several books of travels with us, and I was struck with the superiority of old Maundrell’s narrative over all the others, for he tells us plainly and clearly what he saw, whilst other travellers so encumber their narratives with opinions and disquisitions, that, instead of describing the country, they describe only what they think about it; and thus little real information as to what there was to be seen or done could be gleaned from these works, eloquent and well

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written as many of them are; and we continually returned to Maundrell's homely pages for a good plain account of what we wished to know.'—p. 193.

The chapters on Palestine are among the best in the volume—without bigotry, without extravagance—a fair, honest picture, including several touches (to us) of novelty. In a volume dedicated mainly to a particular taste and pursuit, such as Mr. Curzon's, it would in fact have been irreverent to expatiate on the feelings that give the chief colour to Lord Lindsay's touching and pathetic portraiture of the same scenery, and intermingle largely and gracefully in the corresponding chapters of 'The Crescent and the Cross;' but the genuine feeling is here, and you are made to sympathize with its depth, even where the writer seems most desirous of concealing it. Of Jerusalem, he says, the inhabitants, being of motley races, and tongues, and creeds, inwardly despise each other on the score of heterodoxy; but still—

'As the Christians are very numerous, there reigns among the whole no small degree of complaisance, as well as an unrestrained intercourse in matters of business, amusement, and even of religion. The Mussulmans, for instance, pray in all the holy places consecrated to the memory of Christ and the Virgin, except the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, the sanctity of which they do not acknowledge, for they believe that Jesus Christ did not die, but that he ascended alive into heaven, leaving the likeness of his face to Judas, who was condemned to die for him; and that, as Judas was crucified, it was his body, and not that of Jesus, which was placed in the sepulchre. It is for this reason that the Mussulmans do not perform any act of devotion at the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, and that they ridicule the Christians who visit and revere it.

'The Jews—the "children of the kingdom"—have been cast out, and many have come from the east and the west to occupy their place in the desolate land promised to their fathers. Their quarter is in the narrow valley between the Temple and the foot of Mount Zion. Many are rich, but they are careful to conceal their wealth from the jealous eyes of their Mahometan rulers, lest they should be subjected to extortion.

'It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem are of a totally different caste from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner; the young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress; and, although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl of about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the

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the son of a rich old rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw; her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish. The house of Rabbi A——, with whom I was acquainted, answered exactly to Sir Walter Scott's description of the dwelling of Isaac of York. The outside and the court-yard indicated nothing but poverty and neglect; but on entering I was surprised at the magnificence of the furniture. One room had a silver chandelier, and a great quantity of embossed plate was displayed on the top of the polished cupboards. Some of the windows were filled with painted glass; and the members of the family, covered with gold and jewels, were seated on divans of Damascus brocade. The Rabbi's little son was so covered with charms in gold cases to keep off the evil eye, that he jingled like a chime of bells when he walked along.

'The Jewish religion is now so much encumbered with superstition and the extraordinary explanations of the Bible in the Talmud, that little of the original creed remains. They interpret all the words of Scripture literally, and this leads them into most absurd mistakes. On the morning of the day of the Passover I went into the synagogue under the walls of the Temple, and found it crowded to the very door; all the congregation were standing up, with large white shawls over their heads, with the fringes which they were commanded to wear by the Jewish law. They were reading the Psalms, and after I had been there a short time all the people began to hop about and to shake their heads and limbs in a most extraordinary manner; the whole congregation was in motion, from the priest, who was dancing in the reading-desk, to the porter who capered at the door. All this was in consequence of a verse in the 35th Psalm, which says, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?"'—pp. 185–188.

Luckily for Mr. Curzon, Ibrahim Pasha, at that time in full sway over all Syria, had also the curiosity to make the pilgrimage of Jerusalem in the spring of 1834; and his courtesy afforded every facility for seeing the shows of the season to the best advantage. The portent of the Holy Fire was timed to suit the Pasha's convenience, and he gratified Mr. Curzon with a cushion in the reserved gallery. 'As soon as' the great Turk was comfortable in his corner, the two Patriarchs, who once in the year condescend to act in the same piece, performed the miracle, and the church was instantly a scene of the most hideous tumult: hundreds of the pilgrims, from every quarter—Greek, Armenian, Copt, and Abyssinian—rushing pell-mell to light their lamps, with which all come provided, at the holy flame just descended from heaven at the prayer of those most reverend personages. Old Maundrell stands the test here as elsewhere. 'The two miracle-mongers,' quoth he, 'had not been above a minute

minute in the Holy Sepulchre when the glimmering of the holy fire was seen, or imagined to appear: and certainly Bedlam never witnessed such an unruly transport as was produced in the mob at that sight.' But though there always is great disturbance, and serious accidents have often occurred, the miracle of 1834 was followed by horrors on a scale wholly unexampled; and it is fortunate that for a scene so monstrous we have the complete and living evidence of an English gentleman:—

'Soon you saw the lights increasing in all directions, every one having lit his candle from the holy flame: the chapels, the galleries, and every corner where a candle could possibly be displayed, immediately appeared to be in a blaze. The people, in their frenzy, put the bunches of lighted tapers to their faces, hands, and breasts, to purify themselves from their sins. . . . The Patriarch was carried out of the sepulchre in triumph, on the shoulders of the people he had deceived, amid the cries and exclamations of joy which resounded from every nook of the immense pile of buildings. As he appeared in a fainting state, I supposed that he was ill; but I found that it is the uniform custom on these occasions to feign insensibility, that the pilgrims may imagine he is overcome with the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence they believe him to have returned.

'In a short time the smoke of the candles obscured everything in the place, and I could see it rolling in great volumes out at the aperture at the top of the dome. The smell was terrible; and three unhappy wretches, overcome by heat and bad air, fell from the upper range of galleries, and were dashed to pieces on the heads of the people below. One poor Armenian lady, seventeen years of age, died where she sat, of heat, thirst, and fatigue.

'After a while, when he had seen all that was to be seen, Ibrahim Pasha got up and went away, his numerous guards making a line for him by main force through the dense mass of people which filled the body of the church. As the crowd was so immense, we waited for a little while, and then set out all together to return to our convent. I went first, and my friends followed me, the soldiers making way for us across the church. I got as far as the place where the Virgin is said to have stood during the crucifixion, when I saw a number of people lying one on another all about this part of the church, and as far as I could see towards the door. I made my way between them as well as I could, till they were so thick that there was actually a great heap of bodies on which I trod. It then suddenly struck me they were all dead! I had not perceived this at first, for I thought they were only very much fatigued with the ceremonies and had lain down to rest themselves there; but when I came to so great a heap of bodies I looked down at them, and saw that sharp, hard appearance of the face which is never to be mistaken. Many of them were quite black with suffocation, and farther on were others all bloody and covered with the brains and entrails of those who had been trodden to pieces by the crowd.

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' At this time there was no crowd in this part of the church ; but a little farther on, round the corner towards the great door, the people, who were quite panic-struck, continued to press forward, and every one was doing his utmost to escape. The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, or to get away, and all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck pilgrims appear at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves.

' For my part, as soon as I perceived the danger I had cried out to my companions to turn back, which they had done ; but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavour to get back. An officer of the Pasha's, who by his star was a colonel or bin bashee, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return : he caught hold of my cloak, or bournouse, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs—I afterwards found that he never rose again—and scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church, where I found my friends, and we succeeded in reaching the sacristy of the Catholics, and thence the room which had been assigned to us by the monks. The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the stone of unction ; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and living, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high. Ibrahim Pasha had left the church only a few minutes before me, and very narrowly escaped with his life ; he was so pressed upon by the crowd on all sides, and it was said attacked by several of them, that it was only by the greatest exertions of his suite, several of whom were killed, that he gained the outer court. He fainted more than once in the struggle, and I was told that some of his attendants at last had to cut a way for him with their swords through the dense ranks of the frantic pilgrims. He remained outside, giving orders for the removal of the corpses, and making his men drag out the bodies of those who appeared to be still alive from the heaps of the dead. He sent word to us to remain in the convent till all the bodies had been removed, and that when we could come out in safety he would again send to us.

' We stayed in our room two hours before we ventured to make another attempt to escape from this scene of horror ; and then, walking close together, with all our servants round us, we made a bold push, and got out of the door of the church. By this time most of the
bodies

bodies were removed; but twenty or thirty were still lying in distorted attitudes at the foot of Mount Calvary; and fragments of clothes, turbans, shoes, and handkerchiefs, clotted with blood and dirt, were strewn all over the pavement.

‘In the court in the front of the church the sight was pitiable: mothers weeping over their children—the sons bending over the dead bodies of their fathers—and one poor woman was clinging to the hand of her husband, whose body was fearfully mangled. Most of the sufferers were pilgrims and strangers. The Pasha was greatly moved by this scene of woe; and he again and again commanded his officers to give the poor people every assistance in their power, and very many by his humane efforts were rescued from death.

‘I was much struck by the sight of two old men with white beards, who had been seeking for each other among the dead; they met as I was passing by, and it was affecting to see them kiss and shake hands, and congratulate each other on having escaped from death.

‘When the bodies were removed many were discovered standing upright, quite dead; and near the church door one of the soldiers was found thus standing, with his musket shouldered, among the bodies which reached nearly as high as his head; this was in a corner near the great door on the right side as you come in. It seems that this door had been shut, so that many who stood near it were suffocated in the crowd; and when it was opened, the rush was so great that numbers were thrown down and never rose again, being trampled to death by the press behind them. The whole court before the entrance of the church was covered with bodies laid in rows, by the Pasha’s orders, so that their friends might find them and carry them away. As we walked home we saw numbers of people carried out, some dead, some horribly wounded and in a dying state, for they had fought with their heavy silver inkstands and daggers.’—p. 214.

The description of the moaning and lamenting of the ensuing night, with the rows of dead people stretched on the pavement of the court under the traveller’s window, is very striking; but we must pass on to his interview next day with Ibrahim Pasha:—

‘The conversation turned naturally on the blasphemous impositions of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, who, for the purposes of worldly gain, had deluded their ignorant followers with the performance of a trick in relighting the candles which had been extinguished on Good Friday with fire which they affirmed to have been sent down from heaven in answer to their prayers. The Pasha was quite aware of the evident absurdity which I brought to his notice, of the performance of a Christian miracle being put off for some time, and being kept in waiting for the convenience of a Mahometan prince. It was debated what punishment was to be awarded to the Greek patriarch for the misfortunes which had been the consequence of his jugglery, and a number of the purses which he had received from the unlucky pilgrims passed into the coffers of the Pasha’s treasury. I was sorry that the falsity of this imposture was not publicly exposed, as it was a good opportunity of so doing. It seems wonderful that so barefaced a
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trick should continue to be practised every year in these enlightened times; but it has its parallel in the blood of St. Januarius, which is still liquefied whenever anything is to be gained by the exhibition of that astonishing act of priestly impertinence. If Ibrahim Pasha had been a Christian, probably this would have been the last Easter of the lighting of the holy fire; but from the fact of his religion being opposed to that of the monks, he could not follow the example of Louis XIV., who having put a stop* to some clumsy imposition which was at that time bringing scandal on the Church, a paper was found nailed upon the door of the sacred edifice the day afterwards, on which the words were read—

“ De part du roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”

The interference of a Mahometan in such a case as this would only have been held as another persecution of the Christians; and the miracle of the holy fire has continued to be exhibited every year with great applause, and luckily without the unfortunate results which accompanied it on this occasion.—p. 224.

Mr. Curzon's colloquy with the Pasha touching the annual manifestation of holy fire will not, we suppose, excite any very grave criticism among our still adhesive presbyters of the Littlemore persuasion; for the Oriental Churches being, like our own, in a state of schism, the gift of miracles may be fairly supposed to have passed from their succession also. But his allusion to the affair of St. Januarius at Naples must, we apprehend, expose our author to severe animadversion; and indeed, if he has ever indulged any ambition of representing his Alma Mater in the House of Commons, we need hardly hesitate to advise the immediate abandonment of such aspirations. He would at all events have to encounter the steadiest hostility of that section of academicians who approved of the *Lives of the English Saints*, and are now enjoying with edification the ‘Letters and Journals’ of the reverend gentleman who describes himself on his title-page as ‘John Thomas Allies, A.M., Rector of Launton, Oxon;’* for this Rector—besides an elaborate argument for the celibacy of the clergy and the reinstitution of monastic bodies among ourselves, accompanied with very dolorous lamentations over the helplessness under which our condition must continue until we shall have resumed the practice of invoking the intercession of the Saints, and formally reunited ourselves to the successor of St. Peter—is at all due pains to exhibit not only his own entire belief, but that of his two fellow-travellers (both also clergymen in English orders), in those very recent miracles of the Sister Ecstatica and the Sister Addolorata, the previous attestation whereof by ‘an enlightened Roman Catholic nobleman of our

* Published by Messrs. Longman, post 8vo., 1849.

age' had surprised the judicial understanding of the Plutarch of the Lord Chancellors; nay, Mr. Allies and his friends appear to vouch with equal confidence for two miraculous cures, effected in the summer of 1848 at Paris, which city they revisited very soon afterwards: namely, the instant recovery of sight by one female, and the instant removal of a distortion in the spine, which had made another during several years a miserable bed-ridden cripple, in virtue of the intercession of St. Vincent de Paul, on his anniversary festival, with the aid, in one of the cases, of a thread from the vestment of that Saint swallowed in a glass of water.* If, as these pious writers evidently believe, the gift of miracles was granted for ever to the Church Catholic, how can they hesitate to act upon the corollary that no ecclesiastical body which neither exercises that gift nor claims it can be a living member of the Church Catholic? Upon what principle can such men consent to eat the bread of the Anglican Church A.D. 1849? Upon what principle, if there be any such thing as discipline in our system, are they allowed to eat it? We cannot answer these questions; but we think we may answer their indignation at Mr. Curzon's scepticism in *re Sancti Januarii*—as also at the satisfaction wherewith he reports that the 'Greek priests, "like Protestants," never speak of *the holy table* (*ἁγία τραπέζα*), never of *the altar*!

We beg pardon for this digression. Let us change the scene. Being at Corfu one October, our author conceived a strong desire to beat for his favourite game among the monastic coverts of the adjoining mainland; and though the accomplished officers of the garrison, who had no doubt that his object was snipe-shooting, advised him to restrain his propensities, inasmuch as some 'revolution, or rebellion, or general election, or something of the sort, was going on,' and robbery and murder must be more than commonly in fashion, the enthusiastic sportsman would persist. For which he thus renders his reason:—

'The Albanians are great dandies about their arms: the scabbard of their yataghan, and the stocks of their pistols, are almost always of silver, as well as their three or four little cartridge-boxes, which are frequently gilt, and sometimes set with garnets and coral; an Albanian is therefore worth shooting, even if he is not of another way of thinking from the gentleman who shoots him. As I understood, however, that they did not shoot so much at Franks because they usually have little about them worth taking, and are not good to eat, I conceived that I should not run any great risk; and I resolved, therefore, not to be thwarted in my intention of exploring some of the monasteries of that country. There is another reason also why Franks are seldom molested in the East—every Arab or Albanian knows that if a Frank

* Madame de Sevigny, who knew this saint well, says, on hearing of his death, that he was an agreeable man—only he cheated at cards.

has a gun in his hand, which he generally has, there are two probabilities, amounting almost to certainties, with respect to that weapon. One is, that it is loaded; and the other that, if the trigger is pulled, there is a considerable chance of its going off. Now these are circumstances which apply in a much slighter degree to the magazine of small arms which he carries about his own person. But, beyond all this, when a Frank is shot there is such a disturbance made about it! Consuls write letters—pashas are stirred up—guards, kawasses, and tatars gallop like mad about the country, and fire pistols in the air, and live at free quarters in the villages; the murderer is sought for everywhere, and he, or somebody else, is hanged to please the consul; in addition to which the population are beaten with thick sticks *ad libitum*. All this is extremely disagreeable, and therefore we are seldom shot at, the pastime being too dearly paid for.

‘The last Frank whom I heard of as having been killed in Albania was a German, who was studying botany. He rejoiced in a blue coat and brass buttons, and wandered about alone, picking up herbs and flowers on the mountains, which he put carefully into a tin box. He continued unmolested for some time, the universal opinion being that he was a powerful magician, and that the herbs he was always gathering would enable him to wither up his enemies by some dreadful charm, and also to detect every danger which menaced him. Two or three Albanians had watched him for several days, hiding themselves carefully behind the rocks whenever the philosopher turned towards them; and at last one of the gang, commending himself to all his saints, rested his long gun upon a stone and shot the German through the body. The poor man rolled over, but the Albanian did not venture from his hiding-place until he had loaded his gun again, and then, after sundry precautions, he came out, keeping his eye upon the body, and with his friends behind him, to defend him in case of need. The botanizer, however, was dead enough, and the disappointment of the Albanians was extreme when they found that his buttons were not gold, for it was the supposed value of these ornaments that had incited them to the deed.’—p. 238.

The stanch book-hunter, therefore, proceeded, and the excursion appears to have been more fruitful of adventures, though not of folios, than any other in his tablets. Of the lighter variety of his experiences we can afford only one small glimpse: scene, Paramathia:—

‘On inquiring for the person to whom I had a letter of introduction, I found he was a shopkeeper who sold cloth in the bazaar. We accordingly went to his shop and found him sitting among his merchandise. When he had read the letter he was very civil, and, shutting up his shop, walked on before us to show me the way to his house. It was a very good one, and the best room was immediately given up to me, two old ladies and three or four young ones being turned out in a most summary manner. One or two of the girls were very pretty, and they all vied with each other in their attentions to their guest, looking at me with great curiosity, and perpetually peeping at me through the

curtain which hung over the door, and running away when they thought they were observed.

'The prettiest of these damsels had only been married a short time : who her husband was, or where he lived, I could not make out, but she amused me by her anxiety to display her smart new clothes. She went and put on a new capote, a sort of white frock coat, without sleeves, embroidered in bright colours down the seams, which showed her figure to advantage ; and then she took it off again, and put on another garment, giving me ample opportunity of admiring its effect. I expressed my surprise and admiration in bad Greek, which, however, the fair Albanian appeared to find no difficulty in understanding. She kindly corrected some of my sentences, and I have no doubt I should have improved rapidly under her care, if she had not always run away whenever she heard any one creaking about on the rickety boards of the anteroom and staircase. The other ladies, who were settling themselves in a large gaunt room close by, kept up an interminable clatter, and displayed such unbounded powers of conversation, that it seemed impossible that any one of them could hear what all the others said ; till at last the master of the house came up again, and then there was a lull.'—p 243.

His intercourse with the Patriots, or Klephts, was frequent, and is described with special liveliness. We again confine ourselves to one specimen. Mahomed Pasha, Vizier of Janina, gave him a circular of recommendation to the chief persons in all towns of the interior. Entering Messovo, understood to be a place of steady loyalty, the hatred and terror of the new Anti-Turklaw League, he cantered confidently up the street till he reached a considerable company of the aristocracy seated with their pipes under an awning by a fountain, and, producing the Pasha's document, requested to be informed of the name and whereabouts of 'the chief person in this town.' A most portly gentleman, splendidly clad in red velvet, and with a bazaar of beautiful daggers and pistols about his belts, took the rescript with polite alacrity, and, having read it, asked the others with a condescending smile if there could be a doubt that he was the right man ; to which receiving the expected answer, he immediately tore off a scrap of the Vizier's paper, scribbled thereupon some Romain hieroglyphics, and, handing it back, bade him go on and prosper ; the Milordos Inglesis need only give that billet to the first soldiers he met at the foot of Mont Pindus, and a sufficient number of them would at once constitute themselves a guard for his Excellency's protection, and see him safe to the famous monasteries of Meteora. Thus fortified Milordos pursued his journey for a few hours among rough hills and thick box-groves :—

'This path continued for some distance until we came to a place where there was a ledge so narrow that two horses could not go abreast. Here, as I was riding quietly along, I heard an exclamation in front
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of "Robbers! robbers!" and sure enough, out of one of the thickets of box-trees there advanced three or four bright gun-barrels, which were speedily followed by some gentlemen in dirty white jackets and fustanellas; who, in a short and abrupt style of eloquence, commanded us to stand. This of course we were obliged to do; and as I was getting out my pistol, one of the individuals in white presented his gun at me, and upon my looking round to see whether my tall Albanian servant was preparing to support me, I saw him quietly half-cock his gun and sling it back over his shoulder, at the same time shaking his head as much as to say, "It is no use resisting; we are caught; there are too many of them." So I bolted the locks of the four barrels of my pistol carefully, hoping that the bolts would form an impediment to my being shot with my own weapon after I had been robbed of it. The place was so narrow that there were no hopes of running away, and there we sat on horseback, looking silly enough I dare say. There was a good deal of talking and chattering among the robbers, and they asked the Albanian various questions to which I paid no attention, all my faculties being engrossed in watching the proceedings of the party in front, who were examining the effects in the panniers of the baggage-mule. First they pulled out my bag of clothes, and threw it upon the ground; then out came the sugar and the coffee, and whatever else there was. Some of the men had hold of the poor mule-teen, and a loud argument was going on between him and his captors. I did not like all this, but my rage was excited to a violent pitch when I saw one man appropriating to his own use the half of a certain fat tender cold fowl, whereof I had eaten the other half with much appetite and satisfaction. "Let that fowl alone, you scoundrel!" said I in good English; "put it down, will you? if you don't, I'll —!" The man, surprised at this address in an unknown tongue, put down the fowl, and looked up with wonder at the explosion of ire which his actions had called forth. "That is right," said I, "my good fellow; it is too good for such a dirty brute as you." "Let us see," said I to the Albanian, "if there is nothing to be done; say I am the King of England's uncle, or grandson, or particular friend, and that if we are hurt or robbed he will send all manner of ships and armies, and hang everybody, and cut off the heads of all the rest. Talk big, O man! and don't spare great words; they cost nothing, and let us see what that will do."

We are sorry not to quote the rest of the story. By and bye he was told they would carry him before their immediate superior—and he was led through a wilderness of ravines to a little encampment on Mount Pindus. The commanding officer here was at first sulky enough—but when he had at last contrived to make out the Messo vo scrap, things instantly put on a new face. All was civility—a comfortable supper, plenty of wine, and assurance of a stout guard for the morrow. He had supposed the stranger to be one of those mean-spirited Franks who approved of the Grand Turk, and consorted with the tyrant of Janina—but since it was a friend of his own General, whatever the Patriot Klephts

could do for Milordos was heartily at his service. The General of the insurgents, the reader sees, was no other than the dignitary in red velvet, who had answered to the character of 'chief person in Messovo.' He was a goodnatured rebel, and liked a joke, and to his humorous turn Mr. Curzon owed the only scrap of penmanship that could have been of any use to him at that epoch anywhere near Mount Pindus. The captain obeyed the general, the detachment obeyed the captain, and he was conducted with honesty and decorum to the extraordinary valley from which the convent-capped cliffs of Meteora arise like so many towers, or, in some cases, chimneys. On his return, it is pleasant to find that he of the red velvet had become, by a sudden conversion in politics, reconciled to the Vizier, and was now *de jure* as well as *de facto* the chief person in Messovo. The Turkish Government had, moreover, been favoured with his bill for the expenses of his insurrection; and the section of the population that had fought and bled, and been burnt out and plundered, in defence of the Sultan and the Pasha, were grumbling over a tax imposed upon them for the defraying of the said bill; which, in the comparatively unenlightened time of Viscount Melbourne, seemed strange work in the eyes of a young Milordos. But we all get wiser as we advance in life. And now for the most singular scenery into which his yet rebellious Kleplits had escorted him—the holy vale and rocks of Meteora:—

'The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake or washed away by the Deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks surround a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which there grow groups of detached trees, like those in an English park. Some of the rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass; some are in clusters; some stand alone like obelisks: nothing can be more strange and wonderful than this romantic region, which is unlike anything I have ever seen either before or since. In Switzerland, Saxony, the Tyrol, or any other mountainous region where I have been, there is nothing at all to be compared to these extraordinary peaks.

'At the foot of many of the rocks which surround this beautiful grassy amphitheatre there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up the rocks that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to them; whilst others are below the surface; and the anchorites who burrowed in them, like rabbits, frequently afforded excellent sport to parties of roving Saracens; indeed, hermit-hunting seems to have been a fashionable amusement previous to the twelfth century. In early Greek frescos, and in small, stiff pictures with gold backgrounds, we

see many frightful representations of men on horseback in Roman armour, with long spears, who are torturing and slaying Christian devotees. In these pictures the monks and hermits are represented in gowns made of a kind of coarse matting, and they have long beards, and some of them are covered with hair; these I take it were the ones most to be admired, as in the Greek Church sanctity is always in the inverse ratio of beauty. All Greek saints are painfully ugly, but the hermits are much uglier, dirtier, and older than the rest; they must have been very fusty people besides, eating roots, and living in holes like rats and mice. It is difficult to understand by what process of reasoning they could have persuaded themselves that, by living in this useless, inactive way, they were leading holy lives. They wore out the rocks with their knees in prayer; the cliffs resounded with their groans; sometimes they banged their breasts with a big stone, for a change; and some wore chains and iron girdles round their emaciated forms; but they did nothing to benefit their kind. Still there is something grand in the strength and constancy of their faith. They left their homes and riches and the pleasures of this world, to retire to these dens and caves of the earth, to be subjected to cold and hunger, pain and death, that they might do honour to their God, after their own fashion, and trusting that, by mortifying the body in this world, they should gain happiness for the soul in the world to come; and therefore peace be with their memory!

On the tops of these rocks in different directions there remain seven monasteries out of twenty-four which once crowned their airy heights. How anything except a bird was to arrive at one which we saw in the distance on a pinnacle of rock was more than we could divine; but the mystery was soon solved. Winding our way upwards, among a labyrinth of smaller rocks and cliffs, by a romantic path which afforded us from time to time beautiful views of the green vale below us, we at length found ourselves on an elevated platform of rock, which I may compare to the flat roof of a church; while the monastery of Barlaam stood perpendicularly above us, on the top of a much higher rock, like the tower of this church. Here we fired off a gun, which was intended to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilized places; and we all strained our necks in looking up at the monastery to see whether any answer would be made to our call. Presently we were hailed by some one in the sky, whose voice came down to us like the cry of a bird; and we saw the face and grey beard of an old monk some hundred feet above us peering out of a kind of window or door. He asked us who we were, and what we wanted, and so forth; to which we replied, that we were travellers, harmless people, who wished to be admitted into the monastery to stay the night; that we had come all the way from Corfu to see the wonders of Meteora, and, as it was now getting late, we appealed to his feelings of hospitality and Christian benevolence. "Who are those with you?" said he. "Oh! most respectable people," we answered; "gentlemen of our acquaintance, who have come with us across the mountains from Mezzovo."

The appearance of our escort did not please the monk, and we feared that he would not admit us into the monastery; but at length
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he let down a thin cord, to which I attached a letter of introduction which I had brought from Corfu ; and after some delay a much larger rope was seen descending with a hook at the end—to which a strong net was attached. On its reaching the rock on which we stood the net was spread open : my two servants sat down upon it ; and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly ascending into the air, twisting round and round like a leg of mutton hanging to a bottle-jack. * The rope was old and mended, and the height from the ground to the door above was, we afterwards learned, 37 fathoms, or 222 feet. When they reached the top I saw two stout monks reach their arms out of the door and pull in the two servants by main force, as there was no contrivance like a turning-crane for bringing them nearer to the landing-place. The whole process appeared so dangerous, that I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders which were suspended by large wooden pegs on the face of the precipice, and which reached the top of the rock in another direction, round a corner to the right. The lowest ladder was approached by a pathway leading to a rickety wooden platform which overhung a deep gorge. From this point the ladders hung perpendicularly upon the bare rock, and I climbed up three or four of them very soon ; but coming to one, the lower end of which had swung away from the top of the one below, I had some difficulty in stretching across from the one to the other ; and here unluckily I looked down, and found that I had turned a sort of angle in the precipice, and that I was not over the rocky platform where I had left the horses, but that the precipice went sheer down to so tremendous a depth, that my head turned when I surveyed the distant valley over which I was hanging in the air like a fly on a wall. The monks in the monastery saw me hesitate, and called out to me to take courage and hold on ; and, making an effort, I overcame my dizziness, and clambered up to a small iron door, through which I crept into a court of the monastery, where I was welcomed by the monks and the two servants who had been hauled up by the rope. . . . I forthwith made myself at home, and took a stroll among the courts and gardens of the monastery while dinner or supper, whichever it might be called, was getting ready. I soon stumbled upon the Agoumenos (the lord abbot) of this aerial monastery, and we prowled about together, peeping into rooms, visiting the church, and poking about until it began to get dark ; and then I asked him to dinner in his own room ; but he could eat no meat, so I ate the more myself, and he made up for it by other savoury messes, cooked partly by my servants and partly by the monks. He was an oldish man. He did not dislike sherry, though he preferred rosoglio, of which I always carried a few bottles with me in my monastic excursions. The abbot and I, and another holy father, fraternised, and slapped each other on the back, till it was time to go to bed ; when the two venerable monks gave me their blessing and stumbled out of the room ; and in a marvellously short space of time I was sound asleep.—p. 286.

In this convent of Barlaam (not Balaam) he admired the kitchen, perched on the very edge of the precipice, square in its plan,

plan, with a steep roof of stone, the centre thereof open to the sky. Within, upon a square platform of stone, rested four huge pillars, supporting the roof. This platform was the hearth where the fire blazed, while smaller fires of charcoal could be lit upon stone dressers all round the wall, so that the whole building was chimney and fireplace; and it occurred to him to wonder how, when a great dinner was in hand for a feast-day, the cooks could escape being roasted, as well as the lambs, pigs, and turkeys. The kitchen at Glastonbury is somewhat like this, but cannot pretend to its antiquity. In the course of the second evening, after another episode of sweet drams and clapping on the back, the Agoumenos and the Milordos adjourned privately to the library, and two Codices, both of the Gospels—one, a large quarto, richly ornamented with miniatures, the other a small one, in gold semi-uncials on purple vellum, with the original binding of silver filigree, and which had once probably been the pocket volume of some Palæologus or Comnenus, were secured for the library at Parham, in consideration of certain pieces of yellow dross, which the worthy abbot 'seemed to pocket with the sincerest satisfaction,' and of which there is no particular reason to suppose that he ever made any mention to the rest of the community. 'Never' (says Mr. C.) 'was any one more welcome to his money, though I left but little to pay my expenses back to Corfu. Such books would be treasures in the finest national collection in Europe.' In some of the other nests near St. Barlaam, he was lucky enough to make farther acquisitions, but still he contrived to get back in honour and credit to the mess-table at Corfu, where without question he found hearty sympathy in respect of the exquisite semi-uncials, the purple vellum, the tri-color miniatures, and the Palæological filigree.

We must make a brave skip from 1835 to 1837, and from Meteora to Mount Athos. In starting for this, among the last of his Levantine battues, Mr. Curzon had uncommon advantages. He had been passing some weeks at Constantinople as the guest of Lord Ponsonby, and, merely as the English ambassador's friend, might well have counted on the patronage of the Byzantine Patriarch; but he was moreover provided with a letter from Archbishop Howley.

'When we had smoked our pipes for a while, and all the servants had gone away, I presented the letter. It was received in due form; and read aloud to the Patriarch, first in English, and then translated into Greek. "And who," quoth the Patriarch of Constantinople—"who is this Archbishop?" "Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury." "Archbishop of *what*?" said the Patriarch. "*Canterbury*," said I. "Oh," said the Patriarch. "Ah! yes! and who is he?" Here all my English friends and myself were taken aback sadly; we had not imagined that the high-priest before us could be ignorant of such a matter

matter as the one in question. The Patriarch of the Greek Church, the successor of Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, and the heresiarch Nestorius, seemed not to be aware that there were any other denominations of Christians besides those of his own Church and the Church of Rome. But the fact is that the Patriarch of Constantinople is merely the puppet of an intriguing faction of the Greek bankers and usurers of the Fanar, who select for the office some man of straw whom they feel secure they can rule, and whose appointment they obtain by a heavy bribe paid to the Sultan; for the head of the Christian Church is appointed by the Mahomedan Emperor!

‘We explained, and said that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a man eminent for his great learning and his Christian virtues; that he was the primate and chief of the great reformed Church of England, and a personage of such high degree that he ranked next to the blood-royal: that from time immemorial the Archbishop of Canterbury was the great dignitary who placed the crown upon the head of our kings—those kings whose power swayed the destinies of Europe and of the world; and that this present Archbishop and Primate had himself placed the crown upon the head of King William IV., and that he would also soon crown our young Queen. “Well,” replied the Patriarch, “but how is that? how can it happen that the head of your Church is only an Archbishop? whereas I, the Patriarch, command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries of the Church? How can these things be? I cannot write an answer to the letter of the Archbishop of—of—” “Of Canterbury,” said I. “Yes! of Canterbury; for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy; but as you come from the British embassy I will give my letters, which will ensure your reception into every monastery which acknowledges the supremacy of the *orthodox* faith of the Patriarch of Constantinople.”

In a few days the Patriarchal firman was received, and the fees thereon duly discharged. With this authoritative epistle* in his hands, Mr. Curzon (having safely weathered sundry squalls and outsailed one or two supposed pirates) arrived amongst the marvels of the holy peninsula, and visited in succession all its monasteries, save one, renowned for its figs, but supposed to have

* ‘To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of the Holy Mountain, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other Sacred Convents, our beloved Sons. We, Gregorios, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, &c. &c. &c. Peace be to you. The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Honourable Robert Curzon, of a noble English family, recommended to us by most worthy and much-honoured persons, intending to travel, and wishing to be *instructed in the old and new philology*, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connexion with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all: and we order that you not only receive him with every esteem and hospitality, but give him precise and clear explanations to all his interrogations relative to his philological examinations, obliging yourselves, and lending yourselves, in a manner not only fully to satisfy and content him, but so that he shall approve of and praise your conduct.—This we desire and require to be executed, rewarding you with the Divine and with Our Blessing.

GREGORIOS, Universal Patriarch.

lost long before all its precious vellums. These establishments are in number twenty-one—and of all sizes; in some, he found one hundred monks, with accommodation for as many more; but half of the brethren are usually absent on agricultural duty, located for the time in outlying *cells*—that is, comfortable little farm-houses among the glens of the inner region; others are of comparatively small consequence, the whole fraternity not exceeding perhaps a dozen, besides the *agoumenos*. All or most are still well endowed, and in fair condition, despite innumerable heavy blows and great discouragements in former ages of the Turkocracy; and though severely injured and plundered, many of them, but yesterday during the wars of the Greek revolution, when the Christian patriots were not very particular as to their selection of spots on the Ottoman seaboard for a foray—nor the Ottoman soldiers in distinguishing between Greek rebels and Greek victims of the licence of rebellion. The scenery is most charming. Mr. Curzon lingers with fond memory over the ‘rocks of white marble’ garnished with shrubs and flowers the sight of which would make Mr. Paxton gape and Mrs. Lawrence sigh—the gorgeous woods—the majestic central peak, which would not, he thinks, have been improved by being hewn into an image of Alexander the Great. This Paradise of monks includes some tracts of very rich soil. Their farms yield good revenues; they are active timber-merchants, and supply quantities of corn, fruit, oil, and beef to the Constantinople markets. Neither butcher-meat nor smoking is allowed within the sacred region, but in some of the colleges the fish-dinners seem almost to rival Greenwich, and Mr. Curzon speaks with awful admiration of their wine-cellar—he ‘never saw such tuns, except at Heidelberg.’ In several the libraries are still considerable, but the sprinkling of anything but Byzantine divinity is small in the best of them. Only one of the Heads of Houses seems to have impressed Mr. Curzon as a man of any pretensions to learning, but several were well-bred, gentlemanlike Amphitryons. Among the Fellows he found three or four of some attainments; one could speak French, one German, several a sort of Italian—the effects of housing now and then foreign wanderers who relished the fish-pot and swallowed the vows. Where the abbot was also librarian, or had the officer so designated in his special confidence, Mr. Curzon found little difficulty about buying such books as smit his fancy. In general, when such transactions must take place with the concurrence of the brotherhood at large, it was hopeless to deal—their childish ignorance and extravagant expectations baffled the Frank. He brought away two saddle-bags and a trunk well stuffed with literary prizes, for the enumeration and laudation of which

we have not at present room, and also some few pieces (for one or two of the Heads were over-tempted) of church-plate—goblets and pateræ of rare Byzantine workmanship, probably among the oldest articles of the class now in existence. But his mouth watered in vain at the sight of the grandest and, of course, most celebrated objects—things too sure to be missed and inquired about—for example, the ‘glorious triptic’ at St. Laura—pure gold, eighteen inches high—set over externally ‘with emeralds, pearls, and rubies as large as sixpences, and a double row of diamonds—the most ancient specimens of this stone that I have seen;’ in the interior ‘wholly covered with engraved figures of saints which were full of precious stones’—altogether ‘a superb work of art,’ and the undoubted gift of the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, the founder of the monastery. This great convent has two churches, besides separate chapels. The architecture is like that of the buildings erected in Constantinople between the fifth and twelfth centuries—that Byzantine of which St. Marc’s at Venice is the finest specimen in the West; but he thought the resemblance was still closer to the chapel in the ancient palace at Palermo. There are, however, few mosaics on Mount Athos, the churches and chapels depending for decoration on fresco paintings of the Saints and the Last Judgment. This last emblazons every porch, or Galilee, in the peninsula:—

‘In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncouthness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescos, are a very hard favoured set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners, who, to judge from the expression of his face, must be very nauseous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench very high up in the picture; these are all old men with beards: some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, anchorites and princes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large hook, and give you the idea that except for the honour of the thing they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below. This picture of the Last Judgment is as much conventional as the portraits of the saints; it is almost always the same,

and

and a correct representation of a part of it is to be seen in the last print of the rare volume of the Monte Santo di Dio, which contains the three earliest engravings known: it would almost appear that the print must have been copied from one of these ancient Greek frescos. It is difficult to conceive how any one, even in the dark ages, can have been simple enough to look upon these quaint and absurd paintings with feelings of religious awe; but some of the monks of the Holy Mountain do so even now, and were evidently scandalised when they saw me smile.*

Mr. Curzon here adds a note showing that, however modern Franks may smile, one of these pictures was really the cause of a whole nation's embracing Christianity:—

‘Bogoris, king of Bulgaria, having written to Constantinople for a painter to decorate the walls of his palace, a monk named Methodius was sent to him—all knowledge of the arts in those days being confined to the clergy. The king desired Methodius to paint on a certain wall the most terrible picture that he could imagine; and, by the advice of the king's sister, who had embraced Christianity some years before whilst in captivity at Constantinople, the monastic artist produced so fearful a representation of the torments of the condemned in the next world, that it had the effect of converting Bogoris to the Christian faith. In consequence of this event the Patriarch of Constantinople despatched a bishop to Bulgaria, who baptized the king by the name of Michael in the year 865. Before long his loyal subjects, following the example of their sovereign, were converted also; and Christianity from that period became the religion of the land.’—p. 365.*

We noticed near the beginning of our paper the most remarkable peculiarity about the art of the Greek Church. It is to be regretted that Mr. Curzon had not read, before he published his volume, the very instructive and curious work of MM. Dindron and Durand: ‘*De l'Iconographie Chrétienne, Grecque et Latine*’ (Paris, 1845). It includes a translation of a Byzantine treatise, ‘*Ἑρμηνεία τῆς Ζωογραφικῆς*’, which Father Joasaph, a monk of Athos, and the chief artist of that peninsula, communicated in 1839 to M. Dindron, on finding the Frenchman astonished with the rapidity of his pencil in the decoration of a new church for the convent of St. Esphigmenou, and the exactness with which he was reproducing the usual type of every saint in the calendar. In this work, which begins with quoting the Nicæan Canon—‘Art belongs to the painter of Holy Objects, but not Invention’—M. Dindron found the code so familiar to Joasaph's memory that he but rarely had occasion to reopen its page. Here not only is the length of nose, and lip, and brow for every particular prophet

* We may observe that in some of the grandest churches of Rome, two or three years ago, we saw many new pictures of Purgatory, with every horror that red and black daubing could represent, stuck up in conspicuous places, with placards inviting relations, friends, and all benevolent Christians, to subscribe liberally for masses to hasten the day of deliverance.

and martyr set down, with the tint of hair, the arrangement of robes to the smallest fold, and the text of the Bible to be inscribed on his skirt, but the rule is equally precise for the proportions and colour of the ass of Balaam, the cock of Peter, the whale of Jonah, the apes and peacocks of Solomon, and every animal in holy writ. M. Dindron dwells on the apple of Eve—always the same, not only in the thousand chapels of Athos—(churches, chapels, and oratories together considerably exceed that number)—but wherever the mosaic or fresco has been executed under the authority of the Greek Church—for he had studied well the parallel illustrations of the West, and knew that in the old churches of Burgundy and Champagne our first mother is usually tempted by a cluster of grapes; in those of Provence, &c., by an orange; while in Normandy and Picardy it is the common apple of those districts;—and that the same sort of variation runs through Spain and Italy, unless in particular places where Byzantine artists had set the early copy. Whenever the decorator of a Greek church has put his name to his work, it is not as *painter* that he designates himself, but as *historizer*—as in one splendid example at Salamis, date 1755: Ἱστοριοῦν ὁ θεῖος καὶ πανσεωπτος ναὸς τῆτος διὰ χειρὸς Γεωργίου Μάρκου ἐκ πόλεως Ἀργεῖ καὶ τῶν μαθητῶν αὐτοῦ Νικολᾶν καὶ Ἀντωνίς. —*Iconographie*, p. xiii. M. Dindron adds that the intelligence of Father Joasaph surprised and delighted him. We are sorry that Mr. Curzon did not make acquaintance with this superior specimen of the recluses.

The convent of St. Laura is the second in magnitude—and it is a rich house every way: but in its cookery, we are sorry to add, the schismatical taint is marked:—

‘I was informed that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman’s foot. That this rigid law is infringed by certain small and active creatures who have the audacity to bring their wives and large families within the very precincts of the monastery I soon discovered to my sorrow, and heartily regretted that the law was not more rigidly enforced; nevertheless, I slept well on my divan, and at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library. The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything. “But first,” said he, “I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest I shall prepare it with my own hands; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons.” “Well,” thought I, “a good breakfast is not a bad thing;” and the fresh mountain-air and the good night’s rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the

the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. "This," said he, producing a shallow basin half-full of a white paste, "is the principal and most savoury part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese"—it seemed to be of the white acid kind called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers—"and now it is completed!" He stirred the savoury mess with a large wooden spoon until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma not to be described. "Now," said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much-respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, you will not meet with everywhere."

"I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburghe Club for ever and ever. "My Lord," said I, "it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit it, though the odour certainly is most wonderful! Truly an astonishing savour! Let me see you eat it, O agoumenos!" continued I; "for behold, I am unworthy of anything so good." "Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the agoumenos, "no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples: but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honoured friend, and eat it: eat it all, and then we will go into the library." He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other: and in desperation I took a gulp, the recollection of which still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility: not all my ardour in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My servant saved me at last: he said "that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day." The agoumenos looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church.* "I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he; "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church." So

* A board and a hammer serve these schismatics for a bell.

I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices.'—p. 369.

There were two small rooms full of books, and they were disposed in tolerable order on their shelves—but the dust had not been disturbed for many years, and almost blinded the intruder. He counted them, however, and indeed spent several days among them. There were, he says, full 5000 volumes; the largest collection extant on Mount Athos. Some 4000 are printed books, including several fine Aldine classics and the *Editio Princeps* of the *Anthologia* in capital letters. Of the 900 or 1000 MSS., 600 were on paper—all theology save four, viz. the *Iliad*, *Hesiod*, and two on botany, 'probably the works of *Dioscorides*, and not in good condition, having been much studied by the monks in former days—large thick quartos.' Among 300 MSS. on vellum was one *Evangelisterium*, of the ninth century—a splendid tome; about 50 Gospels, of the eleventh and twelfth; many huge folios of *St. Chrysostom*, &c., equally ancient. 'Not one leaf of a classic author on vellum.'

At *St. Laura* nothing could be done in the way of bargain—the monks were too many, or the abbot too honest. At *Pantocratoras*—a small House—there would probably have been no objection to treat; but when now, after years of forgetfulness, the *Principal* explored his book-tower, behold all the volumes and rolls had been piled in a heap together at the bottom during some alarm of the *Philhellenic* war, and the Turkish cannon having injured the roof, and no repair of a mere library having been thought of, the rain had by this time reduced the whole collection of paper and vellum to one black layer of stinking paste. Another of the smaller convents, with an autocratic abbot, is that of *Caracalla*.

'The library I found to be a dark closet near the entrance of the church; it had been locked up for many years, but the agoumenos made no difficulty in breaking the old-fashioned padlock by which the door was fastened. I found upon the ground and upon some broken-down shelves about four or five hundred volumes, chiefly printed books; but amongst them, every now and then, I stumbled upon a manuscript; of these there were about thirty on vellum and fifty or sixty on paper. I picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial Greek characters, part of the Gospel of *St. Matthew*, written in small square letters and of small quarto size. I searched in vain for the volume to which this leaf belonged. As I had found it impossible to purchase any manuscripts at *St. Laura*, I feared that the same would be the case in other monasteries; however, I made bold to ask for this single leaf as a thing of small value. "Certainly!" said the agoumenos, "what do you want it for?" My servant suggested that, perhaps, it might be useful

useful to cover some jam-pots or vases of preserves which I had at home. "Oh!" said the agoumenos, "take some more;" and, without more adieu, he seized upon an unfortunate thick quarto manuscript of the Acts and Epistles, and drawing out a knife cut out an inch thickness of leaves at the end before I could stop him. It proved to be the Apocalypse, which concluded the volume, but which is rarely found in early Greek manuscripts of the Acts: it was of the eleventh century. I ought, perhaps, to have slain the *tomeicide* for his dreadful act of profanation, but his generosity reconciled me to his guilt, so I pocketed the Apocalypse.'

At the monastery of St. Paul Mr. Curzon made the rarest of all his acquisitions. This house was founded by an old hospodar of Wallachia, and its Servian and Bulgarian MSS. amounted to 250, some of them most curious. One copy of the Gospels was from beginning to end a perfect blaze of illuminations.

'I had seen no book like it anywhere in the Levant. I almost tumbled off the steps on which I was perched on the discovery of so extraordinary a volume. I saw that these books were taken care of, so I did not much like to ask whether they would part with them; more especially as the community was evidently a prosperous one, and had no need to sell any of their goods.

'After walking about the monastery with the monks, as I was going away the agoumenos said he wished he had anything which he could present to me as a memorial of my visit to the convent of St. Paul. On this a brisk fire of reciprocal compliments ensued, and I observed that I should like to take a book. "Oh! by all means!" he said; "we make no use of the old books, and should be glad if you would accept one." We returned to the library; and the agoumenos took out one at a hazard, as you might take a brick or a stone out of a pile, and presented it to me. Quoth I, "If you don't care what book it is that you are so good as to give me, let me take one which pleases me;" and, so saying, I took down the illuminated folio of the Bulgarian Gospels, and I could hardly believe I was awake when the agoumenos gave it into my hands. Perhaps the greatest piece of impertinence of which I was ever guilty was when I asked to buy another; but that they insisted upon giving me also; so I took other two copies of the Gospels, all three as free-will gifts. I felt almost ashamed at accepting these two last books; but who could resist it, knowing that they were utterly valueless to the monks, and were not saleable in the bazaar at Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, or any neighbouring city? However, before I went away, as a salvo to my conscience, I gave some money to the church.'—p. 424.

One of the last convents visited was Simopetra. A monk who had just arrived from one of the farms could speak a little Italian, and was deputed to dine with Milordos.

'He was a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together

in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favourable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians, and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk: whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel as ancient as the days of Constantine; or whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.—p. 428.

From this spinny no bag reported. At the next, Coutloumoussi, the wallet opened and closed on several rich morsels—especially a matchless folio of St. Chrysostom—‘who seems to have been the principal instructor of the monks of Mount Athos, that is, in the days when they were in the habit of reading: a tedious custom which they have long since given up by general consent.’ (p. 430.)

In leaving this singular peninsula, still so rich in monuments of the piety and munificence of the Byzantine Cæsars, we must lay our hands on one paragraph more from Mr. Curzon’s Introduction:—

‘The bodies of the Byzantine emperors were enclosed in sarcophagi of precious marbles, which were usually deposited in chapels erected for the purpose—a custom which has been imitated by the sultans of Turkey. Of all these magnificent sarcophagi and chapels or mausoleums where

where the remains of the imperial families were deposited, only one remains intact ; every one but this has been violated, destroyed, or carried away ; the ashes of the Cæsars have been scattered to the winds. This is now known by the name of the chapel of St. Nazario e Celso, at Ravenna ; it was built by Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius ; she died at Rome in 440, but her body was removed to Ravenna and deposited in a sarcophagus in this chapel ; in the same place are two other sarcophagi, one containing the remains of Constantius, the second husband of Galla Placidia, and the other holding the body of her son Valentinian III. These tombs have never been disturbed, and are the only ones which remain intact of the entire line of the Cæsars, either of the Eastern or Western empires.—p. xxvii.

Our readers will hardly quarrel with the extent of our quotations, but we may as well confess that one main temptation was the pure unaffected English of the book. In many respects the largely foreign training of the young men of rank in these our later days has produced serious evil. We ascribe to this cause, in no trivial measure, the melancholy aspect of our domestic politics. The old national spirit was essentially blended with the old national taste. The results in our literature have been equally marked, and in their place and degree are equally to be regretted. It is very much to the credit of our younger aristocracy that so many of them have aspired to distinction by the use of the pen ; but how few of these have escaped the foreign tinge—how few feel it as their peculiar duty to guard uncontaminated the proud inheritance of the native speech ! Lord Brougham does not fall within our category ; but, exercising as he does a command over the resources of French diction that astonishes French people, what an example he sets of stern and rigid rejection of all outlandish embroidery when he unfolds his plain strong web of the vernacular ! Lord Mahon too is rather of older standing than the class we alluded to ; but in him they see a master of French style, who is so severely native in his English that he has sometimes been sneered at, by such critics as such an author may accept placidly, as a *Purist*. We were delighted to see Mr. Curzon following these worthy examples. Few of his years have been greater travellers, and there is not one foreign word used in his volume when an English one was at his service.

A new book of another kind, which also from internal evidence must have been written by a person constantly mingling in the highest English society, reaches us when this sheet is in the press, and the rest of our pages are all bespoken ; otherwise on many accounts, but especially because it is another instance of manly unpolluted English, we should have much wished to make it the subject of a separate article in this number. That is now impossible, but we beg to call our readers' attention, in case the

novel has not come in their way, to 'Rockingham, or the Younger Brother.' We think the writer has made two serious mistakes—first, in selecting for his main subject the very painful one of fraternal rivalry in love; secondly, what is moreover very bad in an artistical point of view, in having introduced about the middle certain 'Fragments' of a second tragedy on exactly the same unhappy theme. But the work abounds in interest—and indeed we should be at a loss to name another recent novel that shows anything like the same power of painting strong passion—or rather we should say the strong passion of gentle natures, and this too under all the habitual restraints of education, principle, and self-control. It was, however, the beautifully pure English that we especially desired to dwell upon, and that is the more noticeable because the *episode* above condemned is wholly in French; and, as we say on far higher authority than our own, such French as was never before published by an Englishman. In Lord Brougham's French writings, in Lord Mahon's, and also in Mr. Beckford's, it was, we believe, the judgment of Paris, that, extraordinary as their correctness was, a native eye could not fail to detect some mixture of the French of different epochs. How could it be otherwise, we may well ask. But so much more the wonder if, as we are assured, it is the fact that the miniature romance framed into 'Rockingham' is as completely in the best French of the present time as the bulk of the work is in its best English.

The history of the patch we conjecture to have been this. The author originally designed a French novel on the full scale—perhaps he finished it. He by-and-bye saw reason to think that he could bring out his general conception better with the use of English manners—and, *dominus utriusque linguæ*, penned *Rockingham*, interweaving much matter from the discarded *Royaulmont*. When he had done, he found he had been forced to omit some of the best scenes of the French piece. No skill could amalgamate those plums with the new pudding—so he served up as a side-dish a few slices of the old one. And we sympathize with his reluctance to throw away altogether such passages as Marie Antoinette's ball at Versailles, and the execution of the too tender Marquise de Royaulmont—in truth we think them even better than the best in the loves of his English 'younger brother,' and his (of course quite correct) English Marchioness.

ART. VII.—1. *A Glance at Revolutionized Italy: a Visit to Messina, and a Tour through the Kingdom of Naples, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Piedmont, &c., in the Summer of 1848.* By Charles Mac Farlane, Author of 'Constantinople in 1828,' 'Sports, Pastimes, and Recollections of the South of Italy,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1849.

2. *The Events of 1848, especially in their relation to Great Britain. A Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne.* By R. M. Milnes, M.P. 8vo. 1849.

IT is too often the unwelcome duty of Reviewers to protest against the hastiness of travellers in recording their first crude impressions—their readiness to prefer their prejudices to their observation, and to attribute their own sentiments to the people by whom they are surrounded indeed, but with whom they have little means of communicating. On the present occasion it is our pleasanter office to invite attention to a tourist of a very different character.

Mr. Mac Farlane is thoroughly acquainted with Italy—he passed in it those youthful years when observation is keenest and memory most retentive. 'I lived there,' he tells us, 'from January, 1816, to May, 1827, when I left it for the East; and at that time its language and literature were nearly as familiar to me as my own.' He returns to it after an interval of twenty-one years, qualified by his long absence and his previous knowledge to mark and report the changes which time has wrought. On his route from Constantinople to England he resolves, after some hesitation, to pass through Italy, induced not more by curiosity than by a desire to revisit the haunts and friends of his youth—and we congratulate the public on his determination: these two amusing and unpretending volumes give more insight into the present state of the Italian peninsula than can be collected from all the voluminous speeches, pamphlets, reports, and letters with which the press has been inundated. Mr. Mac Farlane possesses in no ordinary degree those qualities which we value most in a traveller: he is curious and indefatigable in the pursuit of information; while his matured knowledge of the country and its language prevents his becoming the dupe to *ciceroni*, language-masters, and *laquais-de-place*, from whom the ordinary 'tourist' collects his information. We have no accounts of 'intelligent friends' picked up at tables d'hôte—'close observers' met at coffee-houses or in the 'corners of streets,' on whose authority we are asked to believe the most improbable assertions; neither does his acquaintance lie with that class of men which abounds in every Italian capital—needy, obtrusive, and greedy—the very

parasites of Gil Blas—abbati without benefices—monsignori without employment—doctors without patients—lawyers without clients—nobles without lands or patents—and all without character: men who, shunned by their own countrymen, flock to the chambers of strangers, whose credulous ears they fill with abuse of the society that has banished them. The Italian gentleman shrinks with even an overstrained delicacy from accepting the hospitality he does not mean to return, and speaks with undisguised contempt of the native toadeater who fawns on the foreigner and feeds at his expense.

We sympathise with Mr. Mac Farlane in his admiration of Italy, and even in his affection for the Italian people. It is this sympathy that has made us raise our voices again and again (and we would fain hope not quite in vain) to warn our countrymen against the dangerous tendency of our Italian policy—a policy fatal not only to our own credit, but to the happiness of those whose welfare is the pretext for our interference. In contemplating the melancholy and disgraceful scenes which have been enacted in every part of Italy we would willingly exonerate the *people* from that reproach of cowardice and treachery which attaches itself to their seducers only—to the privy conspirators and the abettors of pillage and assassination—to the Guerrazzi, the Caninos, and the Montanelli.

In any cause which has engaged their hearts the Italians have generally shown themselves determined and enterprising; and if they now appear cold, selfish, and irresolute, the inference is clear. The revolution which is hateful to the noble and the priest is distasteful to the peasant and the artisan—it is popular only with the rabble of the capital, misled and deceived by interested adventurers—men soured into misanthropy by long obscurity and universal contempt. ‘Ah,’ said a disconsolate democrat of Naples to Mr. Mac Farlane, in discussing the events of the memorable 15th of May, ‘if we could only win over the troops and the common people and all the shopkeepers, then we would drive away the tyrant, and carry out the doctrines of the Sovereignty of the People, and make a true democratic republic—*ma la malora è*, but the mischief of it is, *all the people are against us!*’—(i. p. 106.)

Mr. Mac Farlane was at Constantinople when the reforms of Pope Pius had just begun to raise the hopes of the revolutionists, but before they had excited serious alarm in the prudent. The population of the Christian suburb of Pera is composed of refugees from every state, traders and artisans from every climate, for the most part too clumsy or too ill-conducted to succeed at home: men of all tongues and creeds—those who have no creeds and whose tongues are unintelligible *patois*; a very Babel of confusion—French, Germans, Spanish, and English, Armenians and
Greeks—

Greeks—Islanders, Albanians, Slavonians—and, above all, Italians—the worst specimens, perhaps, that their respective nations could furnish, and affording by their conduct a living justification for the obstinacy of the Turk in his rejection of the faith of the *Giaour*. It was a sight of no good augury to witness the joy with which the measures of the reforming Pope were hailed by these spirits of mischief. One of some note, amongst them, an Italian in the Turkish service, opened himself with much frankness to our author:—‘The Pope,’ he said, ‘is an old woman, and teaches a religion fit only for old women. We men of liberal principles are neither Roman Catholics, nor of any other religion. The world is too enlightened for that. But Pius IX. has played our cards for us; and we will let him play on a little longer, until we shall have no further need of him, and then we will cut off the old fool’s head.’—(i. p. 17.) It is remarkable that these were exactly the sentiments which we ourselves heard uttered, before the French revolution had rendered their realization probable, with only a *very* little more decency of expression, by one of the principal agitators for ‘Italian independence.’ If we forbear to name him, it is from no regard to *him*—he glories in what we deem his delinquencies—but from respect to the place and the society in which we met him.

By the colonists of Pera the triumphs of the French and Austrian revolutions were celebrated with all the malice and brutality of which depraved human nature is capable. M. de Bourqueney, the French Ambassador, was subjected to the most insulting treatment—his house invaded and sacked, and his wife and family saved only by concealment till the means of flight could be procured. The Austrian internuncio was protected from similar treatment by the presence of Turkish soldiers bivouacking in his garden, and perhaps still more by some stout Slavonians whom he took into his pay to garrison the official residence. This show of resistance effectually damped the ardour of his assailants, whose exuberant zeal found a safer vent in patriotic dinners, blasphemous hymns, and mutual pledges to exterminate tyrants and to spread the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity, at the dagger’s point. For a full and very lively account of this savage buffoonery we refer our readers to the first chapter of Mr. MacFarlane’s book. .

At Malta, where our author performs his quarantine, exposed to the exactions, impertinences, and petty persecutions of the native officials of the lazaretto, he does not, like Mr. Cobden, find the fleet lying idle and inactive—we wish he had: on the contrary, that fleet was absent and busily employed in the ignoble task of insulting a friendly sovereign in his own capital, and encouraging

encouraging the rebellion of his subjects. Neither does Mr. Mac Farlane's account of this important island correspond in other respects with that which Mr. Cobden published for the benefit of his liberal testimonialists: on the contrary, he complains of the bad effect of the injudicious reforms and sordid economy introduced by the Government in the vain hope of conciliating that class of politicians who feel our national glory like a wound, and whom nothing less than the destruction of our ancient supremacy would satisfy. 'The establishments,' he says (i. p. 30), 'are shamefully reduced, and the state of the island such as to be badly prepared to resist a sudden and formidable *coup-de-main*.'

He proceeds to Sicily, and lands at Messina at the moment the 'popolo divino' (for such is the style in which their adulators address them) are preparing, amidst the wildest excesses of political excitement, to resist an attack which, after all, the captain of the National Guard (p. 52) assured our author it was the general belief that the *French and English fleets would not allow the King to make*. His account of the popular fury and of the confusion is characteristic of the country and people. He visits the arsenal, and from thence goes on to the town-hall, in which the council of war and the committee of public safety, and various other 'boards' and commissions, were sitting. He was struck with the number of priests and women in attendance:—

'All were talking at the tops of their voices, and all were, or seemed to be, in a passion. There was no order, or any attempt to maintain order. The scene presented the very counterpart of the French Jacobin or Cordelier Club of 1792. Stacks of pikes, dirty flags and banners suspended from some of the ceilings, and printed manifestos and proclamations to the sovereign people, completed the resemblance. In the principal streets all the door posts, and nearly all the lower part of every house, church, or convent, were covered with placards, some printed, some manuscript. I read some scores of them, shuddering as I read. I had fancied that the French republicans had carried the flattery of the mob and the heroes of the barricades to its utmost limits, but I found that they were exceeded by the demagogues of Messina and the leaders of this Sicilian revolution, who out-Herod Herod and out-Frenchify the French.'

Most of these papers were in a strain of the most pompous exultation:

'Others, however, were written in a less confident tone—betraying doubts, misgivings, and dark suspicions; all calculated to excite in other men's minds the perilous passion of suspicion—that passion and rage to which the Sicilians, like all these people of the South, are so naturally and habitually inclined. One fellow, who gave a fictitious and classical name, called upon the sovereign people to keep their eyes open—to be watchful by night and by day, as it was a well-known fact

fact that there are many spies and partisans of the tyrant in the city. Another intimated that the *rich* were not making sacrifices enough for the cause of liberty and independence. One opined that the revolution was not going fast enough; that the Parliament at Palermo was too aristocratic, and ought to be unseated; that the son of Charles-Albert would not accept the Sicilian crown which was offered him; and that another form of government should be thought of. A very Trinculo of a demagogue proclaimed that the sovereign people, being sovereign and divine, ought to govern themselves by themselves—without either king or parliament; that the Sicilians did not yet sufficiently understand the signification of the words democracy, liberty, equality, and fraternity.’—i. p. 57.

Various patriots put forth addresses on their own particular score, and were justly anxious to exonerate themselves from the charge of being spies—an imputation which an Italian always makes when he wishes to inflict a mortal injury, and which in this case was a sure recommendation to the assassin’s knife.

‘Another patriot proposed a new “conquer or die” oath, as necessary to be taken by the whole Sicilian nation, with instant death to those who would not take it. They were constantly changing the members of their local government. No sooner was a man in office than he excited envy, and saw a faction formed against him. The English and other merchants had nearly all withdrawn into the country or had quitted the island. Of the better class of Sicilian gentry and nobility, who had been accustomed in former times to make Messina their residence, I could see or hear nothing.’—i. p. 59.

The state of things as described by Mr. Mac Farlane presents the most gloomy prospect. Indeed it must be confessed that Sicily, the richest and most beautiful of the Mediterranean isles, has not met with a happy destiny. Having early acquired both freedom and civilization under its Greek colonizers, it has rarely since possessed an independent existence. Long a province of the Spanish monarchy, whose languor and decline it shared, it seemed destined to new life when, united to Naples, it became an integral part of an independent sovereignty. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies (for we cannot acknowledge their separation) was ultimately settled, at the conclusion of the long struggle for the Spanish succession, on a prince of the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon, and at the close of the last century was slowly emerging from its previous state of sloth and poverty; and though its progress had been checked by the misrule of Ferdinand IV. and the revolutions that preceded and followed the French occupation of one country and that of the other by the English, there might still be traced a gradual improvement, which had rapidly increased under the fostering care of the reigning king. Mr. Mac Farlane bears ample testimony to this progress; tracts of country which in his earlier

earlier day he had known marshy and desolate (valuable only to the sportsman), he now sees reclaimed, drained, and planted; streets which he had left dirty, close, and unwholesome, appear widened, cleaned, and ventilated; swamps are converted into corn-fields, and forests of brushwood have become orchards and vineyards. In spite of the idleness and misery that political agitation had recently brought on Messina, even that town wore a far better aspect; and he owns himself very agreeably disappointed in finding the amount of damage occasioned by the civil war so small. The Fort Reale, besieged and taken from a weak garrison by the Messinese, had been destroyed in their patriotic zeal by the populace of the town, but in other places no signs of devastation were visible.*

We are very far from asserting that the administration of the island was susceptible of no improvement. A more popular form of government might have been gradually introduced. Sicilian vanity might fairly expect a larger share in the favours of government; but it is a mistake to suppose that the interests of the island or of its inhabitants were in any way postponed to those of Naples; and if a higher degree of material civilization was attained in the continental kingdom than in Sicily, the fault is to be attributed to the Sicilians themselves. The King complains that his measures for their benefit were constantly thwarted, that neither nobility nor clergy were disposed to second him, and that complaints of grievances invariably terminated in selfish demands for power and emolument. If the King hesitated to grant a constitution, it must be admitted that there was some reason in his plea: he urged that the constitutional experiment, when tried at Naples, had produced such results as might well excuse his reluctance to repeat it. The monstrous and fantastic constitution of 1820, short-lived as it was, had survived any small share of popularity it ever possessed. The revolutionary movement headed by Pepe, a man without parts to maintain himself on the giddy height to which his vanity had raised him, was principally assisted by a section of the military, amongst whom he had introduced

* The reader will doubtless remember the universal indignation which was excited against the King of Naples for the imputed destruction of Messina by the bombardment of General Pronio from the impregnable fortress. Mr. Mac Farlane bears ocular testimony to the forbearance and moderation with which that calumniated officer performed his painful duty. 'I took care,' says Prince Satiano, in his speech in the Chamber of Peers on the 6th of February of the present year, 'to renew the order to the Commandant of the citadel of Messina never to begin the fire against the batteries erected with perfidious intention, against all the rules observed in sieges, by the Palermitans. These batteries, planted upon the bastions which surround the city, as well as its finest quarters, exposed it everywhere to the fire both of the besieging and the besieged. My orders were given to the effect that the King should not commence unless in the case of direct provocation.'

what he terms '*La Charbonnerie*'—he himself having initiated them into these mysteries, the object of which, he coolly tells us, was to dethrone the Prince whose uniform they wore and whose sworn and trusted servant he was. The tyranny of this traitorous coxcomb, and the excesses of the undisciplined soldiery whom he had perverted but durst not restrain, rendered the revolutionary party highly unpopular, and the loyalty of the people and even of the greater part of the army (who, though ready enough to bluster and dictate, were by no means prepared to assist in dethroning their sovereign) completed its destruction. The agitators of that day made the same complaint that Mr. Mac Farlane heard on his return to Naples after an interval of near thirty years; the people were hostile or luke-warm; all—said the agitators—were swayed by interest or by affection to oppose the glorious cause that was to render them happy against their wills. The shameful defeat of the Neapolitan army by the Austrians is mainly to be attributed to the small inclination it bore to the cause, and General Pepe, in his strange Memoirs, which leave the reader in perplexity whether most to wonder at his treachery in forming such schemes, or his folly in narrating them, is forced to confess that the difficulties and dangers which he afterwards met in effecting his escape, proceeded neither from the emissaries of the Crown nor from Austrian bayonets, but from the hostility of the country to his person and his cause.* The Austrians were hailed with open rejoicings by the people, and with ill-dissembled satisfaction by those even who were most anxious for the independence of their country, but who recognised in this foreign intervention their only chance of salvation from Pepe and the anarchists. In Sicily these foreigners were received with yet greater favour, but everywhere and to everybody the recollection of the constitution, its meddling lawyers, its greedy demagogues, and its military dictator, was equally odious. We refer our readers (if they are rich in patience) to the dull and tedious Memoirs to which we have just alluded.

The present discontents in Sicily, which were not manifested till

* This ill-omened minister of mischief hastened back to his native country on hearing of the new troubles that afflicted it. He claimed his share in the lawless invasion of Lombardy, and received the command of the Neapolitan Contingent. Refusing to obey his sovereign's subsequent order to return to Naples, he proceeded with the small part of the troops he could debauch from their allegiance, and is now at the head of that irregular force which, with the assistance of the Sardinian fleet, has maintained the town of Venice in rebellion, to the ruin of its commerce and the terror of its well-disposed inhabitants. It may be well to notice that Mr. Mac Farlane contradicts distinctly the stories, of which the newspapers were full, about the disorderly conduct of the Neapolitan troops on their homeward march, and of the ill-feeling manifested towards them; they, on the contrary, paid liberally for those supplies which were everywhere furnished with alacrity.

some time after the accession of Pius IX., and which, as everywhere else, were carefully fomented by foreigners,* were by no means the result of pressing grievances, nor of offended vanity, nor yet of awakened nationality; they may be traced to that spirit of insubordination and to the vague and restless hopes which the measures and language of the rash Pontiff had so generally excited. They cannot be attributed to the pressure of poverty—never before had Sicily enjoyed so much prosperity; but the whole Italian peninsula was eager in the race of innovation—to lag behind would be a proof of inferior civilization—and the Liberals of Sicily were resolved to assert the full prerogative of insubordination, even before the French revolution gave their cause a chance of ultimate success, and the united support of France and England had encouraged them in their extravagant demands. The confusion at Naples seemed for a time to render success but too probable, and the active support of the French and English squadrons might have justified the calculations of less sanguine partisans.

Mr. Mac Farlane went from Malta to Sicily in a French steamer:—

‘The King of Naples,’ he says, ‘had not been allowed by France and England to declare or maintain a blockade at Messina, Palermo, or any other point of Sicily. He had been deprived of one of the rights of war by those who had all along encouraged the revolt of his Sicilian subjects. A French frigate and an English war-steamer lay right in the port of Messina. The Neapolitan steamer in the straits did not dare challenge our French steamer; we had rebels to the King of Naples on board of us—men who had been leaders in the revolt—men who had been occupied for weeks, and some of them for months, in the island of Malta, in procuring the means wherewith to continue the contest—men who had threatened to murder if not to eat† every Neapolitan they met with; yet we were allowed to glide past the King’s frigate without a word said or a signal exchanged, to come to anchor to the leeward of the French frigate, to communicate at once with the shore, and to land whomsoever and whatsoever we might think fit. Our French captain confessed he had never known such rents made in the law of nations as by his flag and ours in these Sicilian affairs; and that he had never seen a war carried on like the present.’—vol. i. p. 48.

* Lord Palmerston, in his despatch to Lord Pousonby of 12 Aug. 1847, which he afterwards published, represents the kingdom of Naples as ‘teeming with all kinds of abuses.’ This wanton and unprecedented attack of course excited the discontent that had not been manifested before, and the King of Naples found himself denounced to his own subjects by the ally with whom he believed himself in perfect amity.

† It is a fact that the flesh of the Neapolitan and Swiss soldiers was sold in the market during the siege of Messina, and devoured by the patriots. It was not, however, such excesses as these that the British ministers advised the Queen to condemn in her speech from the throne.

This conduct on the part of the English authorities is the more questionable, since the utmost rigour of the law had been enforced against the King. A Neapolitan steam-vessel, watching the proceedings of some Calabrian refugees in the Maltese seas, excited the observation of the English admiral, and the commander was asked in no very courteous terms why he frequented the waters of Malta? He replied, that he had never been within a league of the island, and that he was about to return home. 'He went because he saw he should not be allowed to remain.' (vol. i. p. 31.) This is but one among the many instances cited by Mr. Mac Farlane, in which the English authorities protected the 'Smith O'Briens' of 'the United Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.' In many other cases more important countenance and assistance were afforded, but not always with perfect impunity: even the weakest states have sometimes the means of retaliation.

'Malta had been, in fact, converted into a *foyer* of malice and sedition against our ally. Therefore I was not much surprised when recently the King of Naples, taking advantage of a blunder committed by the Maltese Board of Health, imposed a long quarantine upon all vessels arriving in his dominions from that island.'—vol. i. p. 37.

Mr. Temple, the English minister, it is well known, was absent, nor can it be supposed that his absence during so long a period was accidental. The foreign policy of our country, however, was thoroughly well represented. Lord Napier, the young *chargé d'affaires*, seems to have acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his superiors, and, by acting the same part that was played with so much spirit by our Queen's representatives at Madrid and Athens, no doubt is entitled to a like reward.

'He openly rejoiced when the revolutionary ferment began at Naples, and prognosticated that nothing but good to the country could proceed from it. As the revolutionists grew bolder his admiration for them seemed to increase. When the Sicilians rose in rebellion his sympathies were all with them. Unhappily, the society and advice of old age came in to the aid of his juvenile indiscretion: Lord Minto, in the course of his roving and (in part) illegal commission, arrived at Naples, after having fraternised with the Liberals all through Italy, and, metaphorically at least, hoisted the black flag in the front of well nigh every royal palace in the peninsula. But there is scarce any metaphor in saying that Lord Napier, the representative of Queen Victoria, "patted on the back" sundry of the instigators of the desperadoes who made the barricades of the 15th of May, and whose success, had it been attainable or possible, must have ended in the death of King Ferdinand or in his precipitate flight with his whole family, in plunder, massacre, anarchy for the city of Naples, and a long and bloody civil war for the kingdom! Lord Napier made his house a place of rendezvous for all the fiery young men of the Neapolitan society, and himself the centre of a political

political faction; he collected all his intelligence from these sources; he would apply to none others; he avoided the men of the moderate party; he turned the cold shoulder on gentlemen with whom he had been intimate because they accepted office under the King—because they became *constitutional* ministers of the crown. If he did not himself indulge in an indecent licence of language against these ministers and the King, he allowed such language to be used in his presence. “*La bestia!*” (*the beast*) was about the mildest epithet applied to Ferdinand by Lord Napier’s associates.—vol. i. p. 169.

The King of Naples, in the hope of conciliating the revolutionary party, and acting, as we think, most unwisely, consented to grant a constitution such as his experience must have assured him could have no durability, and such as its promoters never intended should endure. It was far, however, from satisfying the *reformers*, who perhaps were disappointed at the compliance with their demands, and who, mistaking the character of the King, or the extent of his resources, or his willingness to make them available, proposed such a modification of this constitution, or rather such organic changes in it, as would have destroyed the monarchical principle entirely. Other concessions were also demanded, which would immediately have left the King at the mercy of the national guard. The army was to be reduced, the Swiss regiments disbanded, and the castles and forts of Naples given up to the guardianship of the civic soldiers. On the 14th of May, about eighty members of the new legislative assembly met together at the Palazzo Gravina, and though they were not yet constituted, nor their powers legalised, they proceeded to deliberate on the state of affairs, or, in other words, to assume an attitude of open defiance towards the King and his cabinet. As the schemes of the bolder and more desperate of the number were developed, the prudent or timid retired, leaving a rabid minority to organize sedition and issue their illegal manifestos. In this difficulty the King sought the mediation of the popularly-elected peers, and tried to win back the dissenting deputies to reason. All his efforts were vain; he reiterated his promises to respect the constitution he had granted, and to guarantee all the concessions extorted; the truculent deputies refused even to listen to the proposals of the mediators—‘Down with the peers, we will have no peers!’ was the only reply they offered to the temperate remonstrances of the deputation. ‘The chambers are not yet assembled,’ said the ambassadors, ‘you are not yet a constituted body, and all your acts are illegal.’ These calm and undeniable representations were met with no reasonable answer, and the deputation retired amidst clamour and confusion. A more moderate section of the deputies assembled in another place,

place, leaving the anarchical conciliabulum at the Palazzo Gravina, now reduced to no more than twenty members; what they wanted, however, in numerical force they made up in vehemence; they were warmly seconded, too, by their communistic friends in the city and in the provinces, and barricades (*Ecce iterum!*) were eagerly constructed. We regret we cannot afford space to quote Mr. Mac Farlane's description of the formation of these defences. They were, he tells us, for the most part ill-constructed, excepting those superintended by foreign professors of the art; and they were still worse defended. Early on the morning of the 15th of May, a day predestined by the party for striking a severe blow at civilization throughout Europe, the attack began; the mob was led by a burly priest, fierce and loud in his anathemas against those who refused to join in the work of regeneration. The principal object was to blockade the royal palace and secure the person of the King. The insurrection was permitted to proceed with little interruption, from the extreme anxiety of the King to avoid the effusion of blood; and it was at this period, and by the rebels themselves, that most damage was done to private property. The troops were so skilfully posted, and the communications were so well preserved between the forts and the castles, that, had the King desired to inflict on his capital and his subjects the injury of which he has been accused, he might easily have accomplished it. The barricades were everywhere abandoned. Though the strength of the rebellion lay in the ranks of the National Guard, a portion of it was loyal, and either abandoned the contest or joined the royal forces; the remainder, thus diminished, and wholly deserted by the people, quitted the streets and opened a destructive fire on the soldiers from behind the strong walls of the lofty houses that line them. The King remained in his palace, agitated, shocked, and pained at the ingratitude of his subjects. Neapolitan officers of all grades and of every party repaired to the palace, and even General Florestano Pepe, brother to the notorious anarchist, but of a very different character, contrived, though attenuated by sickness, to reach the presence-chamber, where his advice might be useful, though the strength of his arm was withered. 'Gentlemen,' said the King, 'how have I deserved this treatment from my subjects? I have granted them the constitution—I have performed my promise. I have tried to avoid the effusion of blood, and this is my reward—I am blockaded with my family in my own palace.' A general officer soon after entered the room and reported the good disposition of the troops; he assured the King the insurrection should soon be quelled. 'Sire, we will soon reduce this canaille to reason.' The King interrupted him: 'Do not call my people canaille; they are misguided men, it is true, but

but they are Neapolitans and my subjects; make prisoners, but do not kill—spare my misguided subjects.'

So strict were the royal orders, and so complete was the obedience of the officers in command, that the motive of their inaction was wholly misinterpreted, and the insurgents resolved to commence the attack they could not provoke. Two shots were fired (by accident, of course) on the royal troops—one officer was killed, and another badly wounded. The plot succeeded in forcing an engagement, but the result had not been anticipated. The bravery of the troops saved the kingdom of Naples from a worse state of anarchy than that into which Central Italy has fallen; and no resource was left the discomfited republicans but falsehood and calumny—weapons which, it cannot be denied, they use with superior dexterity and perseverance.

We regret to leave untouched various passages of vivid description, several interesting anecdotes and acute observations. We must observe, however, that many of the stories which filled the newspapers, invented by malice and greedily believed by the credulous, our author contradicts from personal knowledge. The romantic death of the Duke di Ripari, barbarously shot with his two young sons by the emissaries of the tyrant, related with so many circumstances of melo-dramatic interest, is wholly untrue: and probably, from the theatrical air of the fiction, the honour of the invention may be assigned to a Frenchman. 'There was no such duke in the kingdom, nor any other nobleman bearing any such name: there was no execution at all.' (vol. i. p. 146.) Neither were the reports more true of the executions in the ditch of the Castel Nuovo; there was not a man executed there or in any other place for the part taken in the events of this day. It is certain that the game of barricades cannot be played with perfect security; the soldiers, exasperated by the cruel and cowardly manner in which the war was conducted, in the hour of victory may possibly have committed some acts of severe retaliation; those who hazard rebellion must sometimes pay the penalty. Soldiers will not always afford their enemies a bloodless victory. In Paris, where little or no resistance was offered, the people were proclaimed the bravest of mankind; and other capitals aspired to enjoy the same reputation with no greater risk. At Naples the troops suffered severely; several scores of the insurgents were slain, however, and many more were disabled. Mr. Mac Farlane, on authority which has been confirmed by our own information, calculates the number of the slain at between four and five hundred, of whom more than half were soldiers of the line: a fearful slaughter, undoubtedly, though falling far short of the statements in the newspapers. The troops in every instance

instance performed their duty with courage and moderation—the good discipline of the army was the salvation of the country, and that state of discipline is mainly to be attributed to the active superintendence of the King. Now mark—during the whole of this terrible day the French fleet lay in the Gulf of Naples, with broadsides turned on *the palace*; the principal agents of mischief were Frenchmen, the French tongue clamped loudest in the confusion of the streets, and French vessels received all under their protection who chose to seek it. Nor did French interference confine itself even within these limits: Admiral Baudin, incensed at the triumph of social order, had yet some means of revenge. While the kingdom was still in an uneasy state and the capital was menaced by an invasion from the provinces—

‘He made a pompous and menacing display of his force, and he called upon the Neapolitan Government to pay instantly a series of extravagant claims of compensation, which certain domiciled citizens of the Grand Republic sent to him. Those virtuous Republicans—some of whom were said to have been engineers of the two chief barricades of Toledo and S. Brigida, and all of whom had been propagandists “ore rotundo”—pretended to have suffered great loss and damage by King Ferdinand’s cannon-balls, or at the hands of the troopers who had upset the barricades. No scrutiny of accounts, no examination of items was entered into by Admiral Baudin, nor was the Neapolitan Government allowed time or means for such processes. Whatever any Frenchman put down must be paid, and that on the nail.’

He instances a bankrupt hair-dresser, whose stock-in-trade was never richer than that of Romeo’s apothecary, receiving 10,000 francs as an indemnification for his supposed losses. We regret to add that some of our own great men would not have been sorry to annoy the Government of their Queen’s ally by a similar demand; but English integrity and English goodnature are stubborn and inconvenient qualities:—

‘When the English merchants, shopkeepers, and other residents were applied to by some of our functionaries, who would not at all have disliked to give further embarrassment to King Ferdinand, and make a long account against him, they honestly replied that they had suffered no loss; and that the slight injuries inflicted on the houses they inhabited would be repaired by their Neapolitan landlords. I was assured that not a franc or a carlino was claimed by an Englishman.’
—Vol. i. p. 148.

The amount of injury inflicted on the town on this memorable occasion has been greatly exaggerated. The fine palace of Gravina, where the revolutionary deputies had installed themselves, suffered severely; a master-piece of architecture, it is not likely to be restored to its former beauty; and in the loss of the roof and upper story the lovers of the fine arts have to deplore a serious misfortune.

misfortune. But even in the Strada Toledo and the surrounding streets, the principal scene of action, the damage was inconsiderable, and, for the most part, such as a trivial expense of labour and money may repair (p. 72). Alas ! the deep and angry feelings which the conflict has left are not likely so soon to be healed. Fortunately the malign influence of foreigners is suspended, if not withdrawn ; the capital is pacified ; and the French and English fleets have found a more congenial scene for the propagation of mischief, and have moved nearly all their strength to Sicily. The clubs are suppressed, the national guard (that pest of modern society) diminished or re-organized ; and even at the time of Mr. Mac Farlane's last stay the Chambers had lost all their importance.

He gives us (vol. i. p. 73) an amusing account of his visit to the Legislative Chambers, the difficulty he had in discovering their locality, and the total apathy with which they were both alike regarded. Between the indolence of the members,—calls of private business—and the interruption of numerous holidays, they rarely assembled at all, or only for a very short sitting ; and the two Chambers never held their sittings on the same day. When, however, he did penetrate to them, he found no difficulty from the crowded state of the apartment in listening to the debates. The Chamber of Peers contained few of the illustrious names of Naples, or even of large landed proprietors ; men of wealth and importance had declined accepting a post which brought certain trouble and danger, but could confer no honour. He describes their debates as dull and languid, and the speeches were received without any apparent emotion. Neither did the Chamber of Deputies present a more attractive spectacle ; few members were present ; their speeches, or rather their lectures, excited no more interest than those of the Peers ; the gallery contained few spectators ; and, though the orators were discussing the most popular themes, they were rewarded with little encouragement.

This is but another proof of what we should have thought required little demonstration—the indifference, we mean, if not the aversion, with which ‘the constitution’ is regarded in Italy. During the transports which greeted the first reforms of Pope Pius, when the sympathies of all Englishmen were demanded for a people struggling for constitutional liberty, those even who knew the country less thoroughly than Mr. Mac Farlane were well aware how little such views had entered into the calculation of the agitators or were understood by the generality of those whom they influenced. The few who attached any definite meaning to the word constitution, intended by it a short road for themselves

to wealth and influence ; but the calm enjoyment of liberty and the fair participation of power were things undreamt of in the philosophy of the time. The infidel demagogues sought only to gratify the cravings of their vanity and their cupidity, and were incomparably more opposed to aristocratical and ecclesiastical influence than to the rule of a Prince. The former must exclude them from power, while through the latter they might hope to attain it. To these men a constitution framed on the model of England, or even of France previous to the late revolution, would be more distasteful than the despotism of a Czar. We are and ever have been of opinion that no constitution founded on any other basis than a nicely balanced proportion in the constituent parts can, in any country, have a chance of durability. In the French constitution of 1815 an attempt to create an aristocracy was made, without, however, securing to it by a change in the laws of succession that degree of wealth which alone can obtain for it a just and effective measure of authority. Had the aristocracy been more independent, it is possible the experiment of Charles X. would never have been made ; be this as it may, we believe that France has never yet known so solid, so wholesome a state of prosperity, as she had attained at the period which immediately preceded that most unfortunate revolution. The modifications effected in the charter, subsequently to the elevation of Louis-Philippe, destroyed its efficiency ; and would have more speedily produced a fresh revolution but for the personal talents of the king, his dexterity and administrative talent, which succeeded for a time in counterbalancing the evils of a defective constitution. Those evils, however, were glaring ; the Chamber of Peers did not possess the influence intended to be exercised by it ; the Deputies did not maintain the independence necessary to preserve the respect of the people ; but the fault lay not with the King (who, we feel convinced, would have reigned constitutionally had he been permitted), but with the system ; he found himself compelled to have recourse to those indirect means of influence without which the government could not have been conducted. On the same grounds the purest as well as the ablest of his Ministers was forced to acquiesce in methods which must have been entirely repulsive to every personal feeling. And all at last in vain ! The small account in which the Chamber of Deputies was held is evident, since the Revolution that swept it away was made in direct opposition to the wishes of nearly all its members, few of whom openly espoused it, and still fewer—even of the worst among them—were benefited by it. It has been too much the fashion to attribute to mankind in the mass those virtues which, to the great majority of indi-

viduals, must be denied; but there is little wisdom in framing constitutions which, to work them, require greater sense and virtue than the page of history or modern experience justifies us in expecting to find. Has the democratic Chamber, elected by universal suffrage, proved itself abler or more independent than its discarded predecessor? Has it even proved itself the organ and the index of popular will? Does not the election of the President and his subsequent triumph over the majority of the Chamber (a virtual revolution) prove a direct condemnation of the body? What was the fate of that famous Constituent Assembly which met at Versailles in 1789, and upon which M. Lamartine bestowed but yesterday such sweeping encomiums?—‘It was not only,’ says that grandiloquent artificer of phrases, in the florid compilation of mendacities which so largely helped on the new outbreak of February, 1848—‘It was not only the wisest and most august Assembly that was ever convoked in any country:—it was the ecumenical council of all the learning, genius, and wisdom that had ever been produced in any country since the creation of the world.’ Surely, such a synod must have commanded the esteem, at least, of the country in which it laboured, and which was the witness of its virtue! Different as our own opinion may be of that Assembly, we cannot but allow that, in comparison with those which the democratic principles of the last year have called into life, it was indeed a synod of sages—men who might have saved a country less obstinately bent on destruction. Yet this Assembly, as we all know, and as even M. Lamartine, with all his unscrupulousness, is forced to admit, survived its favour and influence, and was obliged to withdraw itself from direct condemnation by a deliberate act of suicide.

Is the result of recent experience more favourable in Germany than in France? Have not the new so-called Parliaments of that vast continent made themselves ridiculous by their ignorance, and odious by their faction and their obstinacy? Is it not preposterous that the dearest interests of an empire*—involving its internal government, its foreign relations, its domestic institutions—should be regulated by a set of men, mean, ignorant, and obscure—men to whom a municipality would not abandon the petty cares of its roads and sewers?—an assembly composed largely and at best of such ingredients as that French synod, of which Mr. Burke has left us a description but little in accordance with that of M. Lamartine, just quoted—‘of the inferior, unlearned, mechanical, and merely instrumental members of the profession of the law—

* Since the above was written the Assembly at Kremsier has been dissolved, with the general approbation of the whole empire—those members alone excepted who are deprived of the salary that made their office so valuable.

of obscure provincial advocates, the ministers of subordinate oppression, the petty agents of chicane.' Composed, we say, *at best* of such men—for, had Mr. Burke lived to witness the present revolutionary movement, he would have seen that the democrats of the nineteenth century exceed the extravagances of their predecessors. It was reserved for our day to be edified by the circular of a Minister of Public Instruction who calls on the electors to appoint deputies without education or liberal callings; and though it must be allowed that the French people (having had some experience in such things) were not so very foolish as their new official oracles desired them to be—that the Assembly now about to be dissolved included only one negro footman, and no very considerable proportion even of *Simon the Millers*—it is notorious that the case was worse in the contemporary elections of Germany. Out of the 1200 members sent to the French National Assembly of 1848, there were, according to M. Emile de Girardin, 700 lawyers. In Germany there was abundance of the same crop—but the Assemblies both of Vienna and of Berlin contained also scores upon scores of hard-handed and long-haired peasants and mechanics—barbarous in their attire and in their dialect—ignorant of the German language—and unintelligible even to each other!

These facts bear directly on the question of Italy, where the same experiment has been tried, and with a yet more signal failure. The Italian constitutions, even before the mask was thrown aside, were all constructed on a more democratic model than the French charter of 1830. Had they been destined to obtain a trial, the experiment must inevitably have failed. We fear any assembly, resting on no basis of greater strength than the talents and virtues it contains, would soon cease to command much general respect. Corrupted, suspicious man demands other pledges from those he invests with power; nor do we see, as long as pleasure and wealth are coveted on earth, how those who, for the first time, see their way to obtain them, should be supposed to be above their influence. It was not at Naples alone that the people were puzzled how to interpret the new political lessons that the demagogues taught them. Communistic doctrines they could all understand, the love of plunder they could soon acquire—that lore is 'easier than lying' in most localities—but they could not comprehend the utility of paying an assembly of deputies; of waging war with the Austrians; nor of displacing the ministers, with whose names they were familiar, to instal others who had no claim on their confidence. While the Pope was at the head of the movement—nay, so long as he exercised even a nominal jurisdiction—the peasantry and mechanics were contented to unite the name of Pio Nono with that of Reform, and to applaud both together; but his flight and deposition have already worked

a material change in public opinion, and must create a still further reaction, as the influence of terror subsides and as the pressure of poverty deepens. The moral effect, however, will not easily be neutralised, and the baleful influence of these bad men will be felt in the country long after they have received the punishment of their crimes, and their names even are buried in oblivion.

Mr. Mac Farlane thus reports some conversation with a magistrate in the Abruzzi, highly illustrative of the state of the country :—

- ‘ He was a constitutionalist himself, and, though recently appointed to his post by the constitutional government, the Ultra-Liberals had declared war against him, and the Communists had given him great trouble and vexation. “These poor deluded men,” said he, “who were formerly so submissive to law and authority, and so easy to manage, have been taught to believe that *Constitution* means a suspension or cessation of all law. Not only will they not pay taxes to government, but they will pay no rents to their landlords; nay, they hold themselves exempted, by the new order of things, from paying their private debts.”

‘ I mentioned, as a melancholy consequence of all this, that many of my friends at Naples had recently received hardly any rents from their estates. “And none will they get,” said the Judge, “unless a check be given to these doctrines. The King’s government is too mild, and royal admonitions and proclamations are wholly without effect. In my district there are men who are breaking up the very foundations of society. The other day this happened :—A man owed another the sum of a hundred ducats. The money had been long owing, and the debtor was well able to pay it. At last the creditor had recourse to legal process. I sent an usciere (bailiff) to the house to exact payment. The debtor told my officer that we had gotten the constitution; that these were times of liberty and equality; that no man was such a fool as to think of paying debts now; and that if he did not instantly quit the house he would beat him soundly, if he did not kill him. I was bound to procure assistance for the civil officer. Having no other force from which to choose, I sent one of our civic guard with the usciere, who returned to the house. Instead of submitting, the debtor fell upon the National Guardsman and wounded him severely. In all probability the poor man will die.” “And have you not been able to seize the assassin?” —“Not yet,” said the Judge, “the clubs are so powerful, the Communists are becoming so numerous, and our respectable people are so afraid of any collision.”’—i. 274.

Upon the same authority, confirmed by Mr. M.’s own observation, we have repeated proofs of the state of lawlessness and total demoralization to which these doctrines have reduced a peasantry once simple, industrious, and moral.

There can be no doubt that the King of the Sicilies was as well aware as every one must be who is acquainted with the country, that the constitution he had granted would neither secure the
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happiness of his subjects nor the prosperity of the state. It must be observed notwithstanding that neither in the moment of victory nor at any subsequent period has he made any attempt to withdraw the promised charter. Considering the radical absurdity of the whole new doctrine, the fair and honest conduct of the King, and the naturally good disposition of the vast majority of his subjects, there seems every reason to suppose that, but for intrusive influences, reform, *practical reform*, might have by and bye supplanted Revolution. It is probable that in time the inefficiency of the constitution would have been discovered, and gradually a form of government substituted more fitted to the habits of the people and the circumstances of the times. The strength and loyalty of the army had been proved, and the insults of the Italian free press might have been endured; but the King unluckily found the most active enemies of social order in the agents of the two most powerful of his allies. The English policy towards him from the first was hostile; and this Prince, who, if report say true, had had but little reason to be satisfied with the conduct of his cousin and uncle the King of the French, was made to feel the aversion with which their common race and name were regarded. The attempt to foment the disturbances of Spain, and the insolence with which the Sovereign of that country was treated, have long been before the public, together with the ridiculous termination of that discreditable intrigue; but the King of Naples belonged to the same blood, and must also be made to feel the weight of the same indignation; and for fear the strength of England should be insufficient, republican France was invited to participate in the humiliation of another Bourbon.

Mr. Mac Farlane gives ample proof of the importance which the Italians attached to Lord Minto's language, demeanour, and proceedings generally during his mission; as to which and everything connected with it Lord Palmerston has as yet refused any clear and distinct explanation. What instructions the Lord Privy Seal had received from the Foreign Secretary can only be guessed from the results; but if he was charged to scatter jealousies and discontents around him, to foment them wherever they should appear, to create them where they did not exist, to encourage the revolutionary mood, to cherish the expectations of British assistance, and to inflict every possible mortification on the sovereigns whose territories he visited—if such were his orders, we think his worst enemies must allow that he performed his part with spirit, and was well entitled to the large allowances that were granted him in addition to his official appointments. Lord Palmerston assures us that the visit of his noble colleague to Naples was made at the instance of the King of Naples himself. The
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ministers of that Prince deny it. We think that this discrepancy can be reconciled. The King, alarmed at the interpretation which was given by the Liberals to the advent of an English Cabinet-minister, and anxious to avoid the impression of open hostility that his quitting Italy without having shown himself at Naples might create, seems, with the timid policy too familiar with the weak, to have hoped to propitiate a powerful enemy by the appearance of confidence, and invited discussions to which Lord Minto chose to assign, by the utmost latitude of interpretation, the weight of an intervention. The total want of success in that particular affair—a result caused no less by the insolence of the rebels than by the favour with which they knew themselves to be regarded both by the noble mediator and the cabinet of which he was a member—is too well known, and need not now be repeated. Mr. Mac Farlane bears witness throughout to the triumphant declarations of the rebels, that the countenance and aid of England would be afforded them. The procedure of Lord Minto, of whatever nature it may have been, having signally failed, the King, finding all his efforts at conciliation fruitless—supported by the loyalty and discipline of his army—prepared to assert his just and legitimate rights over a rebellious province. It was now that the British policy appeared, more than ever, extraordinary. Never, we believe, was interference less justified by necessity or less warranted by policy, than that which arrested the triumphant progress of the King of Naples' Sicilian army. Had the expedition been altogether stopped by the French and English admirals, those officers might have offered a fair explanation—they might have said distinctly, in the names of their several governments—'We have acknowledged the independence of Sicily—we have saluted the Sicilian flag with emulous alacrity—our vessels have carried the Sicilian Ambassadors to Genoa to offer one-half of the King of the Sicilies' dominions to another Prince—you shall not injure our ally.' Such language would have been intelligible; and that it might not have seemed consonant with the heretofore received laws of international intercourse could have been no impediment to governments which, for months, had been acting in defiance of those laws.* But the course taken was different—the Neapolitan expedition was permitted to proceed, and to execute its mission in the presence of the foreign fleets whose assistance was expected by the rebels, and but for whose presence no determined resistance would have been offered.

* This is no surmise of our own. 'Our French captain,' says Mr. Mac Farlane, 'confessed that he had never known such rents made in the law of nations as by his flag and our own in these Sicilian affairs.'—vol. i. p. 46.

The account of these transactions furnished by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the opening of the present Session is in entire accordance with the rest of his conduct towards Her Majesty's ally the King of the Sicilies. Good taste, we feel sure, would prevent his so overcharging his censure of an *enemy*—it must have been some very peculiar feeling of unavoidable origin that could give such bitterness to his language in speaking of an ally. 'After the flag of the Sicilians had been hauled down,' he asserted, 'and the very idea of resistance had been given up, they (the Neapolitans) did for forty-eight hours continue a savage bombardment, destroying houses, palaces, churches, and public buildings. After that they sent a body of troops into the town to complete the destruction which the bombs, shells, and cannon had not effected. They laid waste three miles of suburbs,* burning, murdering, and plundering as they went.' It is much to be regretted that Lord Palmerston should have thus given fresh currency to convicted calumnies, and re-embittered a quarrel in which he had throughout been the aggressor. How

* For this destruction Prince Satriano gives a reason that apparently had not suggested itself to Lord Palmerston, and which we cannot be surprised was not suggested by the English agents in the country who took so *personal* an interest in this partisan warfare. 'In order to reach the gates I was obliged to extend the wings and advance across gardens, surrounded by walls, interspersed with rural buildings, country-houses, and other edifices, of which some—for example, the convent of the Madeline—were furnished in a formidable manner with men and every means of defence. In order to dislodge the rebels and to occupy in succession this long suite of houses, which form an exterior dependence of Messina on the southern side, I had to employ all the means which are in these days rendered necessary by the war of the barricades, and to work in the same manner as was done at Paris, at Vienna, and elsewhere, and as always will be done whenever anarchists constrain peaceable citizens so far as to oblige them to open loopholes in the walls of their houses, to furnish their windows with mattresses, and allow their attics to be occupied, whence, in fact, many shots were fired by placing the muzzle of the musket between the tiles. Under a shower of balls we attacked and entered one house after another. The barricades erected across the streets and in the suburbs of Messina were not only provided with a deep fosse, but also with a numerous artillery. . . . The Neapolitan soldiers were exposed in their progress to the fire of an invisible enemy from each house, whence they ended by dislodging the former in spite of the explosion of several mines prepared upon their passage, and which caused destruction in their ranks.' He proceeds to describe the panic and horror which his troops experienced in beholding the bodies of their comrades murdered on the preceding day, naked and horribly mutilated, which revolting details we willingly omit:—'My soldiers, on the contrary, preserved the lives of those who, wounded or not, surrendered at discretion; and many of the citizens sought the citadel for protection, which they always received. I know,' proceeds the Prince, 'that the journals throughout Europe have proclaimed the contrary of what I have just declared as a homage due to truth. I know that their impudence (this speech was made before the report of the debates on the address had reached Naples) has even gone to the extent of accusing the Neapolitans of the excesses perpetrated by the cannibals who in these mournful scenes have outraged the honour of the Sicilian name.' We cannot make any further extracts from this important document—we recommend it to the attention of our readers, who will find in it a direct confutation of the accusations vociferated by the Foreign Secretary, and—we blush to add—inserted by the Cabinet into her Majesty's speech to her Parliament.

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different was the temperate statement of Prince Satriano made some few days later in the Neapolitan Chamber of Peers! In Lord Palmerston's account all the mischief inseparable from a state of warfare is charged on the royal troops—no allusion is made to the monstrous cruelties perpetrated by the Messinese against their Swiss and Neapolitan prisoners—nor to the barbarous stratagem of a sham surrender, by which these mean and faithless dastards enticed 'a Neapolitan regiment on to a mine which was sprung beneath them; while every allegation that can throw odium on the royal cause is reproduced, and expanded and embellished with every artifice of malignant rhetoric—and the devastation of the suburb (a necessary operation) and the injury of the town (which injury Prince Satriano proves to have been caused rather by the reckless and perfidious gunnery* of the assailants themselves than by the operations of the royal force) are charged as outrages which imperiously demanded the interference of the sensitive allies.

It was in the name of *humanity*, then, that the admirals interfered. This cant of humanity, so familiar to those whose policy is most opposed to its dictates, is ever employed to interpose obstacles when rebellion is to be suppressed and law vindicated. In the name of humanity the admirals permit the bombardment of Messina, but interpose to prevent the submission and peace that must otherwise have inevitably followed. Their delicate feelings of humanity were not excited when Calabria was invaded by the Sicilians—nor when Neapolitan soldiers were roasted alive in the streets of Messina: their nerves could endure the massacre of the government officials at Palermo,

* This same fact is mentioned by Mr. Mac Farlane as notorious before it was asserted by the Prince Satriano in his manly and measured explanation. This explanation is too important to be omitted. Prince Satriano's speech will be found in *The Times* newspaper of Feb. 21. After giving a detailed account of his disembarkation he goes on to state, 'During the first day of my operations, the movements executed were in no way connected with the town, and could in no degree justify the terrible fire which the Palermitan batteries opened upon the citadel, with the view of exterminating the garrison, who on their side could not but return it with the vigour which the sentiment of self-defence joined to the fulfilment of military duty awakens in every soldier. It is sufficient to see where, and how the batteries of the rebels were situated, in order to be convinced that their own fire quite as much as the fire of their opponents must have produced the disastrous ruin which Messina still deploras. But to whom the blame? To the *Palermitans* alone; for if, in directing the erection of these works, they had only had in view the capture of the citadel of Messina without destroying the town, they would have cut an entrenchment in the country to the south of the place, and approached by regular works. . . . If the besiegers had operated with this regularity the defenders of the citadel could not have hoped for an instant to hold out during the six months which passed without any result, from the iniquitous manner of conducting the operations adopted by the aggressors, with the double aim of mining Messina [we beg the reader's attention to this] and of destroying lives without the remotest hopes of making themselves masters of the citadel.'

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though this was conducted, with every circumstance of inventive cruelty: such scenes could be borne; the latent sparks of humanity were kindled only when the King of Naples was successful in reducing a rebellious city to obedience. Perhaps many of our readers may not be aware that the Prince of Satriano, the general to whose charge this expedition was confided, is an honourable and able man, of well-known *liberal* principles, educated in the camp of Murat, and who served with distinction in the Russian campaign with the armies of France. Indignant at the aspersions which were cast on his own conduct and that of the troops he commanded, he fearlessly appeals to Captain Robb, R.N., who was on the spot, for a testimony in his favour; and that officer affords it with the cordiality and good feeling with which one brave man would hasten to justify another.* The exigencies of war must always be looked on with pain and sorrow from the closet; and the hardest task of the soldier is the calmness with which he must learn to endure the sight of that which his humanity condemns. Admiral Baudin has probably had small experience of naval warfare; but to Sir W. Parker the sad necessity of a bombardment could hardly be a new idea; a gallant relation of his own acquitted himself with zeal and spirit in a similar undertaking—an enterprise, we admit, of urgent expediency, though not so obviously reducible within the strictest laws of international justice. The English admiral, we must presume, had received his instructions—he would never have acted as he did on his own authority.† His instructions,

* ‘If on returning to your country,’ says the Prince, in addressing Captain Robb, in a letter dated Naples, Feb. 4, 1849, ‘you should be questioned on what passed at Messina by the troops under my orders, I rely on your honour and your loyalty to report that which you have so often said personally to me, namely, that you have had every reason to be satisfied in my intercourse with you, and with the discipline which prevailed among the troops which the King had confided to my command. . . . There are rules to be respected among civilised nations, and by which useless cruelties are not permitted. Those rules have certainly not been violated by my troops, notwithstanding that the town was taken by assault, after an obstinate defence by barricades and mines, as you well know, and consequently I do not doubt that, in case it should be demanded of you, you will on this subject render me full justice.’

To this appeal Captain Robb replies—‘In all the relations in which his Excellency has been engaged with Captain Robb, with regard to the affairs of Sicily, he can give the strongest assurances of his having pursued the most implicit good faith, and will at all times feel great pleasure, both in England and elsewhere, in bearing testimony to this fact.’

† The Sicilian rebels applied for arms to England; the contractor whom they employed addressed himself to the Ordnance Office, but was refused by the Master-General unless he could procure the sanction of the Foreign Secretary. That noble Lord at once issued the required order—and then the arms were supplied. So decidedly hostile a step did not fail to startle the rest of the Cabinet, and an explanation was forwarded to Naples that the rebels had been supplied with arms from the royal arsenals of England by ‘*inadvertence*.’ Such an explanation must be accepted by the King of Naples, who has endured still worse injuries; but we are rather astonished, we confess, that such an excuse should be pleaded to the British public in the Houses of Parliament.

tions, no doubt, obliged him to obey the orders of the French commander, as Lord Napier was probably instructed to shape his conduct in accordance with the directions of M. de Rayneval. This is the only explanation which conciliates the contradictory statements of our Ministers. Lord Palmerston tells us that the *two* admirals, shocked and astonished at the bloodshed which followed the encounter of the hostile armies, resolved to interpose their authority. Lord John Russell—who is obviously, like the rest of the Cabinet, but partially initiated into the secrets of the Foreign Office—informs us in the same debate that ‘the *French admiral* determined to interfere.’ ‘Shocked at the desolation of Sicily and the capture of Messina, he *determined to take upon himself to put a stop* to the farther progress of such a horrible warfare. After he had so determined, he communicated with Sir W. Parker.’ This officer, though embarrassed by the proposal, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, and, above all, that ‘the *French admiral* was about to act, and that it was important at this juncture that the *two nations should act in concert*, his determination was to give similar orders to those which had been given by the French admiral.’ This, we have little doubt, is the truth. The French admiral resolved to interfere when he found the royal cause had triumphed, and to prevent the pacification of the island that would have followed that event. He no doubt expected another issue, and the defeat of the royal forces would have served his purpose better than the check he gave to them afterwards; but the untoward result of the battle must be repaired, and he issued his orders accordingly. This supposition is not very flattering to our national pride,—but it alone, as we apprehend, can make matters at all intelligible.

Ministers of the Crown in both Houses of Parliament have not hesitated to justify the Sicilian rebellion, and to maintain our right of interference on the score both of former protection and of the alleged misgovernment of the King, which Lord Palmerston calls ‘the right divine to govern wrong;’ and at the moment they profess a desire to maintain the union of the two Sicilian crowns,* they sanction the rebellion, and advise the Queen to deny King Ferdi-

Parliament. Where, we would presume to ask, did the inadvertence lie? Was the Foreign Secretary not aware of what use was to be made of the arms, or did he give the order to Her Majesty’s storekeepers without understanding its import?

* It is remarkable that this alteration in the style of the King of the Sicilies was warmly opposed by the Austrian cabinet. The Chevalier di Medici, the Neapolitan minister, anxious to imitate the French system of centralisation, had proposed this complete fusion of the crowns, which Austria protested against as mortifying to the feelings of the Sicilians—an objection which has been proved but too just.

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and his legal title. We are glad to learn from subsequent discussions in parliament that this is also an error of *inadvertency*;—our relations with Naples are conducted with marvellous inattention it must be confessed;—we should have thought, however, that in the speech with which her Majesty greets her high court of parliament, her ministers would have taken care that no faults of neglect or inadvertence should appear. Yet, offensive as the omission appears both to the King and to his Neapolitan subjects, we think it infinitely less insulting than the justification offered by Lord Palmerston, who rates the claims of the King of Naples to the allegiance of his Sicilian subjects no higher than those which used to be asserted by our princes to the title of King of France as part of their formal style.* He cannot pretend to have forgotten that that title of the English sovereigns was retained in compliance only with ancient custom, in memory of past victories, and that it was neither recognised by the rest of Europe nor even desired to be so, while the title of King of the Two Sicilies, assumed by a prince in close alliance with ourselves, is confirmed in an article of the treaty of Vienna (which we presume our ministers do not intend to repudiate), and has been acknowledged by every potentate in Europe. Whatever the claims of the Sicilians may be on our protection, our ministers cannot pretend that they extend to any advantages not secured by the Constitution of 1812;† nor can they deny that the King, through the medium of the English negotiator, made a formal offer to the Sicilians of everything contained in that charter, nay, with even some additional concessions—and that these offers of the King were contemptuously rejected by the Sicilians.‡ Surely all pretence for interference was now at an end. These facts are noto-

* This argument, however, has not the merit of originality; it will be found in a scurrilous pamphlet published in Paris by Messrs. Bonacorsi and Lumia for the purpose of traducing the nation whose foreign policy Lord Palmerston directs:—‘D’ailleurs, les titres sous lesquels les rois se font reconnaître dans le langage officiel sont des pures formalités diplomatiques qui n’ont rien de commun avec leurs situations particulières vis-à-vis de leurs sujets. Pendant plusieurs siècles les Rois d’Angleterre se sont appelés Rois de France; le Roi de Sardaigne est encore aujourd’hui Roi de Chypre et de Jérusalem. Ce sont là des royaumes *in partibus* dont le titre ne confère aucun droit réel.’

† This constitution, enforced, rather than supported, by the zeal of Lord William Bentinck during his administration of the affairs of Sicily, it is not even pretended was *guaranteed* by the English government. The paragraph in the memorandum, drawn up by the minister on the evacuation of the British troops, after disclaiming all right and title to dictate, is as follows:—‘La Grande-Bretagne n’a jamais voulu imposer une telle condition (the adoption of the Constitution) à la Sicile: comme l’amie et l’alliée de la nation Sicilienne, son devoir consistait simplement à *secondar l’adoption* de la partie de la constitution,’ &c.

‡ ‘It is too late (è troppo tardi). It was with these words that Lord Minto was answered in the month of March, 1848, when he went to Palermo to see the leaders of the movement the concessions of which my august sovereign had been so liberal towards Sicily.’—*Speech of Prince Satrùano*.

rious, and require no confirmation from the 'documents'* so long withheld. It is obvious that all claim to British protection had now been forfeited by the insurgent Sicilians. Yet it was *now* that they were more openly favoured—that arms were supplied to them from the royal stores, and their independence formally acknowledged by the British admiral. No cause is said to be so hopeless as that in which the accused himself undertakes the defence. By these irrevocable admissions and these unsustainable reasonings, the Ministers have made themselves responsible for all the damage committed during the civil war, and for every life that was lost.

The correspondence that ensued between the Neapolitan Ministers and the English authorities at Naples has long been before the public. For the tone of such documents, we presume, the writers are responsible; and of those on the English side we will venture to affirm that never, even during the dictation of Buonaparte on the continent, was there presented a more arrogant assumption of superiority—a more barefaced assertion of the right of the strongest. The remonstrances of Prince Cariati and Prince Satriano are polite and measured, while they are answered in a tone of recriminative insolence and undisguised hostility. And, after all, what is the result of this? It is but a sample of our present diplomacy, and so is its fate. Our foreign policy in every part of the world is doomed alike to failure. The extravagant terms proposed to the King of Naples, which could have no other result than perpetuating civil contest, will not be insisted on. Bullies are seldom obstinate: the French Government is said to have given way, and the King of Naples may have found allies who will not brook the dictation of our Foreign Secretary. The charter of 1812 has again been offered by the crown to the Sicilian insurgents, and for the sake of both parties we trust they will reject it. That charter, which neither secures the liberty of the subject nor the dignity of the crown, was first conceived during the existence of a powerful landed aristocracy, the strength of which being destroyed by the subsequent abolition of the feudal tenures, the attempt to restore it now can only perpetuate a war of classes, between whom the

* The English public will learn the value of these 'documents,' which conceal the truth instead of throwing light upon it; by the debate in the House of Lords on the 22nd of March, 1849. It would seem that a dexterous minister can give what colour he pleases to any transaction by garbling, withholding, or altogether suppressing any part of the correspondence. This is by no means the first time such a charge has been preferred against the present government; but in the case to which Lord Aberdeen alluded in his unanswerable indictment of our foreign policy, the *suppressio veri* was the more unpardonable, since it left a heavy accusation against an allied power unanswered—and it was, moreover, a gratuitous meanness, since the communication was voluntary, the documents not having been demanded. This wanton act of hostility had a great effect in encouraging the audacity of the insurgents in Italy.

charter does not secure to the crown sufficient power to mediate. But whatever were the demerits of this constitution, it was abrogated by the Sicilians themselves, who, in 1820, took an oath to maintain the Spanish constitution adopted at Naples at the same time. We cannot conceive why an English minister should be so zealous to support a charter, not one of whose provisions, we are very sure, would find approval with any party in the House of Commons; and still less can we understand the conduct of the French negotiator in supporting a monarchical constitution, which has been abolished, we are told, by the unanimous desire of that great and enlightened people.

Mr. Mac Farlane proceeds from Naples to Ancona, and from thence to Rome and Florence; wherever he goes, at every halting-place we have the same accounts of riotous national guards and political clubs, with the same boisterous professions of universal liberty, and the same assertion of practical tyranny which permits no difference of sentiment from the dominant faction. At every turn the same complaints assail us: neglected agriculture, stagnant industry, general misery,—the same repinings of the rich and industrious at the duration of a state of things which, however, they will not, or dare not, make any exertion to correct. When he arrives at Rome, he finds the Pope still nominally at the head of Government, but, in fact, a prisoner in the Quirinal palace—a mere puppet in the hands of the ungrateful demagogues he had called to power—and deprived of every vestige of that popularity for which he had bartered his crown, his honour, and his order. The monuments of Rome,—its gorgeous churches, its ruined temples, its triumphal columns, its rich galleries, he found indeed; but how changed! Neglected, forlorn, and squalid with dirt:—the keepers dare not reprove the violence of the gross and mischievous visitors who alone frequent them. The commerce of the town is gone: the very children are vapouring about the streets with swords and cross-belts; nothing of former Rome remains but its sturdy beggars, its inveterate and mischievous idleness. That priestly decorum, which at least deprived vice of one of its worst concomitants—the influence of example—has everywhere given way. The shops are filled with blasphemous and licentious publications (vol. ii. p. 29), and modesty is offended by the revolting exhibitions of the public theatres (p. 36). The Jesuits' College, once the habitation of quiet, learning, and science, now desecrated; its ample halls, its rich museums, and invaluable library degraded into the 'prostibulum' of drunken soldiers and their profligate associates, and its roofs ringing with ribald merriment, disturbing the slumbers and shocking the ear of decency. (vol. ii. p. 23.)

Our readers, we feel sure, will thank us for transcribing our
author's

author's description of the unhappy Pope, as he saw him step into his carriage (in August, 1848), and hurry unhonoured and cheerless in his progress to church. Those even who regard this Pontiff as the architect of his own misfortunes, will feel all other sentiments absorbed in commiseration :—

‘ In a few seconds Pius IX. came slowly out of the palace, in the midst of a number of prelates, who hung close around him. On the upper step he raised his hand in sign of the usual benediction; but few indeed were those on whom the blessing fell. One of the old women knelt down, and presented a petition; this occasioned a brief stop, and the stopping caused an evident alarm among those who were in the rear or inside the hall. One of the secretaries took the paper, and the Pope made almost a rush into the carriage; the secretary and two other gentlemen got in after him, and presently and in mournful silence the procession slowly moved across the square; his Holiness being preceded by three carriages and followed by a like number. * * * There was hardly a soul in the Piazza, which, a few months before, used to be crowded from morning till night by people eager to see the Pope, and to shout “Viva Pio Nono!” wherever he appeared. There was now no “Viva!”—none said “God bless him!” Of the few present some sneered, the rest showed the most complete indifference—all but one old man, whose eyes moistened and lips quivered; he would have said *Viva*, but dared not do it.’

The carriages proceed with unusual haste, and, instead of the kneeling crowds imploring a benediction, between whose ranks the popes were wont to thread their passage, few of the spectators had even the grace to touch their hats as this fallen god of popular idolatry appeared amidst his sad and timid attendants.

The belief very generally received, that Cardinal Mastai was mainly indebted to Count Rossi, the French ambassador, for his elevation to the popedom, is erroneous. His election was due to more obvious causes. He was favourably known in Rome by his episcopal virtues, by his amiable and charitable character. He was a native of the Roman States (a necessary condition), his family were known to belong to the *liberal party*,—it was a noble family, and therefore its liberalism carried double weight; but above all, the Sacred College was in haste to name a sovereign. At all times indeed the *interregnum* is a period of difficulty and danger; but now it was well known that a plot had existed, which would not have been delayed had the existence of Gregory been prolonged, and which was destined to effect a revolution in Rome itself. It was consequently most urgent to accelerate the proceedings of the Conclave, and it was moreover of the utmost importance that the choice of the cardinals should fall on a popular candidate. Cardinal Lambruschini, the Secretary of State, might, under ordinary circumstances, have been elected, but he was peculiarly obnoxious to the liberal party;

his

his straightforward and highly honourable character had nothing in common with the Italian republican, while the clearness of his views, his thorough knowledge of the country, and the firmness of his temperament were well understood by those who could only hope to profit by the ignorance and weakness of a new sovereign. Under these favouring circumstances the hasty election of Cardinal Mastai took place.

It is also believed, and with more truth, that his first projects of reform were concerted with the French ambassador; it is certain, however, that cautious minister soon perceived the dangers of too rapid an advance in this direction, while the incompetence of the Pope could not have escaped his penetration, nor the alarming tendency of his uncontrollable thirst for popularity. Well acquainted with the schemes of the liberal party, and familiar with the characters of its unprincipled chiefs, he could not recommend the indiscriminate amnesty, the formation of the national guard, nor the convocation of a 'consulta' of laymen. It was and still is believed that he cautioned the Pope in secret against granting these concessions—and this belief it was which cost him his life.* We read some few days ago a paragraph in the '*Pensiero*,' a newspaper of Florence, which boasted of the existence of a wide-spreading society for the purpose of assassinating the enemies of the people. 'Let the murderers,' it concluded, 'of the virtuous Blum be assured, that the poignard of the patriots shall reach their hearts and avenge the blood of the martyr.'

It was when the revolution had already proceeded to dangerous lengths, and all the friends of order exhibited grave alarm—it was at the very moment when the liberal but experienced Rossi was urging caution, that the English government, or rather perhaps we should say the Foreign Secretary, openly espoused the cause of the Italian Republicans, recommended a further concession to popular demands, and despatched a cabinet-minister, the father-in-law of the Premier, to encourage the zeal of the faltering, and to assure the more resolute malcontents of the sympathy and good wishes of England. No other circumstance at this moment favoured the republican cause—the power of Austria

* The nomination of this unfortunate man to the office of French ambassador at Rome is an inexplicable act of imprudence in the cabinet which M. Guizot directed, but which the King himself superintended. Though undoubtedly an able man, his whole career had proved him an ambitious and unscrupulous one. A personal friend of M. Guizot, his advancement was natural, but surely some more fitting employment could have been found—some situation that did not exact a degree of forbearance and discretion all but superhuman. As a Roman exile, his presence in that capital as French ambassador was an insult to the sovereign Pontiff; as a reformed Carbonaro, his elevation was a perpetual excitement to the ambition of the party he had deserted; while his person was odious to his former associates on account of his apostacy, and contemptible to the public on the same account.

seemed firmer than ever—the good understanding between that court and the French government was notorious; but for the interference of England the schemes of the anarchists must have been baffled, or at least delayed. The uncalled-for publication of Prince Metternich's despatch* (dated Vienna, Aug. 2, 1847; Lord Palmerston's reply is dated Aug. 12:—the suppression of a part of the correspondence was not then suspected), and the hostility with which the cabinet of London seemed to regard the Austrian ministry, revived all their hopes, and certainly might be interpreted as a pledge of support. The revolutionary spirit which has existed in Italy during the whole of the present century, and which was checked by the dread of Austria alone, now broke forth with unqualified violence, and it is not improbable that it may not have been altogether without influence even on the destinies of France. The relaxation of the Austrian police after the events of March was the signal for revolt. The plan of the republicans was to drive the Austrians from Italy by the Piedmontese armies, assisted by such levies as Naples, Rome, and Tuscany could furnish, and when the 'foreign enemy' was removed, to dethrone the princes by whose means he had been vanquished. The loyalty and good discipline of one army defeated this scheme in southern Italy, and the united fleet of the French and English had the mortification of seeing the King of the Two Sicilies triumph in spite of their formidable presence: the valour and skill of the Austrians achieved a triumph yet more signal; but the King of Sardinia, strong in the support of his ultra-montane allies, having incurred the risks of war, was saved from the penalty of defeat. Surely the protection thus once afforded is sufficient—it is not to be extended to all the future operations of this weak though artful

* The debate before alluded to on our foreign policy throws light on this mysterious transaction. We cannot but suspect, however, that the public is not yet possessed of all the circumstances of the case. The temperate and dignified reply of Prince Metternich (bearing the date of Vienna, Sept. 27, 1847) to the menacing and hostile communication of Lord Palmerston was suppressed for six months, and only produced on the motion of Lord Brougham, who, it is to be supposed, was aware of this disingenuous concealment. The remonstrance or rather *threat* of Lord Palmerston (dated September 11, 1847) was founded upon the supposed ambitious designs of the Austrian cabinet against the independence of the Roman and Sardinian states. A report had been eagerly circulated (and apparently had been credited in our Foreign Office) that an application had been made by Austria to the King of Sardinia for permission to garrison the fortresses of Novi and Alexandria—a proposal which had been indignantly rejected by that high-spirited monarch. *No such demand was ever made*, and a formal contradiction of the report was procured from the Sardinian envoy at an Italian court. A full justification of their conduct was therefore in the power of the Austrian ministers. We should conclude from some unaccountable motive that they had declined availing themselves of it, if the disingenuous practices of our Foreign Office did not expose it to every suspicion. We would willingly learn from the noble Secretary himself that he was ignorant, when he made a certain speech, of the existence of this very important despatch.

prince! The contingents from Rome and Florence that joined the crusade covered themselves with shame by the contrast between their boastful language and their pusillanimous conduct, and the senates that supported them shared their disgrace; but deeming themselves safe under the wing of France and her obedient ally, they continued to clamour for war and menace the Austrians with a new invasion by their chicken-hearted legions: for them we feel pity only or contempt: our indignation is reserved for their allies and supporters in the Socialist club-rooms of Paris and in the cabinet of Queen Victoria. It is this feverish state of excitement, however, or rather of intoxication, which the press sustains and orators encourage, and which will not be calmed till foreign protection shall have been wholly withdrawn, and clear proof given that aggressors are to be made responsible for their temerity.

In spite of appearances we long persisted in disbelieving that the King of Sardinia would insist on again marching against Austria. The hopes once held out to him by his allies and advisers we felt sure could no longer deceive him—he could no longer expect to share in the spoils of the vanquished Imperialists. He had, however, become a desperate man, and must have recourse to desperate measures. We think it very probable that he has been influenced by the expectation of *deriving protection from his defeat, and the military occupation of his country.* By whatever motive he may have been impelled to pursue this dangerous policy, the incautious allies who had not exerted themselves effectually to check his presumption are alone responsible for the inevitable results, since their fallacious protection has protracted the termination of the quarrel. The recall of Mr. Abercrombie, the English envoy at the court of Turin, has been recommended through the organs of public opinion as an earnest for our sincerity in the condemnation of the King of Sardinia—the same proceeding has been more legally and more constitutionally advocated by hereditary counsellors of the Crown in their own House of Assembly. We have little expectation that this prudent course will be pursued, but if it should, we feel certain that the interests of Sardinia would be more materially served than those even of Britain have been by Mr. Abercrombie's diplomacy. His correspondence with the Piedmontese cabinet is before the public, and our readers will agree with us that they have rarely seen a tissue of feeble or more Jesuitical arguments, falser reasoning, or more ruinous advice. The conduct of England was more inexcusable than that of France, and its interference has been attended with worse results. But for this interference it is certain that the treaty of peace would have been signed within three

days after the capitulation of Milan, and we presume it is in the abused name of *humanity* that this prolonged state of anxiety and final warfare is to be justified. The King of Sardinia has denounced the armistice in a document unique in form, and remarkable for its falsehood even in Italian diplomacy! The alleged complaints against Austria are summed up in the single allegation that the Emperor's victorious troops did not evacuate his own dominions, and that he still presumes to exercise acts of sovereignty within them.* We know not what the personal qualities of the Polish general may be, but never did any general take the field under a less favourable aspect. The troops dispirited by defeat, and burning with indignation against their Lombard allies, who starved, deserted, and betrayed them, are the tools, and they know themselves to be so, of the Jacobin clubs who urge on the war—of men who desire the destruction of the army whose fidelity they dread, and who have nothing themselves to lose in the ruin of their country, but who, equally without scruples of honour and humanity, push on the army to a danger they are not to face. The success or defeat of the royal army would equally throw the power into the hands of the Red Republicans—a result justly regarded with horror by all lovers of order, and greatly feared by France herself, now beginning to resettle into a state of repose. The only thing that could prevent this would be a military occupation by Austria;—this of course would be viewed with jealousy at Paris;—but Louis Napoleon and his Ministers must be quite aware that a French march into Italy would be the signal for a treaty of alliance between Russia and Austria, which would place 300,000 men at the disposal of the latter backed by the vast resources of her potent ally. Such is the dilemma in which the humane and pacific policy of our government has placed our allies, and indeed the continent of Europe. With regard, however, to the King of Sardinia—of him we entertain a very different opinion from that expressed by Mr. Mac Farlane—we cannot, like our author, shut our eyes to the many and glaring inconsistencies of his career†—but we cheerfully acquit him of treachery to the Italians of 1848; his treachery was towards his allies—towards that power to whom he owed the forgiveness of his

* The best confutation of this calumnious document would be the republication of the capitulation of Milan, which contradicts each statement of the Sardinian ministers.

† We alluded in a former article to some earlier chapters of his history; but we ought not to have omitted his conduct in 1830. After the French Revolution of 'the three glorious days,' Turin was the chosen retreat of the advocates and victims of legitimacy; the King of Sardinia was the champion of that cause; he sought to arm all Europe in a crusade in its defence, and he taxed the cabinet of Vienna with coldness and indifference for resisting his ardent knight-errantry; and the causes of Don Carlos in Spain and of Don Miguel in Portugal found in his friendship and in his purse their only gleams of hope.

offended relation and sovereign and his own succession to the throne. *On the very morning on which his army crossed the Lombard frontier* in 1848, he assured the Austrian envoy at Turin of his pacific intentions, and renewed the often repeated protestations of loyalty and friendship. He hoped, by these acts of perfidy, to extend his dominions at the expense of his former protector, and to engage the attention of his turbulent subjects; his calculation failed; he added to his former unpopularity, not because his aggression was unjust, but because it was unsuccessful. Is it reasonable, we would ask, that intermeddling diplomacy should seek to shield him from the penalty of his fault, and to secure to him even those advantages which his arms could not procure? The 'philosophic historian' has dwelt at length on the evils that ambition and vanity in princes have entailed on the people. In the present case 'the people' are more to blame than the prince, and should not be exempted from the penalty of their fault. If the well-disposed majority have submitted to the dictation of an interested minority, their timidity has exposed them to the same punishment. By whom should the expenses of this unjust war be borne—by the party who suffered the wrong, or by that which inflicted it? We have Lord Palmerston's assurance (and we cannot doubt it) that the remonstrances of the English cabinet were conveyed to this Prince through the proper medium; but had they been as forcible as those addressed to the cabinet of Vienna, we feel sure he durst never have disdained them.* However, feeble as the language must have been, the protest, we are told, was made—he chose to incur the risk—he would play out his desperate game.

Mr. Mac Farlane (vol. ii. p. 275) attempts some excuse for certain military blunders of that unlucky campaign, which can only be explained by the King's incapacity and that of his generals. The utterly abject condition to which his army was reduced, however, is to be attributed to the hostility of the Lombard peasantry and the treachery of the governing junta at Milan, or rather perhaps of the political clubs under whose dictation it acted. Nothing was dreaded so much by the republicans as the victory of the King of Sardinia. Against Austria they deemed themselves secure in the support of their ultra-montane allies, but the monarchy of Charles Albert and the supremacy of Turin

* It has been asserted that these remonstrances were public, and formal merely, while secret encouragement was given in private by British agents to the King's aggressive policy. We do not believe any English minister capable of such duplicity; but we cannot be surprised that persons acquainted with Italy should assign any motive to the noble secretary's conduct, rather than believe in that ignorance in which he really was—an ignorance such that he actually conceived the possibility of establishing a powerful monarchy in the north of Italy, of which Charles Albert was to be the king!

would be a worse and more galling servitude than that from which they had just escaped. The Lombards, for whose advantage the invasion was made, refused every sacrifice of purse or person, and the Piedmontese army, commanded by incompetent chiefs, and abandoned, if not betrayed, by its allies, had no resource but in the mercy of Marshal Radetzky. The forbearance with which this veteran commander conducted himself is denied by no one: had revenge been his object, the Milanese themselves afforded him an ample opportunity for its gratification. It was stipulated that the Piedmontese troops should quit the Imperial dominions, that the fortress of Peschiera should be restored and the garrison retire with the honours of war; it was further provided that the Sardinian fleet should leave the Adriatic, and all assistance be withdrawn from the Emperor's rebellious subjects. How, we ask, was this treaty fulfilled, and how was the 'octogenarian chief' rewarded for his forbearance? The Piedmontese commandant at Peschiera refused to recognise the validity of the armistice, and did not surrender the fortress till he had exposed it to a bombardment; no punishment followed this flagrant breach of martial law: the military stores, indeed, were seized and retained till the other conditions of the capitulation had been fulfilled—no unnecessary precaution, we think, nor very severe retaliation for the breach of treaty. Again—it was a full month before the Sardinian admiral (Albini) gave a semblance even of obedience to the orders of his sovereign; during the whole of that period he continued to cruise between Venice and Trieste, giving all possible annoyance to the Imperial fleet; and when at length he did retire, it was only to Ancona, from whence he speedily returned to the Venetian seas, entering the harbour when he pleases, crippling the trade of Trieste, supplying the rebels with provisions and ammunition, and, in short, in defiance of the stipulated terms of the capitulation, committing every act of open hostility. It is such acts that the English cabinet would seem to have supported, and it is against such acts that we raise our protest.

We have endeavoured on several occasions to exhibit the system of Austrian policy, both foreign and domestic, as it really existed, and not as it appeared through the distorted medium of prejudice and political animosity. It is no wonder that the charges of mismanagement and tyranny were for ever re-produced, since the Austrians never condescended to any formal justification of themselves, nor have ever courted popularity by hiring venal authors to proclaim their praises. We are sorry, however, to see those accusations renewed from a quarter where we might have expected something like sound information. Mr. R. M. Milnes, it is true, has

has never resided in Italy since he was very young, but he might fairly be supposed to have retained friends and correspondents there; and, consulting his own taste and temper, it could hardly be doubted that among these there would be men not utterly rabid in their hostility to Austria. We own, when Mr. Milnes announced a letter to Lord Lansdowne on the Italian politics of 1848, we certainly did expect something more than a mere repetition of disproved liberal libels, with no feature of novelty except the placid good-humoured elegance of diction, interspersed with a few compliments (which would not surprise Mr. Carlyle) on the personal qualities of Prince Metternich. We cannot flatter Mr. Milnes on having selected his moment happily for the publication of his pamphlet, nor can we think Lord Lansdowne would be greatly pleased in seeing his name placed in connexion with it at such a critical period. We do not propose any minute dissection of this opusculum:—we will content ourselves with observing that Mr. Milnes, in censuring the Austrian system of government, makes a distinction between the tenure by which the Milanese Duchy belonged to the Imperial Crown before the revolutionary wars and after that period. We know of no other difference, excepting that before the French occupation the government and the people governed conducted their relations on a happier principle of mutual good will. There is not the slightest ground for his supposition that Buonaparte ever contemplated the separation of the kingdom of Italy from the French empire. The future independence of the kingdom of Italy could hardly have been intended by the sovereign who, in addition to the whole of Piedmont, had declared the states of Rome and Tuscany integral parts of the French Empire, dividing them into departments, and governing them in all respects like the provinces of France. Neither is he more correct when he represents the press as less free under the Austrian rule than under that of the French—never, we believe, on the contrary, was the press so trammelled by restrictions, so controlled by fear, as during the existence of the French police. He is equally in error when he represents the state of social freedom to have been greater during French usurpation. Never, we will affirm, was domestic tyranny carried to a greater minuteness of persecution than under the despotism of Buonaparte. It is true that he received a more ready, more apparently cheerful obedience—but under what penalty? The laws were warped to bear hard on the ill-wishers of France when they had occasion to claim their protection—the conscriptions fell heavy on their families—soldiers were billeted on their property, and in some cases received hints that the rules of the strictest discipline would not

not be enforced for the protection of ill-disposed citizens. It must be remembered, also, that the slightest inattention to the rigorous etiquettes of society was construed into an act of rebellion. To neglect the Viceroy's levée was deemed an unpardonable assumption of independence; and a shabby toilette at the Vice-regal drawing-room was a proof of family disaffection. In such particulars the Austrians disdain to interfere. Even Mr. Milnes admits that no material injustice existed: the code of laws differed little from that which existed under the French, and their ecclesiastical policy was wiser and better than that of any other Roman-Catholic state. The nobles, he indeed affirms, were excluded from the pursuits of intellectual labour and honest ambition. This we do not understand: we do not see how their intellects were confined; and if they would not engage in any public career (which Mr. Milnes asserts) we cannot discover how their ambition could be gratified. Had they done so their *nation* would have been in their favour, as it is notorious how anxious the government had ever shown itself to allure the Italians of birth and consideration into the public service. We would ask this gentleman, since he boasts his knowledge of the country, do the Tuscans, the Romans, or the Genoese, tread these intellectual roads to fame, or do they seek to gratify their ambition by the toilsome paths of business? No one, we think, will affirm that they do; and we can assure Mr. Milnes and our general readers that there is not a society in Italy more indolent than the Milanese—more dissolute, or less likely to seek distinction ‘by intellectual labour and honest ambition.’

The justification of the Austrian policy in Italy may be found in the events of the last year—in the outrages to which the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany were exposed, and in the flight of those unfortunate princes. We do not know what were the ‘grave results’ that Lord Palmerston apprehended should Austria have interfered in the preservation of peace in Italy; but the results of withholding that interference are before him, and may be judged by all. We would fearlessly appeal to any impartial witness—nay, to the noble Lord himself;—we would ask, does he in conscience believe that the present state of anarchy would have existed in Italy but for the interference of France and England? Does he not believe, on the contrary, that the actual state of that country, bad as it is, would become infinitely worse, but for the dread that Austrian influence may, after all, be permitted to revive?—and, farther, will he attempt to maintain that those evils would not speedily disappear before the re-assertion of that influence?

The question of intervention is one of the most delicate in modern diplomacy.

diplomacy. It has been treated by the distinguished statesmen of most countries. 'Non-intervention is the rule—but I never said that it was a rule without exception; and the exception is to be found when the safety of the state is likely to be affected by the conduct of a neighbouring state, and in that case, on the general principle of self-preservation, the right of interference must exist.' Such was the language of one whose memory, we presume, Mr. Milnes at present venerates—the late Lord Grey:—such (which is more to our purpose) was ever the doctrine of Lord Castlereagh, and his friend and successor Lord Aberdeen—such and no other, we are sure, would be the language of Prince Metternich—such, most certainly, was the rule observed by the cabinet over which he so long presided. The code of the statesmen we have just quoted would forbid, as we understand it, all intervention for the propagation of certain theories of government; it would condemn the supposed principles of the Holy Alliance; it is as expressly opposed to the sort of interference which France and England have of late been exercising in the affairs of Italy, while the Austrian interposition in the same country is equally justified by it. But the right to do so is not bounded by the self-evident danger that menaces the Imperial states. As the seat of Roman Catholic supremacy the Emperor of Austria has a direct right of interference in the affairs of Rome—and it is to him, as the first Catholic sovereign, that the Pope should look for succour. In the affairs of Tuscany his interest is more evident and incontestable, since the reversion of that duchy was settled by a public act of the States of Assembled Europe on his family, and it meantime was actually governed by a cadet of his house. But it is idle in the present case to discuss the right of intervention: the Governments of Rome and Tuscany have made war on Austria—have invaded her dominions, and are even at this moment in a state of open defiance—a state in which all the ordinary laws of civilized nations are suspended—and the duty of a war of extermination is openly preached from the senate, the rostrum, and even the pulpit.

The state of that beautiful country is heart-rending—and not the less so that we are obliged to condemn the weakness and timidity of the indolent majority. Tuscany peculiarly affects our sympathy by the contrast of its past and present condition. The travelled reader will doubtless recall the pleasing impression his wanderings in Tuscany and his visit to Florence have left upon him: the cheerful people—the benevolent prince, whose hand was ever open to charity, and whose sumptuous dwelling was the seat of refined hospitality. The aspect of prosperity—the atmosphere of beauty—the luxurious ease—were saddened by

no painful drawback to shock his feelings and alloy his enjoyment! Alas for the meek-hearted pfince, whose gentle nature wanted no virtue but firmness to adorn it!—alas for his innocent and disinherited children, his beautiful and courageous consort—for here too as elsewhere (both of yore and of late) woman's constancy has shamed the trepidation of man! Lord Palmerston never saw this interesting group, the centre of an affectionate people, inspiring involuntary homage and dispensing gracious influences around them. It was a sight to soften the cynical and inveterate heart of a true republican—of the Spartan Roland herself!* We believe there are few who maintain that the material happiness of this favoured principality was susceptible of much improvement. The laws were excellent, and well administered; the censorship of the press was exercised with a light and indulgent discretion; no exclusive privileges existed; nor are we aware that a single class of society could allege a grievance which it was in the power of the law or the prince to redress.

The immediate consequence of the faulty policy of England will be the occurrence of the very danger that was most apprehended—we mean a foreign interference in the affairs of Central Italy. Already the lamentable condition of the two exiled princes has excited the pity and indignation of Europe; and France is actually contemplating an interference in behalf of one of those sovereigns whom Lord Palmerston would not permit Austria to protect when it could have been done without expense or danger. From this interference, however, we have no expectation of a good result to the Italians themselves. Those who ought to resist anarchy, and whose weakness and timidity deter them, will be confirmed in their fatal inactivity. Those who have been led into error by vanity, restlessness, and ambition, will fail to reap the lesson which their folly deserves: while the agitators, the assassins, and the demagogues, will be protected from the punishment of their crimes—nay more, will be suffered to retreat with the spoil they have collected, to plot new schemes of treason and treachery.

All idea of an Anglo-Gallic mediation, we trust, is entirely

* See the Memoirs of this heroine of the Revolution, where she discloses the magnanimity of her soul in witnessing the graceful progress of Marie-Antoinette amidst the groups of affectionate admirers on the marble terraces of Versailles. See also the regrets she expresses at not having been at the Tuileries on the memorable night of the 19th of June, when the mob broke into the palace, to have feasted her eyes on the prolonged agony of the Queen—her deep humiliation and maternal terrors. These details will also be found in the volumes of M. Lamartine, whose admiration of this heroine falls short only of the idolatry with which she herself contemplated her own virtues and attractions.

abandoned. Lord Palmerston, in the discourse before alluded to, disclaims the intention of dictating to Austria. Austria, indeed, is no longer in a position to brook dictation—and we congratulate the noble Lord on his return to prudence. Austria claims the right of settling the internal affairs of her empire without any foreign assistance; and we hope our Ministers have now discovered their double error. They surely must now understand that revolution, and not reform, was the object of the Italian movement; and that obsequious obedience to the dictation of republican France can hardly delay, and will certainly not avert, the dangers of a general war. It is this irrational and ill-grounded dread of French arms that has guided the foreign policy of our Whigs, and not the love of ‘liberal institutions,’ which is the motive they have been pleased to assign. *We* also look on war as a great and terrible evil; but there are evils greater still than war—mob-tyranny we think a greater calamity in itself, and incomparably more demoralizing in its effects; and we own that, however averse we may be from war with France, we had rather incur those risks than purchase her friendship by assisting her revolutionary projects, despoiling our allies, and spreading the principles of democracy over the face of Europe.

Our foreign policy, and the part we have taken in the commotions on the continent, would be altogether unintelligible but for the key that Lord Palmerston himself has afforded. The want of concert between the Ministers of the Crown has often been made evident by the discrepancies in their several accounts of the same transactions. The conduct of the foreign relations of England seems altogether abandoned to the discretion of one man. Yet how has this confidence been merited? Lord Palmerston himself acknowledges the intention of shaping his policy in accordance with the wishes and requirements of France. ‘What,’ said he in his speech on the proposed amendment of the address—‘what right have we to inquire whether France wishes a monarch, an emperor, a president, or a consul? *Our object and our duty* is to cement the closest ties of friendship between ourselves and our nearest neighbour, one of the greatest powers of Europe—that neighbour of whom it was justly said that in war she would be our most powerful enemy, and in peace our most useful friend.’ We entirely agree with the noble Lord that we are not justified in interrupting our peaceable relations with a country simply because it changes its internal form of government; but when we ‘cement the closest ties of friendship’ with it, we are justified, it appears to us, in exacting in return that the existing relations between ourselves and that country, and between that country and our other allies, should

should not be altered in consequence of those internal changes. One of the first acts of the Provisional Government, self-elected on the ruins of social order, was to declare all the treaties that bound Europe together null and void—and that, too, *in consequence* of the organic change that had been operated in France. Nor was this all: M. Lamartine, the mouth-piece of this synod of sharpers, proclaimed the fraternity of the French people with all oppressed nationalities, and guaranteed the active co-operation of the Republic in assisting them in their righteous cause.

Against this doctrine it was the duty of all European powers, and especially Great Britain, to protest. There is not a single monarchy in Europe into which the adoption of such principles would not introduce a civil war. The assertion of these doctrines belonged, we were told, to regenerated democratic France. How then can it be maintained that the policy of England is not affected by the form of government that may be adopted by its neighbour? How can bonds of 'the closest friendship be cemented' with a power which avows the intention of assisting our rebels and dissevering our monarchy? It is probable, we admit, that while these words were uttered in public, secret assurances might be forwarded to the cabinets most interested that they would not be acted on. Such reservations are too frequent in French diplomacy at all times, in but too good accordance with republican morality; but in the present case it was the private assurance that was falsified, and not the public declaration:—

'I feel it due to the public men who have been at the head of Government in France since February last,' says Lord Palmerston, 'to say that their conduct towards this country has been marked with the most perfect good faith, the greatest frankness, and the most friendly dispositions; and that they have evinced not only an anxious desire to be on the most friendly terms with England, but have also expressed invariably and sincerely to us *those pacific dispositions with regard to the rest of Europe* which, attaching as we do great importance to the maintenance of peace, must be the foundation of a real good understanding between France and England.'

We will not inquire how far these pacific dispositions are in accordance with the declaration of M. Lamartine above cited, or with the commentary on it given by M. Drouyn de Lhys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his speech on the 24th of last May in the Legislative Chamber:—'The Executive power adopts,' says he, 'as the rule of its conduct the three great principles—fraternal compact with Germany, reconstruction of Poland, emancipation of Italy.' In other words, this pacific Government declared a partisan war on Prussia, Russia, and Austria. We have

have a right, we think, however, to examine how far they have been practically adopted as the maxims of French policy. When the King of Sardinia, after a series of disasters, was reduced to a disgraceful capitulation, he applied for the assistance of France, which had once been promised, and for which the Italian clubs had long been clamouring. It was now that the 'pacific dispositions' should have been exhibited of which Lord Palmerston boasted, as well as that sense of honour and fair play upon which all governments should be conducted. The French Government did not reply to this appeal in the language of truth and sincerity :—' You have acted without our sanction, you have not asked our advice, you arrogantly boasted of your own sufficiency to drive your enemies before you, you sought the quarrel yourselves ; you shall not now involve us in a war because your valour and discretion are less than your presumption.' The course taken was very different :—' If you will join us in a *mediation*,' said the organ of the French cabinet to his obsequious ally in our Foreign Office, ' we will settle terms of peace between the contending parties ; if not, we shall be unable to prevent military intervention in the affairs of Italy.' This language might easily be interpreted. The power with which Lord Palmerston had allied himself for the maintenance of the peace of Europe was in fact totally unable to resist the caprices of the Parisian mob, under the dictation of which it now confessed it was bound to commit an act of flagrant injustice. What, we would ask, was the object of this joint mediation ? Was it not a proposal to extort those concessions from Austria by a threat of war, which, after her victory, could no longer be expected ? Was not this imposing a more degrading condition on the conqueror than any concessions that would have followed his defeat ? Or did they intend to impose on their Italian allies by a mock mediation, which was afterwards to abandon them to the mercy of their mighty opponent ?

The affairs of Sicily exhibit still more clearly the hollowness of this alliance, and the small value that is placed on it by France ; and we return to them for a moment to find a still fuller illustration of our argument. It is evident either that Admiral Baudin had instructions to interfere at his own discretion in favour of the Sicilian insurgents, without consulting his ally, or that he arrogated to himself the right to do so. In the first case, the Government abandoned its pacific policy, and its respect for our alliance ; or if the latter supposition be correct, what reliance can be placed on the friendship of a Government which allows such liberty to its officials ? If peace can only be preserved on such dishonourable terms, we, for our own part, would rather accept the alternative of war with all its consequences. If these be the
fruits

fruits of our alliance with France, we give our Foreign Secretary little credit for his dexterity in maintaining it. At such a price we could have secured the friendship of the elder Buonaparte, as well as of his nephew, or of any other adventurer to whom the convulsions of faction may give a momentary supremacy. This is an alliance under which all the sacrifices have been made by England—while France has not deigned *in public* to assume even a tone of conciliation. We may boast, indeed, that France has not invaded our territory; for this boon we must be grateful, for it is all the benefit we have reaped in return for the sacrifice of the Austrian empire and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

If there is one maxim which in our diplomacy may be regarded as fixed, it is the policy of maintaining a good understanding with Austria. The greatest maritime power of Europe and the greatest continental power not maritime have everything to gain and nothing to lose by their close alliance; they have a community of interests, and of affections, and of fears; they have common friends and common foes, and should Austria now seek to tighten her connexions with Russia it will have been the desertion of England that compelled her to do so. From the union, too, so intimate, and once so cordial between England and the Sicilies, both countries have derived advantages; yet this ancient friendship we have been willing to sever without the shadow of a reason or a grievance; nay, to convert it into a state of hatred and defiance; we have shown ourselves ready to engage in a scheme for dismembering the monarchy, and to establish that supremacy of France in the Mediterranean which our ancestors did so much to prevent. We would not, however, be misunderstood. We do not believe it is in the power of any ministry, however feeble or abject,—no, not even if Mr. Cobden himself were placed in office, instead of those who walk by his counsels—to deprive our arms of the glory that attends them like a birthright; our national traditions are not so easily forgotten, our national character so easily altered. It is now nearly twenty years that, with a few short intervals, the Government of this country has done all that lay in its power to subvert the establishments of our own empire and to shake allegiance and loyalty among many different classes;—with what small success let Chartist demonstrations and Irish rebellions prove! So is it also, we firmly believe, with our military renown. Could the policy of the Foreign Secretary be crowned with complete success, should Austria be despoiled of her Italian dominions for the benefit of France, and of the Dalmatian coast for that of Russia: should Genoa and Sicily be declared Republics under the direct protection of France, and the gracious superintendence
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of French vice-consuls; and a grand Mediterranean alliance accomplished to banish the flag of the 'perfidious Albion' from the southern seas, we firmly believe that once more, our counsels changed and our national spirit aroused, the work of that noble lord and all his colleagues, whether in the cabinet or out of it, in Downing-street or at Manchester, would in one instant be annihilated, and our former supremacy be re-established in all its pristine greatness.

We cannot repeat too often that we value peace as the greatest of blessings, and that to our desire of preserving it we would make almost any sacrifices; but we think that if the 'pacific policy' of the present Cabinet be persisted in much longer, its result must be war—war with the very power we have sacrificed so much to propitiate—and war which we must wage without a single ally. Peace with France can only be secured by a steady adherence to existing obligations—by a frank and open avowal of our respect for those treaties by which we are bound. With France we would maintain a peace, but one which did not bind us to sanction her aggressive and tyrannical policy, or to forward her views in the propagation of Communistic democracy. Peace may be kept without 'cementing an alliance;' nor can we discover why Lord Palmerston himself should now attach so much value to that more intimate connexion which experience must have taught him is so difficult to be preserved. Since he has held the seals of office he has been engaged in many disputes with the French Government, the blame of which, we presume, he does not purpose keeping wholly to himself. He tells us, in the speech so often alluded to, he cares not what the ruler of France be called—whether King or President; but here, we think, he deceives himself; and that in his mind the real merit of 'all the public men who have ruled in France since February' is, that they are not the public men who had ruled there previously, and that they are not the servants of a Prince of the Orleans dynasty. We should have thought, indeed, that from such a train of uneasy years, so pacific a minister must, ere this, have learned that the real friendship of France could only be obtained on conditions which would destroy its value. It is now more than twenty years that the dread of a war with France has been the ruling principle of our foreign policy; and it is about the same time that the intimate alliance has been attempted between the two countries: let us briefly consider the issue. By the influence in our national councils of the advocates of the French alliance in 1828 was produced that combination of the great powers of Europe, the result of which terminated in the 'untoward'—that is, piratical attack upon the Turks at Navarino, the destruction of their fleet, and the dis-

memberment

memberment of the Ottoman empire, while the preponderating influence of Russia was established in Turkey by our assistance, without which it could not have been accomplished. Whatever advantages may have accrued from the creation of the kingdom of Greece, we at least have reaped nothing but loss and mortification. Athens has ever since been the theatre of those squabbles and intrigues in which the agents of the noble Lord are so perpetually engaged; and our last dispute has terminated in forcing our Government to play the ungracious part of a harsh creditor compelling payment from a bankrupt debtor; and the still less creditable one of acting bum-bailiff itself, and distraining for the payment of a debt which the contractors expected would never be reclaimed. The example of dismembering a helpless and impoverished empire was not likely to be neglected, and both France and Russia availed themselves of it, in spite of the remonstrances and protestations which we too late opposed.

On the Quadruple Alliance—which has kept up civil dissension in Spain, and which ended by alienating us entirely from our late French ally—we suppose Lord Palmerston is the last person to look back with any satisfaction; yet our readers will all remember how strenuously the importance of the French alliance was then insisted on, how entirely upon its preservation the peace of Europe was represented to depend.

Our new alliance with France has, as usual, been celebrated with fresh sacrifices—the Emperor of Austria was the first, the King of Naples the second victim—and what compensation have we received for our complacency? Are we to thank France that Mr. Smith O'Brien has not been crowned king of Ireland, though if the ambiguous language of M. Lamartine admits of any intelligible interpretation, he promised the Irish the assistance of France if they could secure their independence without it; while he repeated his jargon of sympathy with struggling nationalities, and his desire to recognise the independence of all rebellious provinces. And for this piece of condescendence the noble Lord is transported with gratitude, and for this he demands the congratulation of the country. These are the 'pacific dispositions' of which he boasts. In the memorable debate to which we have so often alluded, our ministers inform us they acted from apprehension, and not from conviction. *The French had determined on an interference, and, rather than separate our policy from that of France, we resolved to pursue the same course.* Will England be ever thus subservient?—and what is the value of a peace which is only to be purchased by paying the penalties of war? What faith could be due to the 'pacific dispositions' of a Republican Government giving utterance to such menaces as those under the

the terrors of which Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell confess, or rather boast and brag to have acted? These are 'the impostors of true fear'—idle dreads. We should in truth rely little on the 'pacific dispositions' of any French system—knowing that these have ever given way to designs of national or dynastic aggrandizement. We have at present, however, the best security for French moderation in an empty Exchequer—a fretting people—a murmuring army—and the dread which a successful General would cause to the Executive Government.

The conduct of our foreign affairs, as Mr. Milnes justly remarks, has ever been less controlled by parliamentary interference than any other branch of the public administration; yet upon our foreign policy depends the question of peace or war—the most important that can agitate a nation. Our foreign minister is accused throughout Europe of being guided in the conduct of public affairs by motives of pride, of personal pique, and private resentment, quite unfitting the organ of a great nation—a weakness, it is observed, that might be expected to sway the *camarilla* of an absolute monarch, but which should have no place where the affairs of a country are publicly discussed and controlled by a deliberative assembly. We cannot deny that there is truth in the accusation; but public discussion has other evils of its own, and from some of these we are at this moment suffering. In a public debate a minister of any dexterity will always derive advantage from the hostility of injudicious and ignorant censors. His own knowledge is more dangerous to him than their ignorance; and if he can but avoid imprudent revelations in the heat of debate, he has little to apprehend from the attacks of his adversary. The weak and premature censure of our foreign policy, in a discussion to which it only partially belonged, has been of incalculable service to a cause which was defended with more dexterity than eloquence, but with infinitely more eloquence than truth. An attack which, by every regard for prudence and policy, should have been postponed till the long-promised documents were produced, only served to strengthen the hands of the minister—to enable him to answer vague accusations with irrelevant pleasantries, to reiterate bold assertions, which published papers did not yet disprove—and, at the same time, to wear off the interest of the whole business by premature and of course vague debate. By the assistance of his opponents therefore, with the triumphant air of official importance and half-laughing effrontery, the most unpopular and most distrusted statesman of England—the most captious and quarrelsome, and the one undoubtedly most disliked on the Continent—was enabled to sit down, amidst party cheerings, as the great pacifier

cator of Europe, the Atlas upon whom the tranquillity of the globe depends. The whisper of reason, however, is not so easily stilled as the clamour of the House. The foreign policy of England—neither generous nor prudent, nor yet successful—has alienated the regard of former allies, and has propitiated no favour from any class or party. We are sure his own conscience cannot acquit the Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and there is a responsibility at the bar of posterity, to which no man of honour and ability can look with indifference. Men, as individuals responsible for their actions at a future tribunal, very frequently escape the retribution in this world which their conduct has merited; but, considered as societies whose existence is only of this world, they must necessarily suffer in the flesh for their national misdeeds—and their crimes and follies have ever brought their penalties along with them.

We know not whether Lord Palmerston will again be called to account, at the tribunal of the House of Commons, for the complicated evils his policy has entailed upon Europe. We know not whether he may not again be defended from censure by the blunderings of a vindictive clique, or by those considerations of party tactics to which he has already been so much indebted. We have heard him called the most fortunate of ministers; one who has ever been protected by unforeseen and fortuitous events from the punishment of his mistakes, misdeeds, and miscalculations. We think he was never so fortunate as in the defeat of his revolutionary schemes in Italy. In the humiliation of the King of Sardinia, whose treachery he abetted, and in the ruin of the Pope and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, whose imprudence he encouraged, he may certainly recognise a mortification; but in the success of Marshal Radetzky and the King of Naples, who both received marks of his hostility, he has cause to rejoice at the preservation of European society. What would have been the consequence of the success of the Milanese anarchists, the defeat of Marshal Radetzky, and the subversion of the Neapolitan monarchy—events which would assuredly have been followed by others even more deplorable—of this we may form an idea from the actual state of the Italian peninsula. England has hitherto been mercifully protected from the fate she seemed so anxious to prepare for others. Could she have steered her steady course amidst the sea of troubles she had created? we dare hardly think so—but she has been saved from herself, and other states have been saved from her, and order has found its champions. It is remarkable that, while the revolutionary party throughout Europe has not given birth to one man of common abilities or indeed of common honesty, the only examples of bravery and heroism are found in the ranks of
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the aristocratic Austrians. Mr. Milnes is pleased to inform Lord Lansdowne that such is the ignorance of the English people, that they regard Marshal Radetzky and Prince Windischgrätz only as a couple of policemen putting down a serious riot. We can hardly believe that a people, whose 'political development' is so perfect, can be in such a state of ignorance; but if they are, we will say that their guess is nearer the truth than that of Mr. Milnes himself, when he proceeds to assure the Marquess that these great men are only pursuing a scheme of provincial aggrandizement, and a war of races, which is to be terminated in the victory of that to which *they* belong!* Far—very far—are they, we are convinced, from cherishing such selfish, such irrational and subversive schemes; we believe them, on the contrary, to be actuated by those feelings of pure and unshaken loyalty which bind faithful subjects to an hereditary prince, and by the devotion of veteran soldiers to their national standard. In the fidelity of the army the Emperor of Austria has found a resource that failed to the house of Bourbon in every stage of the late revolutions; which equally failed Bonaparte, 'the soldier's idol and the son of victory,' who was deserted by his troops and betrayed by his generals. While the Austrian empire was shaking under the attacks of the anarchists, betrayed by its allies, and given up by all, the army, brave and loyal, stepped to the rescue, and, with the monarchy, saved civilization itself from an eclipse such as has not overtaken it since the fall of the Roman empire.

Events succeed each other with such breathless rapidity that, while our paper is wet with the ink which records one important step and its probable result, the succeeding post brings fresh intelligence of fresh revolutions which baffle conjecture and make forethought useless. Our readers have seen that we anticipated nothing but defeat and ruin from the weak and treacherous conduct of the King of Sardinia—no other consummation could be expected—but we own ourselves surprised by its rapidity. It was no part of the scheme of the Piedmontese government, or rather of the anarchists to whom it was abandoned, that the aggressive war they had once more hurried into should be brought immediately within their own frontier. Such was their ignorance

* Marshal Radetzky, a native of Carniola, by name and descent is of Slavish origin, but he was born and educated before those distinctions of race were insisted on by which the inhabitants of the same country and the subjects of the same prince have sought to introduce fresh elements of dispute, and an exclusive sentiment of selfishness unknown to their less civilized ancestors. This gallant officer knows no distinction but between the friends and enemies of his Emperor and of Austria.

With regard to Prince Windischgrätz, Mr. Milnes is wholly in error, as he is of a purely Teutonic descent.

and folly that they expected the Austrians would retire from Milan and remove the seat of war to the banks of the Mincio and the Adige. The tactics of Marshal Radetzky, equally daring and prudent, have been completely successful. The Austrian territory has been shielded from the injuries of war, and the manoeuvres of a few days have served to nullify the Sardinian army, to banish their King, and to secure every object contemplated by the Imperial Cabinet. It has been the rare good fortune of this great commander, who unites the fire and enterprise of youth with the caution of age, to add fresh laurels to his chaplet at the age of eighty-six. The same courier, however, that brings the intelligence of the defeat, the flight, and the abdication of the King of Sardinia, announces that the pernicious influence of diplomacy is again at work. The ministers who had encouraged the infatuation of the King are certainly bound to console him in defeat, but we are sure the veteran commander will not again suffer his measures to be thwarted, or his policy influenced, by any unwarrantable interference. Experience must have taught him that his sovereign has nothing to expect from England (till our councils are changed) but insult and injury; he must also be aware, however, that his adversaries need hope for no actual support—that our hostility is harmless, and may safely be defied.

From France he has equally little to dread. He is well aware that France can afford to sympathise only with success—that she will never constitute herself the champion of the fallen. Had the Piedmontese invasion been successful her sympathy might have become dangerous; but in defeat and ruin all hostile intervention will be confined within the walls of club-rooms and the streets of Paris.

We trust in the good sense and humanity of both Houses of Parliament not to permit the Foreign Secretary to prolong the miseries of anarchy and warfare under the specious pretence of mediation, but in reality for the gratification of his private resentment, and the salving of his lacerated vanity. We trust he may be compelled to abandon his superintendence of 'the peace of Europe'—since his presence in her Majesty's councils cannot, it would seem, be dispensed with.

ART. VIII.—*The History of England from the Accession of James II.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849.

THE reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the House. His Roman ballads (as we said in an article on their first appearance) exhibit a novel idea worked out with a rare felicity, so as to combine the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires; and his critical Essays exhibit a wide variety of knowledge with a great fertility of illustration, and enough of the salt of pleasantry and sarcasm to flavour and in some degree disguise a somewhat declamatory and pretentious dogmatism. It may seem too epigrammatic, but it is, in our serious judgment, strictly true, to say that his History seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English History as fabulous as his Lays do those of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his Reviews. That upon so serious an undertaking he has lavished uncommon exertion, is not to be doubted; nor can any one during the first reading escape the *entrainement* of his picturesque, vivid, and pregnant execution: but we have fairly stated the impression left on ourselves by a more calm and leisurely perusal. We have been so long the opponents of the political party to which Mr. Macaulay belongs that we welcomed the prospect of again meeting him on the neutral ground of literature. We are of that class of Tories—Protestant Tories, as they were called—that have no sympathy with the Jacobites. We are as strongly convinced as Mr. Macaulay can be of the necessity of the Revolution of 1688—of the general prudence and expediency of the steps taken by our Whig and Tory ancestors of the Convention Parliament, and of the happiness, for a century and a half, of the constitutional results. We were, therefore, not without hope that at least in these two volumes, almost entirely occupied with the progress and accomplishment of that Revolution, we might without any sacrifice of our political feelings enjoy unalloyed the pleasures reasonably to be expected from Mr. Macaulay's high powers both of research and illustration.

tion. That hope has been deceived: Mr. Macaulay's historical narrative is poisoned with a rancour more violent than even the passions of the time; and the literary qualities of the work, though in some respects very remarkable, are far from redeeming its substantial defects. There is hardly a page—we speak literally, hardly a page—that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in colour: and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith.

These are grave charges: but we make them in sincerity, and we think that we shall be able to prove them; and if, here or hereafter, we should seem to our readers to use harsher terms than good taste might approve, we beg in excuse to plead that it is impossible to fix one's attention on, and to transcribe large portions of a work, without being in some degree infected with its spirit; and Mr. Macaulay's pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce, and especially against everything in which he chooses (whether right or wrong) to recognise the shiboleth of Toryism. We shall endeavour, however, in the expression of our opinions, to remember the respect we owe to our readers and to Mr. Macaulay's general character and standing in the world of letters, rather than the provocations and example of the volumes immediately before us.

Mr. Macaulay announces his intention of bringing down the history of England almost to our own times; but these two volumes are complete in themselves, and we may fairly consider them as a history of the Revolution; and in that light the first question that presents itself to us is why Mr. Macaulay has been induced to re-write what had already been so often and even so recently written—among others, by Dalrymple, a strenuous but honest Whig, and by Mr. Macaulay's own oracles, Fox and Mackintosh? It may be answered that both Fox and Mackintosh left their works imperfect. Fox got no farther than Monmouth's death; but Mackintosh came down to the Orange invasion, and covered full nine-tenths of the period as yet occupied by Mr. Macaulay. Why then did Mr. Macaulay not content himself with beginning where Mackintosh left off—that is, with the Revolution? and it would have been the more natural, because, as our readers know, it is there that Hume's history terminates.

What reason does he give for this work of supererogation? None. He does not (as we shall see more fully by and by) take

take the slightest notice of Mackintosh's history, no more than if it had never existed. Has he produced a new fact? Not one. Has he discovered any new materials? None, as far as we can judge, but the collections of Fox and Mackintosh, confided to him by their families.* It seems to us a novelty in literary practice that a writer raised far by fame and fortune above the vulgar temptations of the craft should undertake to tell a story already frequently and recently told by masters of the highest authority and most extensive information, without having, or even professing to have, any additional means or special motive to account for the attempt.

We suspect, however, that we can trace Mr. Macaulay's design to its true source—the example and success of the author of *Waverley*. The Historical Novel, if not invented, at least first developed and illustrated by the happy genius of Scott, took a sudden and extensive hold of the public taste; he himself, in most of his subsequent novels, availed himself largely of the historical element which had contributed so much to the popularity of *Waverley*. The press has since that time groaned with his imitators. We have had historical novels of all classes and grades. We have had served up in this form the Norman Conquest and the Wars of the Roses, the Gunpowder Plot and the Fire of London, Darnley and Richelieu—and almost at the same moment with Mr. Macaulay's appeared a professed romance of Mr. Ainsworth's on the same subject—James II. Nay, on a novelist of this popular order has been conferred the office of *Historiographer* to the Queen.

Mr. Macaulay, too mature not to have well measured his own peculiar capacities, not rich in invention but ingenious in application, saw the use that might be made of this principle, and that history itself would be much more popular with a large embroidery of personal, social, and even topographical anecdote and illustration, instead of the sober garb in which we had been in the habit of seeing it. Few histories indeed ever were or could be written without some admixture of this sort. The father of the art himself, old Herodotus, vivified his text with a greater share of what we may call personal anecdote than any of his classical followers. Modern historians, as they happened to have more or less of what we may call *artistic* feeling, admitted more or less of this deco-

* It appears from two notes of acknowledgments to M. Guizot and the keepers of the archives at the Hague, that Mr. Macaulay obtained some additions to the copies which Mackintosh already had of the letters of Ronquillo the Spanish and Citters the Dutch minister at the court of James. We may conjecture that these additions were insignificant, since Mr. Macaulay has nowhere, that we have observed, specially noticed them; but except these, whatever they may be, we find no trace of anything that Fox and Mackintosh had not already examined and classed.

ration into their text, but always with an eye (which Mr. Macaulay never exercises) to the appropriateness and value of the illustration. Generally, however, such matters have been thrown into notes, or, in a few instances—as by Dr. Henry and in Mr. Knight's interesting and instructive 'Pictorial History'—into separate chapters. The large class of memoir-writers may also be fairly considered as anecdotal historians—and they are in fact the sources from which the novelists of the new school extract their principal characters and main incidents.

Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently, as we think, in imitation of the novelists—his first object being always picturesque effect—his constant endeavour to give from all the repositories of gossip that have reached us a kind of circumstantial reality to his incidents, and a sort of dramatic life to his personages. For this purpose he would not be very solicitous about contributing any substantial addition to history, strictly so called; on the contrary, indeed, he seems to have willingly taken it as he found it, adding to it such lace and trimmings as he could collect from the Monmouth-street of literature, seldom it may be safely presumed of very delicate quality. It is, as Johnson drolly said, 'an old coat with a new facing—the old dog in a new doublet.' The conception was bold, and—so far as availing himself, like other novelists, of the fashion of the day to produce a popular and profitable effect—the experiment has been eminently successful.

But besides the obvious incentives just noticed, Mr. Macaulay had also the stimulus of what we may compendiously call a strong party spirit. One would have thought that the Whigs might have been satisfied with their share in the historical library of the Revolution:—besides Rapin, Echard, and Jones, who, though of moderate politics in general, were stout friends to the Revolution, they have had of professed and zealous Whigs, Burnet, the foundation of all, Kennett, Oldmixon, Dalrymple, Laing, Brodie, Fox, and finally Mackintosh and his continuator, besides innumerable writers of less note, who naturally adopted the successful side; and we should not have supposed that the reader of any of those historians, and particularly the later ones, could complain that they had been too sparing of imputation, or even vituperation, to the opposite party. But not so Mr. Macaulay. The most distinctive feature on the face of his pages is personal virulence—if he has at all succeeded in throwing an air of fresh life into his characters, it is mainly due, as any impartial and collected reader will soon discover, to the simple circumstance of his hating the individuals of the opposite party as bitterly, as passionately, as if they were his own personal enemies—more so, indeed, we hope than he would a
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mere political antagonist of his own day. When some one suggested to the angry O'Neill that one of the Anglo-Irish families whom he was reviling as strangers had been four hundred years settled in Ireland, the Milesian replied, '*I hate the churls as if they had come but yesterday.*' Mr. Macaulay seems largely endowed with this (as with a more enviable) species of memory, and he hates, for example, King Charles I. as if he had been murdered only yesterday. Let us not be understood as wishing to abridge an historian's full liberty of censure—but he should not be a satirist, still less a libeller. We do not say nor think that Mr. Macaulay's censures were always unmerited—far from it—but they are always, we think without exception, immoderate. Nay, it would scarcely be too much to say that this massacre of character is the point on which Mr. Macaulay must chiefly rest any claims he can advance to the praise of impartiality, for while he paints everything that looks like a Tory in the blackest colours, he does not altogether spare any of the Whigs against whom he takes a spite, though he always visits them with a gentler correction. In fact, except Oliver Cromwell, King William, a few gentlemen who had the misfortune to be executed or exiled for high treason, and every dissenting minister that he has or can find occasion to notice, there are hardly any persons mentioned who are not stigmatized as knaves or fools, differing only in degrees of 'turpitude' and 'imbecility.' Mr. Macaulay has almost realized the work that Alexander Chalmers's playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*. This is also an imitation of the Historical Novel, though rather in the track of Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard than of Waverley or Woodstock; but what would you have? To attain the picturesque—the chief object of our artist—he adopts the ready process of dark colours and a rough brush. Nature, even at the worst, is never gloomy enough for a Spagnoletto, and Judge Jeffries himself, for the first time, excites a kind of pity when we find him (like one to whom he was nearly akin) not so black as he is painted.

From this first general view of Mr. Macaulay's Historical Novel we now proceed to exhibit in detail some grounds for the opinion which we have ventured to express.

We premise that we are about to enter into details, because there is in fact little to question or debate about but details. We have already hinted that there is absolutely no new fact of any consequence, and, we think we can safely add, hardly a new view of any historical fact, in the whole book. Whatever there may remain questionable or debatable in the history of the period, we should have to argue with Burnet, Dalrymple, or Mackintosh, and not with

with Mr. Macaulay. It would, we know, have a grander air if we were to make his book the occasion of disquisitions on the rise and progress of the constitution—on the causes by which the monarchy of the Tudors passed, though the murder of Charles, to the despotism of Cromwell—how again that produced a restoration which settled none of the great moral or political questions which had generated all those agitations, and which, in return, those agitations had complicated and inflamed—and how, at last, the undefined, discordant, and antagonistic pretensions of the royal and democratical elements were reconciled by the Revolution and the Bill of Rights—and finally, whether with too much or too little violence to the principles of the ancient constitution—all these topics, we say, would, if we were so inclined, supply us, as they have supplied Mr. Macaulay, with abundant opportunities of grave tautology and commonplace; but we decline to raise sham debates on points where there is no contest. We can have little historic difference, properly so called, with one who has no historical difference on the main facts with anybody else: instead, then, of pretending to treat any great questions, either of constitutional learning or political philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to the humbler but more practical and more useful task above stated.

Our first complaint is of a comparatively small and almost mechanical, and yet very real, defect—the paucity and irregularity of his dates, and the mode in which the few that he does give are overlaid, as it were, by the text. This, though it may be very convenient to the writer, and quite indifferent to the reader, of an historical romance, is perplexing to any one who might wish to read and weigh the book as a serious history, of which dates are the guides and landmarks; and when they are visibly neglected we cannot but suspect that the historian will be found not very solicitous about strict accuracy. This negligence is carried to such an extent that, in what looks like a very copious table of contents, one of the most important events of the whole history—that, indeed, on which the Revolution finally turned—the marriage of Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange, is not noticed; nor is any date affixed to the very cursory mention of it in the text. It is rather hard to force the reader who buys this last new model history, in general so profuse of details, to recur to one of the old-fashioned ones to discover that this important event happened in the year 1675, and on the 4th of November—a day thrice over remarkable in William's history—for his birth, his marriage, and his arrival with his invading army on the coast of Devon.

Our second complaint is of one of the least important, perhaps, but most prominent defects of Mr. Macaulay's book—his Style
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—not merely the choice and order of words, commonly called style, but the turn of mind which prompts the choice of expressions as well as of topics. We need not repeat that Mr. Macaulay has a great facility of language, a prodigal *copia verborum*—that he narrates rapidly and clearly—that he paints very forcibly—and that his readers throughout the tale are carried on, or away, by something of the sorcery which a brilliant orator exercises over his auditory. But he has also in a great degree the faults of the oratorical style. He deals much too largely in epithets—a habit exceedingly dangerous to historical truth. He habitually constructs a piece of what should be calm, dispassionate narrative, upon the model of the most passionate peroration—adhering in numberless instances to precisely the same specific formula of artifice. His diction is often inflated into fustian, and he indulges in exaggeration till it sometimes, unconsciously no doubt, amounts to falsehood. It is a common fault of those who strive at producing oratorical effects, to oscillate between commonplace and extravagance; and while studying Mr. Macaulay, one feels as if vibrating between facts that every one knows and consequences which nobody can believe. We are satisfied that whoever will take, as we have been obliged to do, the pains of sifting what Mr. Macaulay has produced from his own mind with what he has borrowed from others, will be entirely of our opinion. In truth, when, after reading a page or two of this book, we have occasion to turn to the same transaction in Burnet, Dalrymple, or Hume, we feel as if we were exchanging the glittering agility of a rope-dancer for gentlemen in the attire and attitude of society. And we must say that there is not one of those writers that does not give a clearer and more trustworthy account of all that is really historical in the period than can be collected from Mr. Macaulay's more decorated pages. We invite our readers to try Mr. Macaulay's merits as an historian by the test of comparison with his predecessors.

The very first line of his narrative is an example of that kind of pompous commonplace that looks like something and is nothing :—

‘Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain.’—i. 4.

This is in an exordium that would have fitted the history of any nation whatever. It might indeed be more truly said that nothing in the early existence of Rome—nothing in the early existence of France—indicated the greatness which they were destined to attain. The Britons had at least a separate and independent geographical position, which neither the cradle of Rome nor that
of

of France enjoyed, and a position so remarkable, *toto orbe divisos*, as even to be the theme of poetry before France had the rudiments of national existence.

In the following passage we hardly know which to wonder most at—its pomp or its utter futility:—

‘From this communion [with the lingering civilization of the Eastern Empire] Britain was cut off. Her shores were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Scylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There ~~was~~ one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, ~~the ground~~ was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the contemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple.’—i. 5.

This is a mistake of Mr. Macaulay's, exaggerating a mistake of Procopius. Procopius says no such thing of *Britain*; he mentions *Britannia*—an island, Mr. Macaulay might have remembered, already known to the world not merely as the place ‘in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the Imperial purple’—but by the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus. But Procopius adds that there is reported to be in the same neighbourhood *another* island, called *Brittia*, of which he relates those wonders. It is clear that there was no such other island, unless, indeed, Ireland was meant, and there are legends—St. Patrick, the reptiles, the purgatory, and the ferrymen of Lough Derg, &c.—which are not far short of the wonders of *Brittia*, for he speaks of both in the same page as different islands; but it is not true that Procopius himself, whatever his informants might do, could have mistaken this marvellous region for *Britain*. But even if Procopius had spoken of Britain, we should still wonder that the author of the ‘*Lays of Ancient Rome*’ did not recollect that Virgil had told nearly the same story of the *Avernian* region:—

‘Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens
Portitor has horrendas aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon.’

And Cicero notices that such superstitions still lingered in that neighbourhood—in *vicinia nostra* (1 *Tusc.*, 10). Does that prove that

that the country between Rome and Naples was, in the days of Cicero and Virgil, utterly unknown and barbarous? We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could possibly relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries—and introduce it to prove nothing, as far as we can see—but what, we own, it does prove—that ‘able historians’ may tell very foolish stories, and that an over anxiety to sllow one’s learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock.

Sometimes Mr. Macaulay strains after verbal effect, and in his effort loses the point.

‘*Arabian mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the lion-hearted Plantagenet.*’—i. 4.

This is an unlucky occasion to introduce the name of Plantagenet, which assuredly no Arabian ear had ever heard nor tongue pronounced. How much more really striking is the simplicity of Joinville—‘*Quant les petiz enfans des Turcs et Sarrazins crioient, leurs meres leurs disoient Tays-toy—Tays-toy ; ou j’y ray querir le Roi Richart. Et de pæurs qu’ilz avoient se taysoient.*’ And then, forsooth, after five centuries, tundles up Mr. Macaulay, puffing and blowing with his *lion-hearted Plantagenet*.

When he complains that *English historians* are too partial to our Norman kings, it is in this style :—

‘This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a *Haytian negro* of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriot regret and shame.’—i. 14.

If a regiment of militia marches into Bridport, it must ‘*come pouring in*’ (i. 576). If many witnesses appeared on the Popish Plot, they come ‘*pouring forth*’ (i. 237). When the Dutch sail up the Medway, the prose Lay is careful to note—

‘*Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had with a manly spirit hurled foul scorn at Parma and Spain.*’

Mr. Macaulay found the words *foul scorn* in Queen Elizabeth’s speech to her army at Tilbury, but has totally mistaken their meaning, and turned them into nonsense. If the Queen had used scorn in the sense of *defiance*, she might perhaps have said *proud scorn*; but she spoke of *foul scorn* in the sense of disgrace or insult.

“‘I know,” said she, “I have the body of a weak woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and *think it foul scorn* that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than that any *dishonour* should grow, I myself will take up arms,” &c.’—*Cabala*, p. 373.

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That is, she hurled defiance because she would not endure foul scorn.

If Mr. Macaulay is often too grandiloquent, he sometimes seeks effect in a studied meanness of expression.

The chaplain in squires' houses, *temp.* Ch. II., was, Mr. Macaulay says, denied the delicacies of the table, but he

'*might fill himself with the corned beef and carrots.*'—i. 328.

Burnet was one day very anxious to see the Prince of Orange, for a very important communication from the Princess—no less, indeed, than her intention that, when she should succeed to the throne, William should be king *regnant*, not king *consort*; but the Doctor was obliged to postpone it because the Prince, he says, '*was that day hunting.*' This Mr. Macaulay renders—

'William was many miles *off after a stag.*'—ii. 181.

There was probably no *stag-hunt* at all—William may have been shooting; but this low phrase seems introduced to suggest that William was no party, and even quite indifferent, to Burnet's negotiation. No—while that momentous question was in debate between his wife and his chaplain, '*he was off after a stag.*'

Monmouth's army is said, in the style of Percy's *Reliques*, to have been 'in evil case' (i. 601); certain Popish priests '*spell like washerwomen*' (ii. 111); and the charge of royal cavalry that finally routed the rebels is thus enlivened from one of Mr. Macaulay's own ballads.

'The Life Guards and Blues came *pricking fast* from Weston Zoyland.'—i. 609.

The ballad had sung,

'The fiery Duke came *pricking fast.*'

And again; on the acquittal of the Bishops, the history says,—

'The boats that covered the *Thames gave an answering cheer.*'—ii. 386.

The ballad on the defeat of the Armada sings—

'And all the thousand masts of *Thames*
Gave back an answering cheer.'

In the last scene of Monmouth—

'The hangman *addressed himself to his office.*'—i. 628.

And after all it was not a *hangman*, but a *headsman*; and a wretched one too. Surely, as Sir Hugh Evans says, 'this is affectations;' and, in truth, *affectation*, whether high or low, is one of the most prominent features of Mr. Macaulay's style, which, often vivid, often forcible, often exquisitely pregnant with allusion and suggestion, is hardly ever natural through a page together.

As

As a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's vituperative style, in which, as we have said, he excels we think any writer in our language, we select first the case of Judge Jeffries, both because it is the one which it is hardest to exaggerate, and because Mr. Macaulay begins his notice of this judicial tyrant by a special profession of dealing with him as a 'dispassionate historian' (i. 449).

We are far from questioning the abstract justice of the epithets bestowed on Jeffries, nor should we have professed to treat of such a monster dispassionately—for we confess we never refer to one of the trials at which he presided, without fresh indignation and horror—but we complain, as a matter of taste and style, of the violence and pertinacity with which they are repeated, quite as often out of season as in; until at last Jeffries himself begins to appear as dispassionate as the historian.

In the same paragraph in which we read this claim of being dispassionate we find, as applied to Jeffries, the terms *wicked—insolent—angry—audacity—depravity—infamy*; and on the very next page, *consummate bully—impudence and ferocity—yell of fury—odious—terrible—savage—fiendish*. These are some—and some only—of the flowers of rhetoric culled from two half-pages of a dispassionate history, and of which a still more odorous assortment may be found scattered with equal liberality through the rest of the volumes. These specimens will, however, satisfy any reader, however strong may be his antipathy to Jeffries's memory; and he will, we think, be inclined to smile at hearing that Mr. Macaulay takes this special occasion of directing our indignation against another of Jeffries's enormities, namely,—

'The profusion of maledictions and *vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary* could hardly be rivalled in the *Fish Market* or the *Bear Garden*.'—i. 450.

If this vocabulary of the Fishmarket or Bear-garden (Mr. Macaulay must excuse our use of his own terms) were applied only to such delinquents as Jeffries, we should have allowed for his indignation, though we might not approve his taste; but he is really a Draco, who visits with equal severity all degrees of offence. Of Chief-Justice Wright he says—

'*Proverbial ignorance* was not the worst fault: his *vices* ruined him. He had resorted to *infamous* ways of raising money. *Poor, dissolute, and shameless*, he had become a parasite of Jeffries.'—ii. 276.

For Sir William Williams, an eminent Whig lawyer, who became Solicitor-General under James, he has the epithets of *odious—disgraceful—hated—despised—unblushing—abhorred—apostate*—and, as if all this were not enough, we have, as a final bouquet—

'How

'How men can live under such infamy it is not easy to understand ; but even such infamy was not enough for Williams.'—ii. 627.

Again—

'The infamous Timothy Hall, who had distinguished himself by reading the declaration [for liberty of conscience], was rewarded with the Bishopric of Oxford, vacant by the death of the not less infamous Parker.'—ii. 423.

Every great painter is supposed to make a larger use of one particular colour. What a monstrous bladderful of *infamy* Mr. Macaulay must have squeezed on his palette when he took to portrait-painting ! We have no concern, except as friends to historical justice, for the characters of any of the parties thus stigmatized, nor have we room or time to discuss these, or the hundred other somewhat similar cases which the volumes present ; but we have looked at the authorities cited by Mr. Macaulay, and we do not hesitate to say that, 'as is his wont,' he has, with the exception of Jeffries, outrageously exaggerated them.

We must next notice the way in which Mr. Macaulay refers to and uses his authorities—no trivial points in the execution of a historical work—though we shall begin with comparatively small matters. In his chapter on manners, which we may call the most remarkable in his book, one of his most frequent references is to 'Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.' It is referred to at least a dozen or fourteen times in that chapter alone ; but we really have some doubt whether Mr. Macaulay knew the nature of the book he so frequently quoted. Chamberlayne's work, of which the real title is '*Angliæ* [or, after the Scotch Union, *Magnæ Britanniæ*] *Notitia, or the Present State of England*' [or *Great Britain*], was a kind of periodical publication, half history and half court-calendar. It was first published in 1669, and new editions or reprints, with new dates, were issued, not annually we believe, but so frequently that there are between thirty and forty of them in the Museum, ending with 1755. From the way and for the purposes for which Mr. Macaulay quotes Chamberlayne, we should almost suspect that he had lighted on the volume for 1684, and, knowing of no other, considered it as a substantive work published in that year. Once indeed he cites the date of 1686, but there was, it seems, no edition of that year, and this may be an accidental error ; but however that may be, our readers will smile when they hear that the two first and several following passages which Mr. Macaulay cites from Chamberlayne (i. 290 and 291), as characteristic of the days of Charles II., distinctively from more modern times, are to be found *literatim* in every succeeding 'Chamberlayne' down to 1755—the last we have seen—were thus continually reproduced because the proprietors and
editors

editors of the table-book knew they were *not* particularly characteristic of one year or reign more than another—and now, in 1849, might be as well quoted as characteristics of the reign of George II. as of Charles II. We must add that there are references to Chamberlayne and to several weightier books (some of which we shall notice more particularly hereafter), as justifying assertions for which, on examining the said books with our best diligence, we have not been able to find a shadow of authority.

Our readers know that there was a Dr. John Eachard who wrote a celebrated work on the 'Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy.' They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard who wrote both a History of England, and a History of the Revolution. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of *Eachard*, and at least twenty times by the wrong name. This, we admit, is a small matter; but what will some Edinburgh Reviewer (*temp.* Albert V.) say if he finds a writer confounding *Catherine* and *Thomas* Macaulay as 'the celebrated author of the great Whig History of England'—a confusion hardly worse than that of the two Eachards—for Catherine, though now forgotten by an ungrateful public, made quite as much noise in her day as Thomas does in ours.

But we are sorry to say we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence, in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated, and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit, seems to us to pervade the whole work—from Alpha to Omega—from Procopius to Mackintosh—and it is on that very account the more difficult to bring to the distinct conception of our readers. Individual instances can be, and shall be, produced; but how can we extract and exhibit the minute particles that colour every thread of the texture?—how extract the impalpable atoms that have fermented the whole brewing? We must do as Dr. Faraday does at the Institution when he exhibits in miniature the larger processes of Nature. We will suppose, then—taking a simple phrase as the fairest for the experiment—that Mr. Macaulay found Barillon saying in French '*le drôle m'a fait peur*,' or Burnet saying in English '*the fellow frightened me*.' We should be pretty sure not to find the same words in Mr. Macaulay. He would pause—he would first consider whether 'the fellow' spoken of was a *Whig* or a *Tory*. If a *Whig*, the thing would be treated as a joke, and Mr. Macaulay would transmute it playfully into '*the*
rogue'

rogue startled me;' but if a *Tory*, it would take a deeper dye, and we should find '*the villain assaulted me;*' and in either case we should have a grave reference to

'Barillon, ^{Jan. 31,}_{Feb. 1,} 1686;' or, 'Burnet, i. 907.'

If our reader will keep this formula in his mind, he will find it a fair exponent of Mr. Macaulay's *modus operandi*.

We shall now endeavour to compress into an admissible compass a few instances of this transmutation.

There was, at the close of Charles the Second's reign, a certain Thomas Dangerfield, 'a fellow,' Hume tells us, 'who had been burned in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried four times, fined for cheats, outlawed for felony, convicted of coining, and exposed to all the public infamy which the laws could inflict on the basest and most shameful enormities.'—*Hume*, viii. 126. And this description is fully borne out by the best contemporary testimony.

This fellow was the author of the sham-conspiracy called the *meal-tub plot*, which he first pretended was a plot of the Whigs against the King and the Duke of York; but not meeting the encouragement he hoped in that quarter, he turned his plot into a conspiracy of the Duke of York and the Earl of Peterborough to murder the King. For this aspersion he was, at the beginning of James's reign, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be publicly whipped, and of course became a kind of Protestant martyr; and his popularity with that party was very much increased by his having been killed on the day of his flogging by a strange accident, and, as Mr. Macaulay adds, by the hand of a *Tory*.

The good name and fame of Mr. Dangerfield thus became precious to the Whigs; and there are, in the 'Bloody Assizes' (an authority much relied on by Mr. Macaulay, and by him we believe alone), several pieces in prose and verse in honour of this new martyr, who is gravely, in a long elegy, declared to be equal, if not superior, to the earlier martyrs—Lords Russell and Essex. At the conclusion of Mr. Macaulay's relation of this sad affair we were exceedingly surprised to find this note:—

'In the very rare volume entitled "Succinct Genealogies, by Robert Halstead," Lord Peterborough says that Dangerfield, with whom he had some intercourse, was "a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behaviour, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding,"'—i. 490.

Our surprise was twofold—first, to find Mr. Macaulay attempting to spread this slight varnish over the fame of Dangerfield, whom he had himself before emphatically called a *villain* (i. 257); and,

and, secondly, to find *Lord Peterborough* cited as a favourable witness to his character. What! we thought, Lord Peterborough pronouncing a kind of panegyric upon this most infamous slanderer of both himself and the Duke—it was incredible! But Mr. Macaulay vouches Lord Peterborough's own words. We hasten to consult the book, and there certainly we find Lord Peterborough acknowledging the intercourse and using the words as stated by Mr. Macaulay—but how? 'Now, indeed, the surprise will be our readers'. Lord Peterborough, who was placed in considerable danger by this fellow's accusation, absurd as it was, explains *in his own defence*—that he, being First Gentleman of the Duke of York's bedchamber, was informed that a person, who would not give his name, desired to communicate to him an affair which nearly affected his Royal Highness. Lord Peterborough at first refused to see this anonymous stranger; but being told that his name was 'Thomas Willoughby,' and not knowing whether in those strange times the Duke's life might not be really in danger, he had consented to see Mr. Willoughby, who '*was a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behaviour, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.*' At this point Mr. Macaulay stops short; while the Earl proceeds to tell us that, never having before seen or heard of the man, but deceived by these appearances, he had unfortunately carried Willoughby to tell his own story to the Duke of York,—the result of all being that this '*wretch*' and '*villain*,' as the Earl most truly calls him, turned out to be no other than 'Thomas Dangerfield, who accused the Duke of York of having at that interview offered him 20*l.* to murder King Charles, and that Lord Peterborough was privy to the bargain! (*Halstead*, p. 438.)

How Mr. Macaulay will account for this suppression of the latter part of Lord Peterborough's evidence, and for his own inconsistency in thus volunteering to produce evidence—and false evidence too—in favour of a '*villain*,' we cannot, with the best consideration we have given to the matter, conjecture; but we are willing to suppose that there may be some possible explanation, and we shall proceed with our inquiry.

We must here observe that one strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call anything bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of *Tory*. When Doctor Johnson is quoted as acknowledging the Habeas Corpus Act as the chief safeguard of our liberties, he is only '*the most bigoted of Tories*'—all Tories, of course, being *ex vi termini* bigoted. 'Of all Tories, Lord Rochester was the most intolerant'—all Tories, of course, being intolerant. When he wishes to stigmatise Sir Wil-

liam Williams he describes him as 'undertaking what bigoted *Tories* stained with the blood of Russell would have shrunk from'—a Tory being, of course, the last step of infamy but one, and that one being a Whig turned Tory. In this spirit he proceeds with Dangerfield's story. This man had been sentenced to be publicly whipped. Mr. Macaulay tells us that on the evening of his punishment a *Tory gentleman* of Gray's Inn named Frances struck Dangerfield with a small cane, which accidentally entering the eye killed him. For this deed, which, Mr. Macaulay says, was but manslaughter, Frances was executed as for murder (i. 489). Now here Mr. Macaulay refers to the State Trials, where, however, there is nothing about a *Tory gentleman*, but simply '*a barrister of Gray's Inn.*' Mr. Macaulay thought, we presume, that he was at liberty to *infer* from Frances's professing in his dying speech that

'he had never before seen Dangerfield, nor had any grudge or personal prejudice against him more than what all honest and good men could not but have who love the King and Government,'—

that he must be a Tory. The inference may be a fair one, though we should have hoped that there might even then have been found a Whig loyal to the King, and who abhorred such miscreants as Oates and Dangerfield. But however that may be, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in interpolating, *ad invidiam*, the term Tory, which his authority had not employed.

Another circumstance of Mr. Macaulay's report of this case is still worse. It had been falsely rumoured at the time that Frances had been jealous of an intimacy between his wife and Dangerfield. The husband's dying speech indignantly refuted that calumny, saying that she was an 'excellent wife—a most virtuous woman—and so well born that, had she been so inclined, she would not have debased herself to *so profligate* a person.' This defence, sufficiently absurd in itself, needed no exaggeration; but Mr. Macaulay makes it the occasion of sneering at two usual objects of his dislike—*Tories* and *Churchmen*—for he quotes the authority as saying that, if the woman

'had been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would have at least selected a *TORY* and a *CHURCHMAN* for her paramour!'—i. 490.

Again, we read:—

'Among the unhappy men who were convicted of the murder of Godfrey was one Protestant of no high character, Henry Berry. It is a *remarkable and well-attested circumstance*, that Berry's last words did *more to shake the credit of the plot* than the dying declarations of all the pious and honourable Roman Catholics who underwent the same fate.'—ii. 8.

For this Mr. Macaulay vouches Burnet; but the reference is
not

not fortunate. Burnet says that Berry had been born a Protestant, but had become a Papist, and was so at his trial; but the night before his execution he confessed that he was in his heart a Protestant, and repented of his former dissimulation; Burnet, however, does *not* state the '*remarkable and well-attested fact*' for which Mr. Macaulay quotes him, nor anything like it; all he says is, that the *Papists* took great advantage from Berry's dying a Protestant to argue that the dying declarations of those of their own persuasion, which concurred with Berry's, were entitled to credit. Nor is there so much as a hint of any discredit having been thereby thrown on the plot; and there is indeed lamentable proof that Mr. Macaulay has wholly misunderstood the affair; for this, only the *third* trial of the supposed plotters, happened in February, 1679, and the series of massacres was not closed till near two years later, by the execution of Lord Stafford, in December, 1680.

He thus introduces the celebrated Lord Peterborough:—

'Already he had given abundant proofs of his courage, of his capacity, and of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country. Already he had distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor. He had even set his heart on *rivalling Bourdaloue and Bossuet*. Though an *avowed Freethinker*, he had sate up all night at sea to compose *sermons*, and had with great difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man of war with his *pious oratory*.'—ii. 33.

For this we are referred to 'Teonge's Diary.' On turning to Teonge we find nothing about '*freethinking*'—nothing about *Bourdaloue* and *Bossuet*—nothing about *sermons* (in the plural)—nothing about *pious oratory*—but only that on one occasion Teonge, the chaplain of a man-of-war—in which Lord Mordaunt, then under 20, was taking a passage—being ill, the young Lord 'asked the captain's leave to preach, and sat up till four o'clock in the morning to compose his speech'—a design which the chaplain, who seems to have been at least as strange a person as Mordaunt, defeated by getting out of his bed, and so rebuked the young Lord that he returned into his own cabin in great wrath, and there, to spite the parson, set to work with a hammer and nails; and the parson, to spite him—'for discontent,' as he says—would have no prayers—and so the Sabbath was well passed between them. The story needs no exaggeration; and is indeed spoiled by Mr. Macaulay's unauthorized additions.

These are some insulated instances of the misstatement of his printed authorities; others, more complicated, will be developed hereafter under the topics to which they belong. We must now make a few observations on what, though some of them are in print, we may class with the MS. authorities. Since Dalrymple

discovered and in part opened to us the value of the despatches of Barillon, the French ambassador during the latter years of the reign of Charles and the whole of James, Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh obtained access to and made extracts from the despatches of Bonrepaux, another French envoy, Monsignor d'Adda, the Pope's nuncio, and Citters the Dutch, and Ronquillo the Spanish ministers. Of these, Fox, Mackintosh and his continuator, have published portions; but Mr. Macaulay intimates (i. 299-391) that the copious collections of Mr. Fox and Sir James have been put into his hands, and that he has himself obtained some additional extracts from the correspondence of Bonrepaux, Citters, and Ronquillo (i. 440, 465). We could have wished that some distinct notice had been given of the extent of each of these contributions—by whom the different portions to be copied were selected—what guarantee there is for the correctness of the copies, and (when translated) of the translators. Dalrymple and Fox gave us, in their appendices, a large portion of the originals; Mackintosh's continuator did the same to some extent; Mr. Macaulay has given us not more than half a dozen short extracts from the originals, and his versions of those passages only make us wish that we could see our way more distinctly into his authorities. We also wish Mr. Macaulay had always added some mark to explain whether the manuscripts were in the Fox, or the Mackintosh, or his own collection; and we may here be perhaps forgiven for throwing out, or more probably throwing away, a larger wish, that the despatches of those five ministers were published *in extenso*, or as far as they relate to our concerns. Until that be done there will never be a history of our Revolution which one or other of the great parties will not look on with suspicion. What Dalrymple has done for our history is of great value, but of still greater is the example he has given us of the right course of inquiry and of the right spirit in pursuing it.

But we have not quite so much confidence in Mr. Macaulay; we are not to question his scholarship; but it seems to us that sometimes, whether from haste or from obliquity of vision, he gives versions or explanations of his Italian, Spanish, and Dutch authorities more favourable to what happens to be his object at the moment than the originals—in some of the few instances in which we have the means of comparison—warrant. These variations must in the nature of things be in general very slight, but when we find that the errors all tend in the same direction, we are forced to suspect a bias in the translator—a prejudice so inwoven that he makes no effort to check its suggestions. We select an instance from each language.

In ii. 335, he represents an Italian Jesuit as saying of the
Roman

Roman Catholic gentry exclusively, what the author says of all the English gentry.

Again, on the same subject he mistranslates the Spanish minister Ronquillo, who, Mr. Macaulay says, in July, 1688,

'assured his court that the Catholic country gentlemen would willingly consent to a compromise, of which the terms should be that the penal laws should be abolished and the test retained.'—*Ib.* ii. 335.

The original does not bear out Mr. Macaulay's version: first, the Spaniard does not *assure* his court, but says *he is informed*; next, he does not mention the Catholic country gentlemen, but generally the Catholics in the provinces, without distinction of class or station; next, instead of *willingly consenting* to it (we suppose the Test Act), Ronquillo only says, they *do not reject it*, because, not aspiring to office, they wish for nothing more for themselves and their posterity than the security of the quiet exercise and enjoyment of their religion and their properties. This '*estoy informado*' of a desire to be quiet is essentially different from a *willing consent* to the specified terms of a *compromise*.

These are, we admit, slight discolorations, but even such would, in the long run, have their effect on the mind of the reader. But here is one which seems a little more serious. In describing the termination of the trial of the Bishops Mr. Macaulay states, that

'As the noblemen who had appeared [in Westminster Hall] to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage-windows handfuls of money, and bad the crowd drink to the health of the Bishops and the Jury'—ii. 387.

and for this he refers to the Dutch minister, Citters, and quotes the original passage; but, on reading that passage, we find that Mr. Macaulay has made a remarkable omission. Citters says that the money was given to drink the healths of 'THE KING, the Bishops, and the Jury.' Mr. Macaulay's version omits *the King*—and our readers will wonder why he should omit the most important word of the sentence, or—choosing for any purpose to omit it—why he should yet give it at the bottom of his page. To this last suggestion we know not what reply to make: but the suppression is clear and not insignificant. We need not insist on the importance, at that crisis, of such a show of loyalty, both in the gentlemen and the mob, as the introduction of the *King's* name implied. It was a kind of popular protest against what happened after; and it really expressed, we are satisfied, the feelings of the majority, gentle and simple, of the people of England (always excepting the republican Whigs), who, though they would not tolerate the unconstitutional proceedings of James and his evil counsellors, were very reluctant to cast off their allegiance

giance to the *King*. But there is a particular circumstance that may also have influenced Mr. Macaulay. He opens his next chapter with the following emphatic paragraph:—

‘The acquittal of the bishops was not the only event which makes the 30th of June, 1688, a great epoch in English history.

‘On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied, from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling fagots and dressing popes for the rejoicings of the night, was despatched from London to the Hague *an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter*.’—ii. 395.

This was the paper which invited over the Prince of Orange, and as it was signed by several of the principal men of the party which had appeared in support of the bishops, it would a little disparage the sincerity and honour of these patriots to have it blazoned, that on the very day on which they despatched this treasonable paper, they had given the populace money to drink the *King's health*. Mr. Macaulay has at least spared his own pen that mortifying avowal.

It is but fair to observe that Mr. Macaulay, giving the original passages, might feel himself authorized to take more liberty in his translation—though it is odd that the three errors, one of them not slight, all tend towards Mr. Macaulay's peculiar views.

But there is a case which depends on, as far as we know, unpublished documents, about which we have a considerable curiosity. Mackintosh quotes, as from the Fox MSS., Barillon and Bonrepaux as attesting an intrigue of Lord Treasurer Rochester and his wife, in January and February, 1686, to set up Catherine Sedley, the King's mistress just created Countess of Dorchester, against the Queen, and that the Queen in consequence helped to overthrow Rochester and replace him by Lord Sunderland. Mr. Macaulay quotes the same authorities and tells the same story with some additions of great malevolence and bitterness against Lord Rochester, whom, as well as his brother Clarendon, Mr. Macaulay pursues with as lively a hatred as Oldmixon could have felt. Now we, notwithstanding Mackintosh's reference to the French authorities and Mr. Macaulay's repetition of it, have some doubt, and, let us own, some hope, that this story may be altogether untrue. Mr. Macaulay sometimes quotes a history of our Revolution by *M. Mazure*, written with the assistance of the *original documents in the French archives*; and in his work we find the following account of this intrigue:—

‘In this intrigue Lord Sunderland had the art to make himself useful to the Queen and to persuade her that Lord and Lady Rochester had set up the mistress in hopes of governing the King through her and overthrowing all the projects in favour of the Catholic religion. Sunderland, who was in the pay of Louis XIV., tried to persuade Barillon
of

of the same story ; but Barillon and Bonrepaux—both of whom gave an account of this intrigue, the first to Louis XIV., the second to Seignelay—agree upon this point that Rochester was a complete stranger to the whole affair !—*Mazure*, ii. 158.

We confess that, having slight confidence in Mr. Macaulay's own accuracy, and knowing nothing of the *copies* on which Mackintosh told and Mr. Macaulay has embellished this story, we are inclined rather to believe the account of M. Mazure ; but surely Mr. Macaulay, who makes so much of this affair, cites so many authorities about it, and even says that ' the facts are stranger than fiction,' ought at least to have taken notice of M. Mazure's evidence, and to have explained how such an utter discrepancy can exist between his own and M. Mazure's account of the French despatches.

There is another circumstance which strongly though incidentally corroborates Mazure's version. At the time of this intrigue Clarendon was Privy Seal and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ; and, though he was in Dublin, it is impossible that he could have been a stranger to the proceedings of his brother Rochester. Now, both Lord and Lady Clarendon continued to write confidentially to Lord and Lady Rochester, as the channels of the Queen's favour, in a way that seems utterly inconsistent with the Rochesters' being under her displeasure, or engaged in any intrigue against her ; and, after some months, we find the Queen expressing some displeasure on the score of Lady Dorchester—not against Rochester, the supposed guilty party—but against Clarendon—and not that he or his family had any share in the supposed intrigue, but that he had paid the Countess some attention during a kind of exile which she had spent in Dublin ; though, on the other hand, Lady Dorchester (with more justice, as it seems) complained that he had been deficient in civility. In short it seems to us that several passages in the ' Clarendon Correspondence' are irreconcilable with Mr. Macaulay's version of Rochester's conduct. —

We shall now proceed to more general topics. We decline, as we set out by saying, to treat this ' New Atalantis' as a serious history, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with matters of such remote interest as the errors and anachronisms with which the chapter that affects to tell our earlier history abounds. Our readers would take no great interest in a discussion whether Hengist was as fabulous as Hercules, Alaric a Christian born, and ' the fair chapels of New College and St. George' at Windsor of the same date. But there is one subject in that chapter on which we cannot refrain from saying a few words—**THE CHURCH.**

We decline to draw any inferences from this work as to Mr. Macaulay's own religious opinions; but it is our duty to say—and we trust we may do so without offence—that Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with the general principle of Church government, and the doctrine, discipline, and influence of the Church of England, cannot fail to give serious pain, and sometimes to excite a stronger feeling than pain, in the mind of every friend to that Church, whether in its spiritual or corporate character.

He starts with a notion that the fittest engine to redeem England from the mischiefs and mistakes of oligarchical feudalism was to be found in the imposing machinery and deception of the Roman Church; overlooking the great truth that it was not the Romish Church, but the genius of Christianity, working its vast but silent change, which was really guiding on the chariot of civilization; but in this broad principle there was not enough of the picturesqueness of detail to captivate his mind. It would not suit him to distinguish between the Church of Christ and the web of corruptions that had grown about her, but could not effectually arrest the benignant influence inherent in her mainspring. He therefore leads his readers to infer that Christianity came first to Britain with St. Austin, and for aught that Mr. Macaulay condescends to inform us, the existence of a prior Anglo-Saxon Church was a monkish fiction. The many unhappy circumstances of the position taken up by the Romish Church in its struggles for power—some of them unavoidable, it may be, if such a battle were to be fought—are actually displayed as so many blessings, attainable only by a system which the historian himself condemns elsewhere as baneful and untrue. He maintains these strange paradoxes and contradictions with a pertinacity quite surprising. He doubts whether a true form of Christianity would have answered the purposes of liberty and civilization half so well as the acknowledged duplicities of the Church of Rome.

‘It may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent.’—i. 23.

‘There is a point in the life both of an individual and a society at which submission and faith, such as at a later period would be justly called servility and credulity, are useful qualities.’—i. 47.

These are specimens of the often exposed fallacies in which he delights to indulge. Place right and wrong in a state of uncertainty by reflected lights, and you may fill up your picture as you like. And such for ever is Mr. Macaulay's principle of art. It is not the elimination of error that he seeks for, but an artistic balance of conflicting forces. And this he pursues throughout: deposing the dignity of the historian for the clever antithesis of the pamphleteer. At last, on this great and important

important point of religious history—a point which more than any other influences every epoch of English progress, he arrives at this pregnant and illustrative conclusion—

‘It is difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation.’—i. 49.

England owes nothing to ‘the Roman Catholic religion.’ She owes everything to CHRISTIANITY, which Romanism injured and hampered but could not destroy, and which the Reformation freed at least from the worst of those impure and impeding excrescences.

With regard to his treatment of the Reformation, and especially of the Church of England, it is very difficult to give our readers an adequate idea. Throughout a system of depreciation—we had almost said insult—is carried on: sneers, sarcasms, injurious comparisons, sly misrepresentations, are all adroitly mingled throughout the narrative, so as to produce an unfavourable impression, which the author has not the frankness to attempt directly. Even when obliged to approach the subject openly; it is curious to observe how, under a slight veil of impartiality, imputations are raised and calumnies accredited. For instance, early in the first volume he gives us his view of the English Reformation, as a kind of middle term, emerging out of the antagonist struggles of the Catholics and Calvinists: and it is impossible not to see that, between the three parties, he awards to the Catholics the merit of unity and consistency; to the Calvinists, of reason and independence; to the Anglicans, the lowest motives of expediency and compromise. To enforce this last topic he relies on the inconsistencies, some real and some imaginary, imputed to Cranmer, whose notions of worldly expedience he chooses to represent as the source of the Anglican Church.

‘But, as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; an union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England.’

‘The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward

coward and a timeserver in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery.'—i. 51, 52.

He thence proceeds to show that the opinions of the Church of England on various points are not those which at one time were held by Cranmer, whom he seems resolved to consider as her founder, and for whose inconsistencies he holds her responsible. Now no one who knows Cranmer's writings and history—no one, of the greater number who remember the magnanimous immolation of his guilty right hand at the stake—will contend for the undeviating consistency of all his opinions. He was by nature of a wavering and argumentative disposition, and he lived in a chaotic time, when the bravest and the wisest did not see their way, and 'staggered to and fro like drunken men.' But we are, nevertheless, very far from thinking that Mr. Macaulay can justify the language he has used as to this subject.

He speaks (p. 53) of Cranmer's '*conviction*' that 'in the primitive times there was no distinction between bishops and priests.' In p. 57 he states that Cranmer had 'declared in emphatic terms that God had immediately committed to Christian princes the whole care of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word, for the cure of souls, as concerning the ministration of things political.' And again (p. 76) he refers to the 'low estimate which Cranmer had formed of the office of a bishop.' Now all these statements are founded on Cranmer's answers to the questions given in Burnet. But why does not Mr. Macaulay mention that the '*conviction*' was expressed only on one occasion, and with the greatest modesty as '*mere opinion*,' which Cranmer did not '*temerariouly define*,' but remitted to the King's judgment? Why does he not inform us that the opinion was contradicted by the other commissioners, and that it did not prevent Cranmer himself from subscribing shortly afterwards the '*Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man*,' nor from directing the publication of the '*Catechism or Short Instruction into Christian Religion*,' which two works contain the plainest possible avowals of what Mr. Macaulay sneers at as '*High Church Doctrine*.' Why does he not take any notice of Cranmer's essay, '*De Ordine et Ministerio Sacerdotum et Episcoporum*?' (See his works published by the Parker Society, App., p. 484.) If Cranmer did not always hold the same principle, why advert to one occasion when he delivered a '*mere opinion*,' which he would not '*temerariouly define*,' and pass over all the passages, English and Latin, in which at various periods he deliberately expresses the general bias of his mind? Is this fair?

We have no doubt that, if the force of Mr. Macaulay's attack should be thought in any degree proportioned to the hostility of the intention, the Church will find many defenders more powerful than our abilities, and more complete than our space, would allow us to be. Already, indeed, we have received a pamphlet by the Rev. R. C. Harrington, Chancellor of Exeter, which sufficiently refutes all that it concerns our Church to refute, of Mr. Macaulay's misstatements. We cannot here follow the steps of Mr. Harrington's able and conclusive arguments. Those who think Mr. Macaulay worth refutation will find his sophistry fully but very courteously exposed by Mr. Harrington. But we shall select two short passages which show that Mr. Macaulay is not more exact in his ecclesiastical quotations than we have shown him to be in others. He states that—

'Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a mitre, from dislike to what he regarded as the mummery of consecration.'—i. 51. There is nothing of the kind. The indecent sneer about 'the mummery of consecration'—*mummery of consecration!*—observe the juxtaposition of these terms—is Mr. Macaulay's own. The truth is that Grindal consulted Peter Martyr (but did not wait for his answer) as to some scruples 'concerning impropriations and the wearing certain peculiar garments' (Harrington, 11): not a hint about *consecration*—of course no scandalous allusion to *mummery*—these are all flowers of Mr. Macaulay's own rhetoric. The other case is if possible still worse:—

'When it was objected that Saint Paul had spoken of certain persons whom the Holy Ghost had made overseers and shepherds of the faithful, it was answered that King Henry was the very overseer, the very shepherd, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed, and to whom the expressions of Saint Paul applied.'—i. 56.

The 'objection' and 'the answer,' says Mr. Harrington, seem to be the result of a fertile imagination—the only conjectural ground of it being a paper in which it was stated as a point to be established that the text of St. Paul referred to

'Was not meant of such bishops only as be now of the clergy, but was as well meant and spoken of EVERY ruler and governor of Christian people.'—Harrington, 12.

The date of this paper, 1532, removes it from all connexion with our formularies, and even Mr. Macaulay seems to admit that it was probably written by Gardiner; but he does not add that Gardiner was a papist, nor explain by what process he makes our Church responsible for Gardiner's doctrines, even if they were what he represents them.

No infidelity of quotation that we have instanced appears to exceed

exceed these. We shall see more of his bitter hostility to the Church of England in a future division of our subject, where we shall find him as unjust to her maturity as he has been to what he calls her origin—as injuriously prejudiced against her ministers as he has been against her principles.

The next great division of his subject is the reign of Charles I. There are, as we have had so often to say, no facts to debate with him; all we have to do is to repeat our charge of habitual partiality and injustice—partiality towards every form of rebellion, and especially its archetype Cromwell—injustice to every principle of monarchical loyalty, and their representatives Strafford and King Charles.

To disprove the imputations, to correct the misstatements, to refute the insinuations which Mr. Macaulay lavishes with bitter and unwearied animosity on the King, would require us to rewrite the ‘History of the Rebellion.’ We shall content ourselves with a few short notices of the historian’s own partiality and inconsistency. In the first place we observe, that, though he talks of the King’s evil *propensities* and *vices* as if they were many, he can, like his predecessors in the same field, specify but one, which less eloquent Whig historians are content to blame as ‘insincerity,’ but Mr. Macaulay stigmatises as nothing short of ‘perfidy,’ or even some harsher name. As we ourselves are in the course of this article forced occasionally to question Mr. Macaulay’s own sincerity, we should be unwilling to adopt the vocabulary in which he characterises the duplicity of Charles, though we cannot, on the other hand, quite reconcile ourselves to the palliative and even laudatory terms in which he treats the much deeper shades of the same *vices* in Cromwell, Sidney, King William, and other favourite politicians.

We select a few of the choice flowers which he charitably strews on the grave of the unhappy Charles.

‘Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was in truth impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways.’—i. 84.

‘He was perfidious not only from ambition and habit, but on principle.’—*ib.*

‘So notorious was his duplicity, that there was no treachery of which his subjects might not with some show of reason believe him capable.’—i. 106.

‘The duplicity of Charles made his old enemies irreconcilable.’—i. 113.

‘The King was not to be trusted; the *vices* of Charles had grown upon him. Cunning is the natural defence of the weak. A prince therefore who is habitually a deceiver.’—i. 126.

‘Charles

'Charles was not only a most unscrupulous but a most unlucky dissembler.'—i. 126.

'The same punishment that awaits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the King.'—i. 110.

Every one of the circumstances on which we may presume that Mr. Macaulay would rely as justifying these charges has been long since, to more candid judgments, either disproved, explained, or excused, and in truth whatever blame can be justly attributed to any of them, belongs mainly, if not exclusively, to those whose violence and injustice drove a naturally upright and most conscientious man into the shifts and stratagems of self-defence. With the greatest fault and the only crime that Charles in his whole life committed Mr. Macaulay does not reproach him—the consent to the execution of Lord Strafford—that indeed, as he himself penitentially confessed, was a deadly weight on his conscience, and is an indelible stain on his character; but even that guilt and shame belongs in a still greater degree to Mr. Macaulay's patriot heroes.

This leads us to the conclusive plea which we enter to Mr. Macaulay's indictment, namely—that all those acts alleged as the excuses of rebellion and regicide occurred after the rebellion had broken out, and were at worst only devices of the unhappy King to escape from the regicide which he early foresaw. It was really the old story of the wolf and the lamb. It was far down the stream of rebellion that these acts of supposed perfidy on the part of Charles could be said to have troubled it.

But while he thus deals with the lamb, let us see how he treats the wolf. We have neither space nor taste for groping through the long and dark labyrinth of Cromwell's proverbial duplicity and audacious apostacy: we shall content ourselves with two facts, which, though stated in the gentlest way by Mr. Macaulay, will abundantly justify the opinion which all mankind, except a few republican zealots, hold of that man's sincerity, of whose abilities, wonderful as they were, the most remarkable, and perhaps the most serviceable to his fortunes, was his hypocrisy; so much so, that South—a most acute observer of mankind, and who had been educated under the Commonwealth and Protectorate—in his sermon on 'Worldly Wisdom,' adduces Cromwell as an instance of 'habitual dissimulation and imposture.' Oliver, Mr. Macaulay tells us, modelled his army on the principle of composing it of men fearing God, and zealous for *public liberty*, and in the very next page he is forced to confess that

'thirteen years followed in which for the first and the last time the civil power of our country was subjected to military dictation.'—i. 120.

Again,

Again,

'Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, but he had *broken* with every other class of his fellow citizens.'—i. 129.

That is, he had broken through all the promises, pledges, and specious pretences by which he had deceived and enslaved the nation, which Mr. Macaulay calls with such opportune *naïveté*, *his fellow citizens*! Then follows, not a censure of this faithless usurpation, but many laboured apologies and even defences of it, and a long series of laudatory epithets, some of which are worth collecting as a rare contrast to Mr. Macaulay's usual style, and particularly to the abuse of Charles, which we have just exhibited.

'His *genius and resolution* made him more *absolute master of his country* than any of her legitimate Kings had been.'—i. 129.

He having cut off the legitimate King's head on a pretence that Charles had wished to make himself *absolutely master of the country*.

'Everything yielded to the *rigour and ability* of Cromwell.'—i. 130.

'The Government, though in the form of a Republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the *wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity* of the despot.'—i. 137.

With a vast deal more of the same tone.

But Mr. Macaulay particularly expatiates on the influence that Cromwell exercised over foreign states: and there is hardly any topic to which he recurs with more pleasure, or, as we think, with less sagacity, than the terror with which Cromwell and the contempt with which the Stuarts inspired the nations of Europe. He somewhat exaggerates the extent of this feeling, and greatly misstates or mistakes the cause; and as this subject is in the present state of the world of more importance than any others in the work, we hope we may be excused for some observations tending to a sounder opinion on that subject.

It was not, as Mr. Macaulay everywhere insists, the personal abilities and genius of Cromwell that exclusively, or even in the first degree, carried his foreign influence higher than that of the Stuarts. The internal struggles that distracted and consumed the strength of these islands throughout their reigns necessarily rendered us little formidable to our neighbours; and it is with no good grace that a Whig historian stigmatises that result as shameful; for, without discussing whether it was justifiable or not, the fact is certain, that it was opposition of the Whigs—often in rebellion and always in faction against the Government—which disturbed all progress at home and paralysed every effort abroad. We are not, we say, now discussing whether that opposition was not justifiable and may not have been ultimately advantageous in

in several constitutional points; we think it decidedly was: but at present all we mean to do is to show that it had a great share in producing on our foreign influence the lowering effects of which Mr. Macaulay complains.

And there is still another consideration which escapes Mr. Macaulay in his estimate of such usurpers as Cromwell and Buonaparte. A usurper is always more terrible both at home and abroad than a legitimate sovereign: first, the usurper is likely to be (and in these two cases was) a man of superior genius and military glory, wielding the irresistible power of the sword; but there is a still stronger contrast—legitimate Governments are bound—at home by laws—abroad by treaties, family ties, and international interests; they acknowledge the law of nations, and are limited, even in hostilities, by many restraints and bounds. The despotic usurpers had no fetters of either sort—they had no opposition at home, and no scruples abroad. Law, treaties, rights, and the like, had been already broken through like cobwebs, and kings naturally humbled themselves before a vigour that had dethroned and murdered kings, and foreign nations trembled at a power that had subdued in their own fields and cities the pride of England and the gallantry of France! To contrast Cromwell and Charles II., Napoleon and Louis XVIII., is sheer nonsense and mere verbiage—it is as if one should compare the house-dog and the wolf, and argue that the terror inspired by the latter was very much to his honour. All this is such a mystery to Mr. Macaulay that he wanders into two theories so whimsical, that we hesitated between passing them by as absurdities, or producing them for amusement; we adopt the latter. One is that Cromwell could have no interest and therefore no personal share in the death of Charles. ‘Whatever Cromwell was,’ says Mr. Macaulay, ‘he was no fool; and he must have known that Charles I. was obviously a less difficulty in his way than Charles II.’ Cromwell, we retain the phrase, ‘was no fool,’ and he thought and found that Charles II. was, as far as he was concerned, no difficulty at all. The real truth was, that the revolutionary party in England in 1648, like that in France in 1792, was but a rope of sand which nothing could cement and consolidate but the *blood of the Kings*—that was a common crime and a common and indissoluble tie which gave all their consistency and force to both revolutions—a stroke of original sagacity in Cromwell and of imitative dexterity in Robespierre. If Mr. Macaulay admits, as he subsequently does (i. 129), that the regicide was ‘a sacrament of blood,’ by which the party became irrevocably bound to each other and separated from the rest of the nation, how can he pretend that Cromwell derived no advantage from

from it? In fact, his admiration—we had almost said fanaticism—for Cromwell betrays him throughout into the blindest inconsistencies.

The second vision of Mr. Macaulay is, if possible, still more absurd. He imagines a Cromwell dynasty! If it had not been for Monk and his army, the rest of the nation would have been loyal to the son of the illustrious Oliver.

‘Had the Protector and the Parliament been suffered to proceed undisturbed, there can be little doubt that an order of things similar to that which was afterwards established under the house of Hanover, would have been established under the house of Cromwell.’—i. 142.

And yet in a page or two Mr. Macaulay is found making an admission—made, indeed, with the object of disparaging Monk and the royalists—but which gives to his theory of a Cromwellian dynasty the most conclusive refutation.

‘It was probably not till Monk had been some days in the capital that he made up his mind. The cry of the whole people was for a free parliament; and there could be no doubt that a parliament really free would instantly restore the exiled family.’—i. 147.

All this hypothesis of a Cromwellian dynasty looks like sheer nonsense; but we have no doubt it has a meaning, and we request our readers not to be diverted by the almost ludicrous partiality and absurdity of Mr. Macaulay’s speculations from an appreciation of the deep hostility to the monarchy from which they arise. They are like bubbles on the surface of a dark pool, which indicate that there is something rotten below.

We should if we had time have many other complaints to make of the details of this chapter, which are deeply coloured with all Mr. Macaulay’s prejudices and passions. He is, we may almost say of course, violent and unjust against Strafford and Clarendon; and the most prominent touch of candour that we can find in this period of his history is, that he slurs over the murder of Laud in an obscure half-line (i. 119) as if he were—as we hope he really is—ashamed of it.

We now arrive at what we have heard called the celebrated third chapter—celebrated it deserves to be, and we hope our humble observations may add something to its celebrity. There is no feature of Mr. Macaulay’s book on which, we believe, he more prides himself, and which has been in truth more popular with his readers, than the descriptions which he introduces of the residences, habits, and manners of our ancestors. They are, provided you do not look below the surface, as entertaining as Pepys or Pennant, or any of the many scrap-book histories which have been recently fabricated from those old materials; but

but when we come to examine them, we find that in these cases, as everywhere else. Mr. Macaulay's propensity to caricature and exaggerate leads him not merely to disfigure circumstances, but totally to forget the principle on which such episodes are admissible into regular history—namely, the illustration of the story. They should be, as it were, woven into the narrative, and not, as Mr. Macaulay generally treats them, stitched on like patches. This latter observation does not of course apply to the collecting a body of miscellaneous facts into a separate chapter, as Hume and others have done; but Mr. Macaulay's chapter, besides, as we shall show, the prevailing inaccuracy of its details, has one general and essential defect specially its own.

The moment Mr. Macaulay has selected for suspending his narrative to take a view of the surface and society of England is the death of Charles II. Now we think no worse point of time could have been chosen for tracing the obscure but very certain connection between political events and the manners of a people. The Restoration, for instance, was an era in manners as well as in politics—so was in a fainter degree the Revolution—either, or both, of those periods would have afforded a natural position for contemplating a going and a coming order of things; but we believe that there are no two periods in our annals which were so identical in morals and politics—so undistinguishable, in short, in any national view—as the latter years of Charles and the earlier years of James. Here then is an objection *in limine* to this famous chapter—and not *in limine* only, but in substance; for in fact the period he has chosen would not have furnished out the chapter, four-fifths of which belong to a date later than that which he professes to treat of. In short, the chapter is like an old curiosity-shop, into which—no matter whether it happens to stand in Charles Street, William Street, or George Street—the knick-knacks of a couple of centuries are promiscuously jumbled. What does it signify, in a history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, '*sixty years after the Revolution*' (i. 347), says that in the lodging-houses at Bath 'the hearth-slabs' were 'freestone, not marble'—that 'the best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuff, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs'?—nay, that he should have the personal good taste to lament that in those Bæotian days '*not a wainscot was painted*' (348); and yet this twaddle of the reign of George II., patched into the times of Charles II., is the appropriate occasion which he takes to panegyrisé this new mode of elucidating history?—

'Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts [*painting wainscot*] will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that

historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlours and bedchambers of our ancestors looked.'—i. 348.

Yes, when the parlour or bedchamber was in any way connected with the event, or characteristic of the person, or *even of the times*; but not a Bath lodging-house in 1750 as illustrative of the ordinary parlours and bedchambers of our ancestors in 1684.

In the same style he is so obliging as to illustrate the battle of Sedgemoor by the following valuable circumstance:—

'Feversham had fixed his head-quarters at Weston Zoyland. Many persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant girl who waited on him that day at table.'—i. 604.

Prodigious! the daughter! Are we too sanguine in hoping that there may be still extant a granddaughter, or peradventure a great-granddaughter, of the *servant girl* who waited at the table of the commander-in-chief of the royal army, who it seems had no servants of his own?—But still more wonderful—

'And a large *dish of Persian ware* which was set before him is still carefully preserved in the neighbourhood.'—*ib.*

And lest any doubt should remain on the reader's mind whether the dish which Mr. Macaulay describes as now in the actual 'possession of Mr. Stradling' be the real *bonâ fide* dish, he satisfies all unreasonable incredulity on that point by not only local but statistical evidence:—

'It is to be observed that the population of Somersetshire does not, like that of the manufacturing districts, consist of emigrants from distant places. It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same land which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned in England. *The Somersetshire traditions are THEREFORE of no small value to an historian.*'

It would be superfluous to endeavour, after so high an authority, to depreciate the *historical value* of the story of the china dish, but we may be forgiven if we call particular attention to the admirable structure of Mr. Macaulay's syllogism.

Feversham supped in Somersetshire one night in 1685.

John a Noaks farms in 1849 the same land which his forefathers farmed in 1485.

Therefore, this is the same dish of Persian ware out of which Feversham supped. Q. E. D.†

In proceeding to exhibit some of the other details of the celebrated chapter we must premise that our selections are but 'specimens of a huge mass of mistake and absurdity, selected as being the most capable of a summary exposure:—

'There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast and on
many

many inland hills, tall posts surmounted by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger. * * * But many years had now [1684] elapsed since the beacons had been lighted.'—i. 290.

And for this he quotes

'Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1684.'

The self-same passage is to be found in 'Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1755;' and whoever has read the letters of Sir Walter Scott will recollect that he once rode 100 miles without drawing bridle in consequence of the beacons having been lit in Northumberland on a false alarm of a French invasion, A.D. 1805!

'The Groom of the Stole had 5000*l.* a-year.'—*Chamberlayne's State of England*, 1684.

This is introduced as a proof of the extravagance of Charles II.'s court, and is not true either in fact or in reference. Chamberlayne makes no difference between the Groom of the Stole and the other lords of the bedchamber, whose salaries were 1000*l.*; and there is the same unaltered passage in Chamberlayne down to 1755.

'The place of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is supposed to be worth 40,000*l.* a-year.'—i. 310.

The authority cited for this is the Grand Duke Cosmo, who, on his way from Corunna to England, touched at Kinsale, and slept one night ashore, during which his secretary, who does not seem to have known any English, collected this valuable information. The total public revenue of Ireland was little more than 300,000*l.*, and the aggregate salaries of *all* the public servants in the kingdom but 25,000*l.*, so that the sum stated as the Lord-Lieutenant's income is incredible. We should be inclined to suspect the sum to be a clerical error of the transcriber's for 40,000 *crowns*.

Not satisfied with a constant effort to depreciate the moral and social condition of the country at that day, he must do the same by its natural features and productions. It needed, we think, no parade of authorities to show that the cultivation of the soil was then inferior to ours; but Mr. Macaulay will produce authorities, and, as often happens to him, the authorities prove nothing but his own rashness:—

'In the drawings of English landscapes, made in that age for the Grand Duke Cosmo, scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain.'—i. 311.

These drawings are, if we may judge by the plates, to which

we suppose Mr. Macaulay alludes, made hastily by a very poor hand, and hardly deserve to be spoken of as drawings of landscapes, the artist's object being chiefly the exterior aspect of the towns through which the Duke passed; but it is not true that *scarcely a hedgerow is to be seen*; there are, we are satisfied, nearly as many as the same artist would now show in the same places; but why appeal to these poor sketches when we have a very contrary description in the *text* of the selfsame work? We take, for example, the two earliest of these landscapes that occur in the route, and we find the country represented in the first described as having '*fields surrounded with hedges and dry walls*' (*Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, ii. 127); the second represents the approach to Exeter, thus described in the text—'*Everywhere were seen fields surrounded with rows of trees, meadows of the most beautiful verdure, gentlemen's seats, &c.*' (*ib.* 128). Is it good faith to produce such drawings (even if they were what Mr. Macaulay describes, which they are not) as proofs of a fact which the letterpress on the opposite page, and which must have been seen at the same glance, contradicts?

Again: Mr. Macaulay says of London:—

'The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex.'—i. 349.

But hear what the writer of the Grand Duke's travels saw and records, and for which he is a rather better authority than for the profits of the Lord-Lieutenant:—

'The whole tract of country—seven miles—from Brentford to London, is *truly delicious*, from the *abundance* of *well-built villas and country houses* which are seen *in every direction*.'—*Travels*, 162.

—Again: he says that our native horses, though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices, and that, either for *war* or *coaches*, foreign breeds were preferred (i. 315); but, on the other hand, one of his favourite authorities (Chamberlayne, 1684) boasts of the superiority of English horses:—

'For *war*, for *coach*, for highway, for hunting, nowhere such plenty of horses.'—*Present State*, p. 8.

And again:—

'The modern racehorse was not then known.'—i. 315.

No doubt; the Godolphin Arabian was not yet imported: but what used to take King Charles to Newmarket, on the road to which some of the revolution patriots were to lie in wait to assassinate him? Why did the King invite the Grand Duke to come 'to see the horse-racing at Newmarket'?—p. 201.

Mr.

Mr. Macaulay makes a great parade of the increased size and improved appearance of the towns and cities of England since the days of Charles II. He need hardly, we think, have taken such pains, when the population estimates and returns of ten years ago informed us that the population of England and Wales, which in 1670 was estimated at about *five and a half* millions, was, in 1840, *sixteen*; and the greater part of his observations on these towns seem to us quite irrelevant to any part of his subject, and in themselves both inaccurate and superficial. One instance of such trifling will suffice. We do not see what a description of a place like Cheltenham—a creation of almost our own day—has to do with a history of the reign of King Charles II., though it might be noticed in that of George III., as a visit to it was thought to have brought on his first illness; but while our statistical historian is expatiating in a very flowery style on the local position and wonderful growth of this beautiful town, he totally forgets the *medicinal wells*, to which alone it owes its existence! The tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted!

Speaking of *Soho Square*, he says,—

‘*Monmouth Square* had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished.’—i. 356.

With a reference to *Chamberlayne*; but the reference again fails us;—we cannot find it in *Chamberlayne*. *Chamberlayne* calls it *King's Square*. This trifle, however, though it confirms what we have said of the inaccuracy of Mr. Macaulay's references to his authorities, would not be worth mentioning, but that it reveals a more important negligence in Mr. Macaulay.

Lord Grey, one of the Rye House conspirators, who was second in command in Monmouth's rebellion, and taken prisoner with him, made a confession, which is one of the most remarkable documents of the times. It was printed, in 1754, under the title of ‘*Secret History of the Rye House Plot*.’ This work, which is conclusive as to the treason of Lord Russell and all the other patriots, is extremely distasteful to all the Whig historians; and Mr. Macaulay, though forced to quote it, is anxious to contest its veracity; but it would really seem as if he had not condescended to read this celebrated Confession. If he had, he could have made no mistake as to the name of the Square, nor referred to *Chamberlayne* for what is not there, for in his Confession Lord Grey tells us that in the spring of 1683, preparatory to fixing the precise day for a general insurrection, he met Mr. Trenchard, one of the west-country conspirators, to consider that point ‘*at the Duke of Monmouth's house in SOHO SQUARE*.’ (Grey, p. 36.) And again, Lord Grey says that the night before the conspirators were to leave town for their respective posts, he

he 'walked with the Duke of Monmouth in SOHO SQUARE till break of day.' Has Mr. Macaulay written his history without having carefully read the infinitely most important document of the whole period?

He tells us that the foundation of the Royal Society spread the growth of true science :—

'One after another, phantoms which had haunted the world through ages of darkness fled before the light. Astrology and alchemy *became jests*.'—i. 411.

Has Mr. Macaulay forgotten 'Albumazar' and the 'Alchemist'—*jest*s a good deal earlier than this date?

He relates as a sign of the low intellect of the times—

'The "London Gazette" came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, and a skirmish on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, &c. &c.'

An ex-Secretary at War might know that the Gazette is little better, indeed hardly so good, in our days; and that, substituting the publishing days, Tuesday and Friday, for Monday and Thursday, the description of King Charles's Gazette would exactly suit that of Queen Victoria, even when Mr. Macaulay was its most important contributor.

The attempt to say something picturesque frequently betrays him into anachronism and absurdity. When Princess Anne escaped from Whitehall in a hackney coach, our great painter exalts the humility of the flight by the grandeur of his style.

'The coach drove instantly to Aldersgate Street, where the town residence of the Bishops of London then stood, *within the shadow of the dome of their cathedral*.'—i. 521.

Noble! but unluckily there was no dome either before that time, nor at that time, nor for some years after.

He tells us that in old London, as now in all old Paris, the kennel ran in the centre of the street, and that thence arose

'the wish of every pedestrian to keep close to the wall.'

"The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House."—i. 360.

As we know that these jostlings for the wall took place as early as the reign of Elizabeth (see *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1), and as late as that of George I., it was hardly worth while to relate it as a remarkable fact of the reign of Charles II., to which moreover none of the authorities

authorities quoted 'apply; but even in this trivial matter Mr. Macaulay contrives to make a serious mistake; street quarrels of this nature, technically called *rencounters* ('*sudden combat without premeditation*,' Johnson's Dictionary), were settled on the spot, in an age when every well-dressed person wore a sword. It was only a formal pre-arranged duel that ever carried the combatants behind Montague House; and this distinction was important, for a fatal *duel* was legally murder, whereas a *rencounter* was seldom more than manslaughter.

Again: he produces as a proof of Monmouth's hold on the affections of the people, and as an honourable instance of popular fidelity, that long after his death, an impostor deceived the country people of Dorsetshire by assuming his name. May we remind Mr. Macaulay of Sir William Courtenay, *alias* Thom, who figured even more theatrically in our own day? Much the larger part of Mr. Macaulay's anecdotes of this class might, we confidently believe, be paralleled by analogous events fifty or a hundred years later than the times which he censures or ridicules.

He expatiates largely, as indicative of the barbarous and bigoted state of England in the reign of Charles II., on the tumultuous opposition to turnpikes and the destruction of toll-gates. He seems to have forgotten that the same thing occurred the other day in Wales, and was only subdued by a stronger exertion of force than was required in the earlier period.

He tells, that when the floods were out between London and Ware, travellers were up to their saddle-skirts in water, and that a higgler once perished in such a flood (i. 374). We still hear of the same things every winter, and only so late as last February we read of many similar accidents.

These and such like puerilities, the majority of them collected from authorities of the reigns of the Georges, are, it seems, illustrations of England in the days of Charles II.

When we call these things puerilities, it is not that we should consider as such, an authentic collection of facts, be they ever so small, which should be really illustrative of any particular period,—for instance, of the period Mr. Macaulay has selected; but of what value, except to make a volume of *Ana*, can it be to collect a heap of small facts, worthless in themselves—having no special relation to either the times or the events treated of—and, after all, not one in twenty told with perfect accuracy—perfect accuracy being the only merit of such matters?

It may be asked what could induce Mr. Macaulay to condescend to such petty errors? Two motives occur to us: the one we have already alluded to—the embellishment of his historical romance; but another more powerful, and which pervades

vades the whole work, a wish to exhibit England *prior to the Revolution* as in a mean and even barbarous and despicable condition. We are, we trust, as sensible as Mr. Macaulay can be of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, secured to us by the Revolution, and of the gradual development of the material, and moral, and intellectual powers, which the political constitution then defined and established has so largely assisted. We think those advantages so great as to need no unfair embellishment, and we especially protest against Mr. Macaulay's systematic practice of raking up and exaggerating, as exclusively belonging to the earlier period, absurdities and abuses of which his evidence is mainly drawn from the latter. It may be self-flattery, but we persuade ourselves that ours is the higher as well as the truer view of the principles of the Revolution and of the duty of an historian.

We take slight account of such mistakes as saying that the bishops were tried for *a libel*, though it is a strange one for a constitutional lawyer to make, or of calling Mrs. Lisle *The Lady Alice*, though this is equally strange in one who has been a guest at '*Windsor Castle*.' We presume that both these errors, small, but ridiculous, arose from Mr. Macaulay's reading too hastily the running title of the State Trials instead of the text, for both these errors happen to be in the running title and not in the body of the work. There are several more serious slips in point of *law*, but on which it would not be worth while to detain our readers.

After so much of what seems to us absurdity and nonsense we are glad to be able to produce a bit of antiquarian topography, which, though not exempt from Mr. Macaulay's too frequent sins, is, to our taste, very natural and graceful; and we know not that we could produce from the whole work—assiduous as Mr. Macaulay has been in seeking picturesque effects—any other picture of so high a tone of colouring and of feeling. The remains of the unhappy Monmouth were, he says,

'Placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and, hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without
one

one mourner following, the bleedings, relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune have lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.'—vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

Yet even here we have to regret that Mr. Macaulay did not acknowledge his obligation to Pennant, who had already stated the facts in his plain but not unimpressive way; and if Mr. Macaulay has been able to find any direct evidence—*which Pennant could not*—that 'Margaret (last of the *royal line*, as Pennant, or '*proud line*,' as Mr. Macaulay more ambitiously writes) of Plantagenet was buried in this chapel,' he ought to have mentioned it. We quite agree with the disgust expressed by Mr. Macaulay at the

'Barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town.'—i. 629.

But we think one who has been Secretary at War and a Cabinet Minister might have done more than express a sterile literary disgust at such a proceeding. We wonder, too, that Mr. Macaulay, so fond of minute circumstances, should have lost, under the common name of *St. Peter's Chapel*, its real and touching designation of '*St. Peter ad Vincula*.'

We heartily wish that we had nothing more to complain of than the local and anecdotal mistakes of this chapter; but Mr. Macaulay, under colour of painting the manners of the age, has drawn pictures of the Clergy and Gentry of England which we can qualify by no tenderer name than libels, gathered from what Mr. Macaulay complaisantly calls the 'lighter literature of the

the day'—loose plays, doggrel verses, the lucubrations of Tom Brown, Ned Ward, *et id genus omne*, of which respectable authorities, as of those for the rest of the chapter, the greater part does not apply to either the period or, indeed, the purpose for which they are quoted, and, in several serious instances, are entirely misquoted. We will begin with the case of the Clergy, where the misrepresentations are so many and so intricate, that we must beg the patient attention of our readers while we unravel a few of the most important.

It is evident that Mr. Macaulay, notwithstanding his democratical tendencies, thinks that he will depreciate the Church of England by rating its respectability as a profession, or, in other words, its aristocratical character, below that of the Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation.

'The place of clergymen in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Men, averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure [became priests]. Among them were the sons of all the most illustrious families and near kinsmen of the throne—Scroopes and Nevilles, Bouchiers, Staffords, and Poles. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., therefore, no line of life was more inviting. (i. 325.) Thence came a violent revolution, and the sacerdotal office lost its attractions for the higher classes. During the century that followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders: at the close of the reign of Charles II. two sons of Peers were Bishops, four or five sons of Peers were priests; but these rare exceptions did not take away the *reproach* which lay on the whole body.'—i. 338.

The reproach!—Even if all this were true, it would not diminish our own, nor, we presume, any Christian's respect for our Church. We should be no more ashamed of the humility of its ministers than we are at the humility, in a worldly sense, of its founder and his apostles. (Μακάριός ἐστιν ὅς ἐάν μὴ σκανδαλισθῇ ἐν ἐμοί—imperfectly translated *offended*.—Luke vii. 23.) Nor would we exchange Jeremy Taylor, the barber's son, for any Scroope or Pole that the former period can show. We have, therefore, little interest in inquiring Mr. Macaulay's authority for his statistics, but they induced us to look into Beatson, the only kind of authority we happen to have at hand, and we find there that, in the 300 years which preceded the Reformation, there were about fifty English Bishops noted as being of noble families; and that in the 300 which have since elapsed there have been about fifty-three.

But again—harping on the same aristocratical string, which seems to jar strangely to his touch, he says—

'Dr.

‘ Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, spoke strongly for the motion. Though not gifted with eminent abilities, nor deeply versed in the learning of his profession, he was always heard by the House with respect; for he was one of the few clergymen who could in that age boast of noble blood.’—ii. 33.

Now, it happens that we have evidence that there were at that time in holy orders at least the following:—Dr. Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland; Mr. Finch, son of the Earl of Winchelsea, and another Mr. Finch, brother of the Earl of Nottingham; Dr. Montagu, uncle of the Earl of Sandwich; Dr. Annesley, uncle of the Earl of Anglesey; Dr. Greenvil, brother of the Earl of Bath; Mr. Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley; Dr. Booth, brother of the Earl of Warrington; Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Graham, brother of Viscount Preston; Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart.; Sir William Dawes, Bart.; Sir George Wheeler; together with sons of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Grey of Wark, Lord Brereton, and Lord Chandois: to whom may be added, near relatives of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Kent. And we have no doubt that a longer search would largely increase this already respectable list.

But while Mr. Macaulay is expatiating on the causes that made the popish clergy more respectable than their Anglican successors—which we altogether disbelieve, and, as far as our information goes, positively deny—he omits to notice that grand difference, which would alone suffice to cast the balance of respectability of every kind—of birth, of wealth, of learning, of morals, in favour of the Protestants—we mean the Marriage of the clergy. That important—we might say governing—circumstance—that greatest of social reforms, which never occurs to the philosophic mind of the historian—would alone countervail all Mr. Macaulay's pompous catalogue of popish superiorities.

In truth, we believe that the most remarkable social difference produced on the clerical character by the Reformation was the very reverse of what he asserts. In England *then*, as in every Roman Catholic country *even down to this day*, though there were ‘ great prizes,’ as Mr. Macaulay calls them, to seduce a few Nevilles and Poles or Richelieus and Talleyrands into the Church, the great body of the parochial, and almost the whole regular, clergy were of an inferior grade both of birth and education. Mr. Macaulay, in another view of the subject, tells us that the Anglo-Romish priests imported into England so late as the reign of James II. ‘ spelled like washerwomen.’ It is rather unlucky for us to have to show Mr. Macaulay to be so bad an authority, for really we could find no fuller contradiction of one half of his book than the other half. But to be serious (however
hard

hard it is to be so with Mr. Macaulay when the subject is serious), in England the Reformation—slowly, we admit, but gradually—brought into the Church a class of *gentlemen*—not merely so by birth, for we hold Bishop Taylor—one of ‘Nature’s nobles,’—to be as good a gentleman as Bishop Compton—we therefore say of *gentlemen* by education, manners, and sentiments also; and to this happy result we have no doubt that the Marriage of the Clergy mainly contributed. The higher effects of this great moral and social distinction between the two hierarchies escape Mr. Macaulay; but he is very much alive to the low and ludicrous accidents and exceptions to the general improvement which his favourite ‘lighter literature’ happens to record—not observing that such unseemly circumstances were not occasioned by the Reformation, but by the influences and prejudices of the old system, which long lingered amongst us. His chief illustration of the contemptible state of the Anglican Church domestic chaplain is in fact an amplification of the staple and stale jokes of dramatists, novelists, satirists, and all the other classes of ‘light literature,’ from the earliest days to our own. Nor is Mr. Macaulay himself at all behind the best—or the worst—of these writers in the zeal and zest that he shows for, as Lord Bolingbroke phrased it, *roasting the parson*, and with, as we shall see, much the same effect—that of burning his own fingers.

The description of the domestic chaplain, for which room has been found in Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, is much too long for our Review; but we must give two or three specimens of the instances he produces and the evidence by which he supports them:—

‘The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots: but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.’—i. 327.

We request our reader's notice of every point of this passage, and of the authorities on which it professes to be founded—they are—

‘Eachard, “Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy;” Oldham, “Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University;” “Tatler,” 255, 258. That the English clergy were a low-born class, is remarked in the Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo.’—i. 328.

Now it is true that the greater part of this picture is to be found in Eachard, who was a kind of Sidney Smith of that day, and, like our own irreverend friend, used to make himself especially merry with drawing caricatures of his own profession; but unfortunately for Mr. Macaulay, the facetious Eachard happened not to be *in this case* talking of a person in holy orders at all. He had been complaining that young men took orders too early, and wishing that, to check the evil, a larger space should elapse between the University and their Ordination; but he says, ‘What can we do with them in the mean time? They may have no means of livelihood, and will be forced to go upon the parish. How then shall we dispose of them till they come to a time of holy ripeness? Shall we trust them to some good gentleman’s house to perform holy things? With all my heart! so that they have somewhat better wages than the cook and butler, and that a groom be kept, so that they shall not have to groom a couple of geldings for their ten pounds a-year,’—nor to undergo some other affronts, exaggerated as usual in Mr. Macaulay’s transcription. These poor Levites thus described by Eachard were *not*, we see, in holy orders, but a kind of probationers—nor is it even said that *they* were subjected to these affronts; on the contrary, Eachard bargains that they shall *not* be so. Mr. Macaulay may *infer* that, when they had taken orders, and had become really chaplains, their condition would have been no better. We could not object to his making what inferences he pleases if he would call them *inferences*, but we cannot submit to his palming them off upon us as historical facts, and his representing Dr. Eachard as having stated of a chaplain what in fact he had hypothetically, and by way of deprecation, stated of a poor scholar taken charitably into a gentleman’s house to keep him ‘from the parish.’

So much for the authority of Eachard, the very title of whose little work we may observe by the way that Mr. Macaulay misquotes. Now let us see the share of his other authorities in the portrait. We turn to the satirist Oldham (*circa* 1678)—and there we find the unhappy chaplain endowed with, not *ten* pounds, but

‘Diet, a horse, and *thirty* pounds a-year.’

That is—according to Mr. Macaulay’s own calculation, when on the

the topic of official salaries—about 150% of our money. What would this misrepresentation be called in a court of justice?

His last evidence is 'The Travels of the Archduke Cosmo, where it is remarked,' he says, 'that the English clergy were a *low-born class*.' Again we say that these perpetual sneers, and worse than sneers, at *low birth* come very oddly from Mr. Macaulay, who some pages later thinks it complimentary to Somers to call him '*a low-born young barrister*' (ii. 657), and that we should not care a fig whether they were founded on fact or not—but we do care very much about ascertaining whether Mr. Macaulay, who arrogates to himself so high a position as a judge, is trustworthy as a witness! We have therefore searched the huge volume of the Grand Duke's Travels (made in 1669 and published in 1821), and we have not been able to find any such passage, and we have found so many other passages directly contradicting many of Mr. Macaulay's assertions, that the most charitable supposition is that of his having never read the book, and referred to it by mistake.

In like manner he says:—

'Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on *divines*.'—i. 329.

He does no such thing—indeed, the very reverse. He is dilating on the abuses occasioned by the overthrow of the Established Church:—

'All relations were confounded by the several *sects or religions* which discountenanced all forms of reverence and respect as reliques and marks of superstition. Children asked not blessings of their parents, nor did they concern themselves in the education of their children. The young women conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; and they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers or of officers in the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves on *the divines of the time*, or other low and unequal matches. Parents had no manner of authority over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents,' &c.

This we see is complete perversion of the authority: Clarendon does not, as Mr. Macaulay represents, complain of young ladies matching with *divines of the Established Church*, but laments that the overthrow of the Church produced such matches with the irregular and sectarian *divines of the time*.

Again; Mr. Macaulay goes on to say—

'A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing *special*

special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl, without the consent of her master or mistress.

'See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection.'—i. 239.

This is again a misrepresentation, and a bold one. It is well known that Elizabeth retained strongly the old prejudices which, as we have already said, lingered for a long period after the Reformation against the marriage of the clergy, and this 29th Item of her Injunctions is an equally curious specimen of her style of legislation and of Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. Her Majesty says that, though the marriage of the clergy be lawful, yet, to avoid offence and slander to the Church from *indiscreet* matches, 'it is thought very necessary that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to wife *any manner of woman* without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the bishop of the same diocese and two justices of the peace of the same shire—*nor* without the goodwill of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living—or of two of the next of her kindfolk—or, for lack of the knowledge of such, the master or mistress where she serveth.'

Are these '*special* orders that no clergyman shall presume to marry a *servant girl* without the consent, &c.'? The Queen ordains that no minister must marry *any manner of woman*, of whatever rank or station, without certain forms and certain consents, and those consents are provided for in certain possible cases—consent of parents, if she have any; if not, of her next of kin, if they can be found; but if she should happen to have neither parents nor next of kin, then of the master and mistress whom she serveth. In making a penal restriction all possible cases are, as far as may be, to be provided for; and if this last category had been omitted, a minister, though restricted from a more respectable connexion, might have made with impunity the most *indiscreet* marriage possible. But this is not all. The injunction, instead of being *special*ly directed against one class of marriages, goes on to forbid the marriage of bishops, or of deans or heads of collegiate houses, without the allowance and approbation of the Crown, the archbishop, or the visitor. We ask, then, can this Injunction be honestly represented as a *special order*, issued to prohibit, as a prevailing practice, clergymen marrying servant girls? But even if it were so—if Mr. Macaulay's version were the true one—we would ask whether this Injunction of Elizabeth, made in 1559, when we had but just emerged from popery, before more than a few ministers could have been educated in the Anglican faith, can be fairly quoted as in any way characteristic of the clergy of the Church of England an *hundred years later*?

He pursues this game with wonderful keenness, and cites, among others, the grave authorities of

'Roger and Abigail, in Fletcher's "*Scornful Lady*;" Bull and the Nurse,

Nurse, in Vanbrugh's "Relaps;," Smirk and Susan, in Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches."—i. 329.

—and finally, Dean Swift's '*Advice to Servants*.' The quotation of Swift's '*Advice*,' as an historical authority, is of itself droll enough; but why does Mr. Macaulay conceal that the same authority tells us that, as the *Chaplain* was to be rewarded with the *Abigail*, the gentleman's '*Valet* was to have a *commission in the Army*,' and the *Footman* was to marry my *Lord's Widow*? Would Mr. Macaulay quote these exaggerated pleasantries as a proof of the general degradation of the Army or the Peerage in the reign of Charles II., or even of George II.? Why, then, of the Clergy? We confess our only wonder is, that when he was ransacking his '*lighter literature*,' from Elizabeth to the Georges.—nay, that even in graver literature—he was not able to produce an hundred *exceptional* cases, which, paraded after his usual fashion as specimens of general manners, might have given some colour to his imputations. But the truth is, the whole amount of testimony, light as well as grave, runs the other way; and the amiable and respectable picture which Addison (though not unwilling to banter him a little) draws of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, must be in the memory of most readers as a contradiction of Mr. Macaulay's sweeping imputations.

But sometimes this hostility to the Church takes the more artful course of praising a few to throw a deeper shade over the rest. He could not conceal from himself the force of the question that would occur to every one—how is it that a church so low in station, education, accomplishments, and character, should yet have produced so many men of such merit as could be neither denied nor concealed? This difficulty is met by an ingenious theory. All the respectability of the profession was collected in London and the Universities, while the ignorance and apathy of the Country Clergy kept the brutality of the Landed Gentry in countenance. After having passed through the humbling ordeal of the chaplainship as we have described, and entitled himself to a living by an infamous marriage, his state was this:—

'Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dungearts, that he could obtain his daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible: for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes
among

among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavourable a situation.'—i. 330.

And for all this laboured caricature we see no authority but a few words of Eachard's raillery, or, we might rather say, buffoonery; while, on the other hand, Mr. Macaulay is so good as to admit that many eminent men were to be found in the universities and cathedrals, and still more in London :—

'The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom were selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles's in the Fields, Tennison at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Peveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops.'—i. 331.

Yes, but he might have added that every one of these twelve men happened to begin his clerical career either in the disgraced class of chaplain or the degraded one of country parson—that the least respectable in the list was the only one, we believe, that had not served a country cure—and that they were neither more nobly born nor better educated than the mass of their less distinguished brethren. It is a new kind of objection to the Church of that or any age, that its highest merits should be rewarded by the most conspicuous and honourable places. So that, even from his own special jury of twelve, we have a verdict against him. But were there no eminent men in the Church during that period, but these twelve London preachers? Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and an hundred others might be named, who all were or had been country incumbents, who were most of them equal, and some much superior, to any of Mr. Macaulay's list—and, let us add, the great majority of whose writings were penned in rural parsonages—; but they would not have helped Mr. Macaulay's antithesis of town and country. We needed not his sagacity to discover that the opportunities afforded by the libraries and literary intercourse of the capital and universities encourage and facilitate literary pursuits, and that a town clergy must have wider opportunities of cultivation and distinction. It is so at this day—it was much more so two hundred years ago; but can it be supposed that then, any more than now, the absence of such literary facilities was to deprive the country clergy of manners, morals, and decency, and render them utterly incapable and careless of any of the Christian duties of their station?

Mr. Macaulay never misses an opportunity of any sly insult or calumny by which he can degrade the Church. On the Restoration, we are told,

'The restored Church contended, indeed, against the prevailing immorality, but contended feebly, and with half a heart. It was necessary to the decorum of her character that she should admonish her erring children. But her admonitions were given in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Her attention was elsewhere engaged. Her *whole soul* was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of teaching her disciples to give unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's.'—i. 180.

Her *whole soul*!—though every one, we believe, of the illustrious men just named was either already in the Church or preparing then for the holy ministry!

Again—when the King went to the playhouse, where the 'ribaldry of Etheridge and Wycherly' happened to be played, Mr. Macaulay sees him there in the character of '*the head of the Church*.' (i. 181.) Is it as *heads of the Church* that all the Kings and Queens of England, even to the days in which Mr. Macaulay was an adviser at Court, have visited the theatre or the opera?

Of Hyde Earl of Rochester, he says—

'He was accounted a dogged and rancorous party-man—a cavalier of the old school—a zealous champion of the Crown and the Church, and a hater of Republicans and Nonconformists. He had, consequently, a great body of personal adherents. The Clergy *especially looked on him as their own man*, and extended to his foibles an indulgence, of which, to say the truth, he stood in some need; for he drank deep, and when he was in a rage—and he was often in a rage—he swore like a porter.'—i. 254.

The foundation of this is Roger North, who happened to have a personal pique against Rochester, and whose prejudices both Mackintosh and Macaulay implicitly adopt when it suits them, and reject when it does not. No doubt, Rochester was not exempt from the ill habits of his day—habits that lasted for many generations later, nay, almost to our own; and if we had space and time we could produce sufficient evidence to show that Lord Rochester had as little as any, and less than most of his contemporaries, of the coarse manners of the age. Mackintosh—whose censures Mr. Macaulay always copies and exaggerates, while he omits any more lenient judgment on a Tory—Mackintosh treats Rochester with a little more candour. - 'He was deemed sincere and upright, and his private life was not stained by any vice except violent paroxysms of anger and an excessive indulgence in wine, *then scarcely deemed a fault*.' (Mack. vii.) The concluding alleviation Mr. Macaulay omits, and he has perverted—without any authority that we can discover, and he himself gives none—North's simple statement that 'he had the honour to be ac-

counted

counted the head of the Church of England party,' into his being '*a dogged, rancorous, hating party-man, whom the clergy consequently looked on as their own, and extended their indulgence to his drinking and swearing.*'

In the same spirit are Mr. Macaulay's long and elaborate libels on the gentry of England, and especially of the class of Country Gentlemen. We wish our space allowed us to expose all the details of this monstrous misrepresentation, which is one of the most unpleasing features of the whole work. We must content ourselves with an epitome, which after all will perhaps more than satiate our readers.

We have again to observe that Mr. Macaulay seems to think there is no better way to make either clergy or laity contemptible than to call them *poor* :—

'A country gentleman, who witnessed the Revolution, was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate.'—i. 319.

Because the nominal income of the squire's estate was about one-fourth of what it produces to his descendant in our time, he was *therefore a poor man*—though Mr. Macaulay had, a few pages earlier, told us, from the examples of peers, bishops, baronets, lawyers, and placemen, all minutely stated, that a *fourth or fifth part* of the present rate of income would have been equivalent at that day; so that by his own calculation the country gentleman was, comparatively, somewhat richer instead of poorer than his posterity. For this contradiction he had a design both ways: he wished, in the first case, to exaggerate the prodigality of the court; and, in the latter, to lower the rank and consideration of the country gentleman: and he never permits even a regard for his own consistency to prevent his making what is vulgarly called a *hit* :—

'It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires, whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenantancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris.'—i. 319.

What then? Might not the same thing have been said in the reign of George III., 150 years later? But did it follow that they were, therefore, such brutes as the succeeding paragraphs describe :—

'He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the

broadest accent of his province.' It was easy to 'discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire.'—i. 320.

Is that not so now? Has Mr. Macaulay never heard of one Mr. Burke, or of one Lord Advocate Dundas? Had he never heard Mr. Grattan? Has he never read that one Earl of Rosslyn, alias Alexander Wedderburn, was the first Scotchman who was ever supposed to have quite overcome his native accent, and that even in the present century he was thought to have relapsed into his original Doric? Are there not a couple of hundred members of the present House of Commons distinguishable by some peculiarity of accent?

But the personal tastes of the country gentleman were worse even than his jargon:—

'He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door.'—i. 320.

And this is said of a time when Longleat,—'then,' says Mr. Macaulay in another place (i. 576) 'and perhaps still, the most magnificent country house in England,'—was that of a private country gentleman—when Wollaton, Aston, Osterly, and some hundred other seats of various styles of beauty and magnificence, and which are now the admired residences of our nobility, were inhabited by their untitled ancestors. Would he have us believe that the taste of this higher class of gentry did not proportionably influence the whole class? Even one of Mr. Macaulay's own authorities, the 'Travels of the Grand Duke,' might have given him higher notions of the residences and manners of the gentry (we say nothing of the nobility) whose houses he visited. Even down in Devon and Dorsetshire, so far from seeing nothing but *cabbages, litter, and deformity* about the gentleman's house, the writer describes their pleasure-gardens just as he might to-day, and, even gives an elaborate description of that strange instrument the rolling-stone, 'by which the walks of sand and smooth grassplats, covered with the greenest turf,' were kept in an order that surprised even the owner of the splendid villas of Tuscany! We quote this because it is an authority quoted by Mr. Macaulay himself; but every reader knows that we could produce from our general literature, from Lord Bacon to Pope, descriptions of the 'trim gardens' in which the Englishman was wont 'to take his pleasure,' and which it was his peculiar pride to dress and adorn. As to the interior of the residences and modes of life, they were, no doubt, less polished than in our day, though in some respects more stately and costly; and they were, we have every

every reason to believe, far in advance of the gentry of any other nation. In M. de Châteaubriand's *Memoirs*, just published, we have an account of the paternal castle of Combourg, where he was brought up—the ancient residence of a family of the highest rank, mentioned by Madame de Sévigné as a distinguished château. Even so late as the reign of Louis XVI., about the year 1780, the household furniture, and the modes of life of the inhabitants of that château, were such as an English gentleman, even of the times of Charles II., would have been ashamed of. Fashions change—we have boules and gildings and glasses; our ancestors had tapestry, ebony, and oak, enriched with those admirable carvings on their furniture and wainscots which Mr. Macaulay would have had painted, and which, after being long put out of sight, are now again appearing as the ornaments of our halls and drawing-rooms.

The country gentleman—the 'English Esquire'—was not only thus gross, vulgar, and poor, but he was of a sottish ignorance:—

'He was coarse and ignorant.'—i. 327. 'He had received an education differing little from that of his menial servants.'—i. 219.* 'His ignorance, his uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian.'—i. 322. 'He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse-keeper of our time.'—i. 821.

But against these defects Mr. Macaulay's candour sets off the following *merits*:—

'He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy.'—i. 221. 'He was essentially a patrician.'—i. 323. 'He was a magistrate, and administered gratuitously a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and occasional acts of tyranny, was better than no justice at all.'—i. 322. 'He was an officer of the trainbands.'—*ib.* 'One had been knighted after the battle of Edgehill.'—*ib.* 'Another wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby.'—*ib.*

The degree and kind of merit thus accorded by Mr. Macaulay's impartiality is even more insulting than the original charges—his abuse is bad enough, but his compliments are worse. And as a set-off against the general want of education he sneeringly adds—

'He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be great-grandsons of aldermen.'—i. 322.

There was not one of these 'unlettered' country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had, or could ever have, arisen amongst private *English* gentlemen.

We have a very different estimate of the character of the
English

English gentry in a contemporary work, greatly, as we think, over-applauded by Mr. Macaulay himself—Sprat's 'History of the Royal Society,' first published about 1667. In recommending to the country gentlemen the cultivation of the arts of peace, he affords us a fair estimate of what must have been the intellectual and social condition of the class (p. 405). And finally, instead of their despising trade and, according to Mr. Macaulay (i. 322), thinking it a disgrace to be the great-grandson of an alderman, Sprat says,—

'The course of their ancestors' lives was grave and reserved—whereas now they are engaged in freer roads of education. Now their conversation is more large and general—now the world is become more active and industrious—now more of them have seen the rise and manners of men, and more apply themselves to *traffic and business* than ever.'—p. 407.

We wish we had space for more of Sprat—whose readers, we are sure, will all agree with us that Mr. Macaulay's description of the country gentlemen of the reign of Charles II. is a gross caricature.

Mr. Macaulay's opinion of the ladies of that age is what might be expected. They were, of course, mere animals—*les femelles de ces mâles*:—

'His wife and daughters, whose business it had usually been to *cook the repast*, . . . were in *tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or stillroom-maid of the present day*. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured marygolds, and made the crust for the venison-pasty.'—i. 321.

He describes the literature of the lady of the manor and her daughters as limited to 'the Prayer-book and the receipt-book.' 'Never,' he says, 'was female education at so low an ebb. At an earlier period they had studied the masterpieces of ancient genius—in later times they knew French, Italian, and German'—

'But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue *without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit*.'—i. 394.

This is really very poor criticism. English orthography was not settled for years after this period—the orthography of our greatest poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, was irregular even in their printed editions. We have before us the edition of the 'Paradise Lost,' 1668, with specimens of misspelling not merely unsettled but grotesque. The great Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Macaulay is glad to tell us, 'could not spell the commonest words'—

words '—Napoleon was still worse. Let any one turn to any collection of *original* letters of that period, and he will see that the best educated persons spelled very ill. The worst orthography, if we may so call it, in Ellis's last letters, is that of two learned Bishops. What, therefore, does that prove against the sound education of the ladies in an age that produced Lady Russell (whose admirable letters are very ill-spelled*), Lady Fanshawe, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Godolphin, and so many other ladies of whose accomplishments we have evidence sufficient though less conspicuous? Lady Clarendon, for instance (who was a Miss Backhouse, a private gentleman's daughter), complains, in 1685, in a lively strain, of 'the many female pens at work, manufacturing news in Dublin, to be sent to London and returned again with interest,'—

'I begin to think our *forefathers* very wise in not giving their daughters the education of writing, and should be very much ashamed that I ever *learned Latin* if I had not forgotten it.'—*Clar. Cor.*, i. 305.

Here, then, is a lady who not only knew Latin, but testifies that even the art of writing was not imparted to ladies of the earlier period—the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's assertion.

Mr. Macaulay luxuriates in this graphic debasement of the old English character; but when we with some impatience looked for his authorities we found only this note:—

'My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age.'—i. 324.

We honestly confess that we do not know in what trustworthy literature of that age we are to look for the originals of these pictures. Addison's charming caricatures of the Tory fox-hunter, Will Wimble, or Sir Roger de Coverley, of a little later date, afford no colour for supposing that they or their fathers were 'compounds of ignorance and uncouthness, low tastes, and gross phrases' (i. 332): Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins are to be found even in the Georgian æra, and are no more authority for the manners of the gentry of that day than Doctor Pangloss would be of Mr. Macaulay. We disbelieve that in any literature, grave or light, Mr. Macaulay can produce any authority for the details of his picture of that class at that time. He appeals to the judgment of his readers; and we answer him, that, to the best of our judgment, he has been here romancing as extravagantly as any of the novellists.

We know very well that country gentlemen of old farmed more of their own land and took a more practical share in the manage-

* The amiable author of a *Life of Lady Russell*, herself a lady of exquisite literary taste, confesses 'the many grammatical errors and often defective orthography' of Lady Russell's Letters.—[*Miss Berry's Life of Lady Russell*, p. 195.]

ment of their estates, and that ladies were more engaged in works of domestic utility, than in later times. Necessaries of all kinds, both for the farm and the mansion, were then made at home which are now supplied by the great manufacturers—the modes and habits of life have gradually changed—but we cannot believe that the *gentry* of England have been at any period disproportionately debased below their natural place in the scale of society. When Mr. Macaulay adopts from Roger North an almost incredible description of the magnificence of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton—exceeding by fourfold what any duke in England now does on, according to Mr. Macaulay's calculation, fourfold the income—how, we say, can he hope to persuade us that the nobility and gentry in general did not show in their respective degrees something of the same style?—or that Lady Clarendon and the other illustrious ladies we have named, and their daughters, friends, and associates, were *lower* in education or manners than the ‘housekeepers and stillroom-maids of the present day.’

But what, our readers will naturally ask—what can be Mr. Macaulay's object in thus laboriously calumniating that class of his countrymen of which England has hitherto been proudest? He has, we conjecture, yielded to a threefold temptation: first, that turn of mind of which we have seen so many proofs, for seeking ‘in the heresies of paradox’ that novelty and effect which sober truth and plain common sense do not afford; secondly, the desire of enlivening his romance with picturesque and even grotesque scenes, exaggerated incidents, and overdrawn characters; but the third and most active of all is revealed to us towards the close of the tirade we are now examining—

‘The gross, uneducated, untravell'd country gentleman was commonly a Tory.’—i. 323.

It is a curious and, to persons of our opinions, not unsatisfactory circumstance, that, though Mr. Macaulay almost invariably applies the term *Tory* in an opprobrious or contemptuous sense, yet so great is the power of truth in surmounting the fantastical forms and colours laid over it by this brilliant *badigeonneur*, that on the whole no one, we believe, can rise from the work without a conviction that the Tories (whatever may be said of their prejudices) were the honestest and most conscientious of the whole *dramatis personæ*; and it is this fact that in several instances and circumstances imprints, as it were by force, upon Mr. Macaulay's pages an air of impartiality and candour very discordant from their general spirit.

We are now arrived at the fourth chapter—really the first, strictly speaking, of Mr. Macaulay's history—the accession of James II., where also Sir James Mackintosh's history commences. And here we have to open to our readers the most extraordinary

extraordinary instance of *parallelism* between two writers, unacknowledged by the later one, which we have ever seen. Sir James Mackintosh left behind him a history of the Revolution, which was published in 1834, three years after his death, in quarto: it comes down to the Orange invasion, and, though it apparently had not received the author's last corrections, and was clumsily edited, and tagged with a continuation by a less able hand, the work is altogether (bating not a little ultra-Whiggery) very creditable to Mackintosh's diligence, taste, and power of writing; it is indeed, we think, his best and most important work, and that by which he will be most favourably known to posterity. From that work Mr. Macaulay has borrowed largely—prodigally—helped himself with both hands—not merely without acknowledging his obligation, but without so much as alluding to the existence of any such work. Nay—though this we are sure was never designed—he inserts a note full of kindness and respect to Sir James Mackintosh, which would naturally lead an uninformed reader to conclude that Sir James Mackintosh, though he had *meditated* such a work, had never even begun writing it. On the 391st page of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, at the mention of the old news-letters which preceded our modern newspapers, Mr. Macaulay says, that 'they form a valuable part of the literary treasures collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh;' and to this he adds the following foot-note:—

'I take this opportunity of expressing my warm gratitude to the family of my dear and honoured friend Sir James Mackintosh, for confiding to me the materials collected by him *at a time when he meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken*. I have never seen, and I do not believe that there anywhere exists, within the same compass, so noble a *collection of extracts* from public and private archives. The judgment with which Sir James, in great masses of the rudest ore of history, selected what was valuable and rejected what was worthless, can be fully appreciated only by one who has toiled after him in the same mine.'—i. 391.

Could any one imagine from this that Mackintosh had not only *meditated* a work, but actually written, and that his friends had published, a large closely printed quarto volume, on the same subject, from the same materials, and sometimes in the very same words as Mr. Macaulay's?

The coincidence—the identity, we might almost say—of the two works is so great, that, while we have been comparing them, we have often been hardly able to distinguish which was which. We rest little on the similarity of facts, for the facts were ready made for both; and Mr. Macaulay tells us that he worked from Mackintosh's materials; there would, therefore, even if he had never seen Mackintosh's work, be a community of topics and authorities; but, seeing as we do in every page that he was writing with Mackintosh's volume before his eyes, we cannot

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account for his utter silence about it. To exhibit the complete resemblance we should have to copy the two works *in extenso*; but we shall select a few passages in which we think it is evident beyond all doubt that, although Mr. Macaulay seems to take pains to vary the expression and precise words of Mackintosh, he is not successful in concealing the substantial imitation, not in phrases only, which are occasionally identical, but in the general tone, feeling, and train of thought, which could not possibly have occurred fortuitously or spontaneously to two different minds. We happen to open the book at one of the most important and elaborate episodes in the whole history—the proceedings and prosecution of the Seven Bishops; and there we find, on the subject of James's celebrated Declaration for liberty of conscience, which the Bishops resisted, not only as an inroad on the law, but as an insult to the Church,—

MACKINTOSH.

'So strongly did the belief that insult was intended prevail, that Petre, to whom the insulting order was chiefly ascribed, was said to have declared it in the gross and contumelious language used of old by a barbarous invader to the deputies of a besieged city—that they should eat their own dung.' 'The words of Rabshekah the Assyrian to the officers of Hezekiah. 2 *Kings* xviii.' p. 242.

MACAULAY.

'It will scarcely admit of doubt that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that Petre had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the *rhetoric of the East*. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt.'—ii. 345.

And again, in the next stage of this proceeding:—

MACKINTOSH.*

'They (the prelates) must have been still more taken by surprise than the moderate ministers, and in that age of slow conveyance and rare publication, they were allowed only sixteen days from the order and thirteen from its publication to ascertain the sentiments of their brethren and of their clergy. Resistance could only be formidable if it were general. Their difficulties were increased by the character of the most distinguished laymen whom it was fit to consult. Both Nottingham, the chief of their party, and Halifax, with whom they were now compelled to coalesce, hesitated at the moment of decision.'—p. 244.

MACAULAY.

'It was not easy to collect in so short a time the sense even of the whole episcopal order. . . . The order in council was gazetted on the 7th of May. On the 20th the declaration was to be read in all the pulpits of London and the neighbourhood. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one-tenth part of the parochial ministers who were scattered over the kingdom. . . . If, indeed, the whole body offered an united opposition to the royal will, it was probable that even James would scarcely venture to punish ten thousand delinquents at once. But there was not time to form an extensive combination. . . . The clergy therefore hesitated; and this hesitation may well be excused: for some eminent laymen, who possessed a large share of the public confidence, were disposed to recommend submission. . . . Such was the opinion given at this time by Halifax and Nottingham.'—ii. 346.

* In one or two instances we have been obliged to invert the order of paragraphs to bring them into a synopsis—as in this extract, of which the last paragraph precedes the former in the original—but neither word nor meaning is ever altered.

Again:—

Again :—Mackintosh prides himself in being able to produce 'the name hitherto unknown' of *Robert Fowler* (then incumbent of a London parish, and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester), who, at a private meeting of the London clergy, boldly took the lead, and decided his wavering brethren to resist James's mandate. Mr. Macaulay corrects the Christian name—*Edward* for *Robert*—and adds the name of the London parish, Cripplegate (whether from the Mackintosh papers or not we cannot tell); but in all the numerous details of the facts he implicitly follows Mackintosh's book, without ever alluding to it; and this is the more curious, because, repeating Mackintosh's reference to Johnstone's MS. (which of course is the common authority), he adds that 'this meeting of the clergy is mentioned in a satirical poem of the day.' Surely Mackintosh, priding himself on having been the first to reveal the 'fortunate virtue' of Fowler, was more entitled to a marginal mention than some anonymous libel of the day.

On the first liberation of the Bishops, the people, mistaking it for a final acquittal, express their joy :—

MACKINTOSH.

'Shouts and huzzas broke out in the court, and were repeated all around at the moment of enlargement. The bells of the Abbey church had begun to ring a joyful peal when they were stopped by Sprat amidst the execrations of the people. As they left the court they were surrounded by thousands who begged their blessing. The Bishop of St. Asaph, detained in Palace Yard by a multitude who kissed his hands and garments, was delivered from their importunate kindness by Lord Clarendon, who, taking him into his carriage, found it necessary to make a circuit through the park to escape.'—p. 264.

MACAULAY.

'Loud acclamations were raised. The steeples of the churches sent forth joyous peals. Sprat was amazed to hear the bells of his own abbey ringing merrily. He promptly silenced them; but his interference caused much angry muttering. The bishops found it difficult to escape from the importunate crowd of their well-wishers. Lloyd [Bishop of St. Asaph's] was detained in Palace-yard by admirers who struggled to touch his hands and to kiss the skirt of his robe, till Clarendon, with some difficulty, rescued him and conveyed him home by a bye-path.'—ii. 369.

In the progress of the trial itself there was a great incident. The proof of the delivery of the Bishops' remonstrance into the King's hand was wanting. After a long and feverish delay the Crown counsel determined to prove it by Sunderland, Lord President and Prime Minister, a recent apostate and a traitor to all sides :—

MACKINTOSH.

'At length Sunderland was carried through Westminster Hall in a chair, of which the head was down. No one saluted him. The multitude hooted and hissed, and cried out "Popish dog!" He was so disordered by this reception that when he came into court he changed colour, and looked down as if fearful of the countenance of his ancient friends. He proved that the Bishops came to him with a petition for the King and that he introduced them immediately to the King.'

MACAULAY.

'Meanwhile the lord president was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed; and many voices cried out "Popish dog." He came into court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the King, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose.'—ii. 382.

Mr. Macaulay to this part of his narrative has added this reference :—

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'See "Proceedings in the Collection of State Trials." I have also taken some *touches* from Johnstone and some from Citters.'

We think he might have added, '*and something more than touches from Mackintosh*,' who, besides introducing him to Johnstone and Citters, had already, as we see, made some extracts ready to his hand.

Henry Lord Clarendon, in relating the public acclamations on the acquittal of the Bishops, says—

'That thereupon there was a most wonderful shout, that *one would have thought* the hall had *cracked*.'—*Diary*, vol. ii., p. 179.

Mackintosh carries the metaphor a little further; he describes 'A shout of joy which sounded *like a crack* of the *ancient and massy roof* of Westminster.'—p. 275.

But still it is only a metaphor. Mr. Macaulay must be more precise and particular, and, discarding the metaphor, gives as an architectural *fact* what would indeed deserve Lord Clarendon's epithet of 'most wonderful'—

'Ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied [to the shout that arose in the Court itself] with a still louder shout, which made the *old oaken roof* to *crack*.'

Can any one doubt that Mr. Macaulay was copying, not the original passage, but Mackintosh, just substituting *old* and *oaken* for *ancient* and *massive*?

We could fill our number with similar, and some stronger but longer, parallelisms between Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr. Macaulay; but it is not by insulated passages that we should wish the resemblance to be tested, but by the scope and topics of the entire works, and sometimes the identity of subjects not directly connected with the historical events, and which it is hardly possible to suppose to have spontaneously occurred to Mr. Macaulay. See for instance Sir James's clever account of the Order of Jesus, a complete *hors d'œuvre*, having no nearer connexion with the story than that father Petre happened to be a Jesuit—but of this episode we find in Mr. Macaulay an equally careful *pendant*, including all the same topics which Mackintosh had already elaborated.

We are tempted to add one other circumstance. Both the historians relate that Sunderland had a scheme for securing a majority in the House of Lords by calling up the eldest sons of some friendly lords and conferring English titles on some Scotch and Irish peers:—

MACKINTOSH.

'He was so enamoured of this plan, that, in a numerous company where the resistance of the Upper House was said to be formidable, he cried out to Lord Churchill, "O silly! Why your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."'

MACAULAY.

'But there was no extremity to which he was not prepared to go in case of necessity. When in a large company an opinion was expressed that the peers would prove intractable, "Oh, silly," cried Sunderland, turning to Churchill; "your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."—ii. 317.

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We do not quote this as an instance of suspicious identity, for both copied the same authority; but to express our doubt of the anecdote itself, which is given in one of Lord Dartmouth's notes to Burnet, as *told* to him by Lord Bradford. We doubt because the story, incredible enough *in toto* (unless the words were spoken at a different time and in some occasional allusion), is wholly at variance with the purpose in support of which it is adduced; for on an occasion in which the King and Sunderland were anxious to increase their majority in the House of Lords by calling on those who were afterwards to sit there, and thus avoiding the abuse and degradation of that high honour, it would have been an absolute contradiction to talk of overwhelming the peerage with a troop of Horse Guards. Of the less violent proceeding—which is all that we can believe to have been really for a moment contemplated even by such a bigot as James and such a knave as Sunderland—Mackintosh slyly takes occasion to remind his readers that twenty-five years afterwards another ministry did something of the same kind—meaning Queen Anne's creation of twelve Tory peers in 1711. Mr. Macaulay does not follow his leader in this tempting sneer at the Tories—he never before, we believe, abstained from anything like a savoury sarcasm—but here he was muzzled. He could not forget that that administration which raised him to political eminence, and of which he was in return the most brilliant meteor, swamped the House of Lords by creations more extravagant than Sunderland ventured to dream of, and ten times more numerous than Harley had the courage to make. We cannot forget, nor does Mr. Macaulay—and that remembrance for once silences his hatred of the Tories—that the Reform Bill was forced upon the House of Lords by the menace of marching into it rather more than the complement of *Churchill's troop of Horse Guards*—eighty, or, as was added, 'as many more as may be necessary'—and that in point of fact the Grey and Melbourne administrations increased the House of Lords by *eighty-nine peerages*, besides *twenty* promotions. When future historians come to explore the despatches of Baron Falke or Prince Lieven, as we now do those of Barillon and Citters, we suspect that Mr. Macaulay and his friends will have need of a more indulgent appreciation of political difficulties and ministerial necessities than he is willing to concede towards others.

Perplexing as Mr. Macaulay's conduct towards Mackintosh is on the face of these volumes, it becomes still more incomprehensible from the fact that Mr. Macaulay published in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1835, and republished in his *Essays*, a most laudatory review of this very '*History of the Revolution*' by Sir James Mackintosh to which now, while making, as it seems, such ample use of it, he does not condescend to allude. We conclude

conclude that Mr. Macaulay has somehow persuaded himself that that Article relieved him from the necessity of any mention of Mackintosh's *History* in the pages of his own great and solid literary work. But we cannot imagine how; and we shall be curious to see what explanation can be given of this, as it appears to us, extraordinary enigma.

We need not endeavour to account for the hostility with which Mr. Macaulay seems to pursue several individual characters when they are 'Tories—*causa patet*—but he assails with equal enmity some Whigs, for his aversion to whom we can see no other motive than that they have been hitherto called illustrious, and by all former writers supposed to have done honour to their country. It seems to be the peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay's temper *προς κεντρα λακτιζειν*, to praise only where others have blamed, and to blame only where others have praised. This, we suppose, will give him the character of originality—it is certainly the only substantial originality in the work. From many examples of this original spirit we will select one—the most eminent 'as a *prodigy of turpitude*'—one that will be at once admitted to be the most conspicuous, and therefore the fairest that we could select as a specimen—the great Duke of Marlborough. Him Mr. Macaulay pursues through his whole history with more than the ferocity and much less than the sagacity of the blood-hound. He commences this persecution even with the Duke's father, who, he tells us, was—

'a poor Cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs.'—i. 459.

This last, we admit, must be a serious offence in the nostrils of Mr. Macaulay—a friend to the monarchy! But though he thus confidently consigns Sir Winston Churchill to every species of contempt, the learned historian shows that he knows but little about him. He was not a *baronet*—a trivial mistake as to an ordinary Sir John or Sir James, but of some importance when made by an ultra-critical historian concerning so immediate an ancestor of the great houses of Marlborough and Spenser, Godolphin and Montagu. He was poor, it seems—a singular reproach, as we have been twice before obliged to observe, from the democratic pen of Mr. Macaulay. We, Tories and aristocrats as we may be thought, should never have taken the humble beginnings of a great man as a topic of contemptuous reproach! but even here Mr. Macaulay overruns his game, for if the Churchills were poor, it was from the confiscations of Republican tyranny. In the '*Catalogue of Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen that have compounded for their Estates*,' printed in 1655, three years before

before Cromwell's death, we find about 2650 names of plundered Royalists, of whom the *fourth* in amount of composition of the untitled gentlemen of England is Mr. Churchill; and of the whole catalogue, including Lords and Baronets, he stands the *twenty-eighth*, and ahead of the Lowthers of Lowther, the Whartons of Yorkshire, the Watsons of Rockingham, the Thynns of Longleat, and a hundred others of the most opulent families in England. As to his book, we were not surprised that Mr. Macaulay should consider as *ridiculous*, a work which Coxe characterizes as exactly the opposite of Mr. Macaulay's own—a *political history, accurate in dates and figures, and of more research than amusement!* And we have a word more to say for Churchill. Mr. Macaulay celebrates the institution in 1660 of 'the Royal Society destined to be a chief agent in a long series of glorious and salutary reforms' in science. Of this respectable society this *poor ridiculous baronet* was one of the founders!

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to relate a singular passage, strangely exaggerated and misrepresented from one of Lord Dartmouth's notes on Burnet, in the early career of the Duke, when he had no fortune but his good looks and sword;—and assumes, because the necessitous ensign purchased an annuity with 5000*l.* given him by the Duchess of Cleveland, whose honour, such as it was, he had screened on a very critical occasion, that this probably solitary instance of extreme lavishness on one side and prudence on the other was of daily occurrence, and part and parcel of his habitual life, and that he was 'thrifty even in his vices,' and by rule and habit 'a levier of contributions from ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers.'

Again, Marlborough was so early a miser that—

'*Already* his private drawers contained *heaps of broad pieces* which fifty years later remained untouched.'—i. 461.

The authority referred to for this statement is an anecdote told by Pope, who mortally hated Marlborough, to Spence—

'One day as the Duke was looking over some papers in his scrutoire he opened one of the little drawers and took out a green purse and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that was very visible in his face: "Cadogan (says he), observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it unbroken to this day."'*—Spence, 162.*

But this story, supposing it to have been exactly told, retold, and written, would, as a mere proof of avarice, defeat itself, for Pope reproaches Marlborough with the care with which he used to put out his money *to interest*, and if Lord Cadogan had thought it a meanness he never would have repeated it.

That Marlborough loved gold too well for his great glory
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we do not deny; but surely Mr. Macaulay might have drawn a somewhat higher inference out of this particular incident. We cannot think these 'forty' coins were hoarded up from their metallic value; they were probably kept for some different reason—perhaps as precious relics and remembrances of the beginning of independence. Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in inborn merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honourable thrift an honourable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition. But even if the Duke had kept the pieces from the meanest motive, how would that justify Mr. Macaulay's exaggeration that already (*i.e.* 1670, *etat.* 20) *his private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces?*

We have entered into this matter at a length that may appear disproportionate; but wishing to give a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style, we think we could not do better than by such a prominent example. It cannot be said that we have dwelt on petty mistakes about poor persons when we expose the art by which Mr. Macaulay, on the single defect (if it can be called one) of economy in so great a character, raises such a superstructure of the most *sordid vices*. How much not only more noble but more just towards the Duke was Lord Bolingbroke, his personal and political enemy. 'A certain parasite,' says Warton, 'who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough was stopped short by that Lord, who said, "He was so very great a man that I forgot he had that vice."'

Having thus shown Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with what forms the chief and most characteristic feature of his book—its anecdotal gossip—we shall now endeavour to exhibit the deceptive style in which he treats the larger historical facts: in truth the style is the same—a general and unhesitating sacrifice of accuracy and reality to picturesque effect and party prejudices. He treats historical personages as the painter does his *layman*—a supple figure which he models into what he thinks the most striking attitude, and dresses up with the gaudiest colours and most fantastical draperies.

It is very difficult to condense into any manageable space
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the proofs of a general system of accumulating and aggravating all that was ever, whether truly or falsely, reproached to the Tories, and alleviating towards the Whigs the charges which he cannot venture to deny or even to question. The mode in which this is managed so as to keep up some show of impartiality is very dexterous. The reproach, well or ill founded, which he thinks most likely to damage the character of any one he dislikes, is repeated over and over again in hope that the iteration will at last be taken for proof, such as the perfidy of Charles I., the profligacy and selfishness of Charles II., the cold and cruel stupidity of James, the baseness of Churchill, the indecent violence of Rochester, the contemptible subserviency of his brother, Clarendon, and so on through a whole dictionary of abuse on every one whom he takes or mistakes for a Tory, and on a few Whigs whom for some special reasons of his own he treats like Tories. On the other hand, when he finds himself reluctantly forced to acknowledge even the greatest enormity of the Whigs—corruption—treason—murder—he finds much gentler terms for the facts; selects a scapegoat, some subaltern villain, or some one whom history has already gibbeted, 'to bear upon him all their iniquities,' and that painful sacrifice once made, he avoids with tender care a recurrence to so disagreeable a subject. Dalrymple had astonished the world by discovering in the French archives that those illustrious Whigs, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and their fellows, who had been for near a century extolled as the purest patriots our country had ever produced, were the secret agents of the King of France, employed by him to thwart, perplex, and weaken the government, and, by their treasonable intrigues under the pretence of a parliamentary opposition, place the King and the nation in such difficulties as should disable them from impeding the ambitious and oppressive projects of Louis, and, what was still more astounding and humiliating, that these great patriots were not only thus conspiring against the honour and safety of their country, but that they were doing so for bribes. We know not to what extent this shameful traffic may have gone, but we know certainly but a comparatively small portion of it. Dalrymple says, that, 'although the French ambassadors' despatches in the dépôt at Versailles mention several accounts of monies laid out by them for political purposes in England between the years 1677 and 1681, yet he finds only three of them.' The first of these is an imperfect and undated note of some payments from 20*l.* up to 1000 guineas made to some of the less illustrious knaves. The second and third are more precise and important.

In the year 1679 Barillon, the French ambassador, paid the following persons the following sums:—

The Duke of Buckingham	1000 guineas
Algernon Sidney	500 "
Mr. Bulstrode (envoy at Brussels)	400 "
Sir John Baber (leader of the Presbyterian party)*	500 "
Mr. Lyttleton (M.P.)	500 "
Mr. Powle (M.P.)	500 "
Mr. Harbord (M.P.)	500 "
— <i>Dal.</i> i. 381.	

The third account for a subsequent payment runs thus :—

Harbord (M.P.)	500 guineas
Hampden (M.P.)	500 "
Colonel Titus (M.P.)	500 "
Sir Thomas Armstrong (executed for the Rye-House Plot)	500 "
Bennett (secretary to Shaftesbury)	300 "
Hotham (M.P.)	300 "
Harley (M.P.)	300 "
Sacheverell (M.P.)	300 "
Foley (M.P.)	300 "
Ride—very rich and in great credit	400 "
Algernon Sidney	500 "
Herbert, M.P.	500 "
Sir John Baber	500 "
Hill (M.P.?), one of Cromwell's officers	500 "
Boscawen, M.P.	500 "

'The names,' adds Dalrymple (i. 383), 'of almost all the above persons are to be found in the Journals of the House of Commons as active persons of that time.' We have added M.P. where it is known or supposed that the person meant was a member of the House of Commons. Lord Russell's name does not appear in these disgraceful lists, but he was the leader, or more truly, we believe, the tool, of this corrupt junto—most of them being concerned in the Rye House plot. Now let us see how the historian who is so justly indignant at the pecuniary dealings of Charles and James with France treats these still more vile transactions :—

'Communications were opened between Barillon, the ambassador of Lewis, and those English politicians who had always professed, and who indeed sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of the French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereign. This was the whole extent of Russell's offence. His principles and his fortunes alike raised him above all temptations of a sordid kind :

* Sir John Baber was a man of finesse, in possession of the protectorship at Court of the dissenting teachers.—*North's Examn.* See Dalrymple, i. 383.

but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be *unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country*. On the contrary, they meant to serve her: but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and *indelicate* enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her. Among those who cannot be acquitted of this degrading charge was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual faults, has a *just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot*. It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France. Yet it is some consolation to reflect that, in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and of shame, who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sydney.—i. 228, 9.

We will not question the very modest praise that Mr. Macaulay gives Lord Russell of being the most upright of such a party—but when, after having seen *even what we have seen of Barillon's despatches*, he talks of ‘*the virtue and pride of Algernon Sidney*,’—‘*the hero, philosopher, and patriot*’—we wonder that he had not a word of extenuation for the infinitely less disgraceful, and in every view more venial, errors and frailties of so many others whom he has so unmercifully arraigned. But after thus dismissing Lord Russell's treason and Algernon Sidney's corruption with a censure so gentle as to sound like applause, he never again, we believe, takes the least notice of that affair, and Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney resume their full lustre of patriotism and purity. Let us now see how he manages to find a scapegoat for his illustrious friends. In this general intrigue there were, of course, separate objects and schemes. One of them is important to our present inquiry. The first minister at that day was Lord Treasurer Danby. He was supposed to be hostile to the projects of France; but he had reluctantly taken a part in a negotiation on the part of Charles with Louis for a subsidy of 300,000*l*. This negotiation had been carried on through Ralph Montague, then our ambassador at Paris. Montague and Danby quarrelled; and Louis, to get rid of Danby, whose spirit would not brook subserviency to French politics, instigated Montague to ‘ruin’ the lord treasurer by divulging this negotiation, which Montague did in the House of Commons, and, being warmly supported by the French-paid patriots, an impeachment was voted and Danby ‘ruined.’ For this service Montague stipulated ‘for 100,000 livres to make sure of seven or eight of the principal persons in the lower house who may support the accusation as soon as it is begun;’ and for 100,000 crowns, or 40,000 livres a-year, to indemnify himself ‘for his risk and the loss of place that must follow.’ (*Barillon to Louis*, 24 Oct., 1678.) These seven or

eight members were probably those mentioned in the foregoing list, and there seems reason to suspect that the sums there mentioned were only instalments of their bribes paid on this account. Algon Sidney was a principal agent in all these transactions, and his 500 guineas seems to have been an annual pension. Dalrymple pleases himself with the idea that Louis cheated the traitor, and that Montague only pocketed 50,000 crowns; certain it is that he grievously complains of the delay in receiving the money, and describes his patriotic friends as very urgent to receive the balance of their infamous wages. The whole transaction is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of corruption and impudence. Danby impeached, and very likely (if an accident had not intervened) to have been brought to the block for negotiating with the King of France by the King of England's order a subsidy in which Danby himself had no personal interest—by patriots who were personally pensioned and paid by the same French king to prefer the charge. Now hear Mr. Macaulay. He does Danby a kind of justice, partly, perhaps, because Danby was afterwards a revolutionist, but chiefly, we suspect, because he is unwilling to awaken debate on a topic odious to him, because disgraceful to the Whigs.

'The French court, which knew Danby to be its mortal enemy, artfully contrived to ruin him by making him pass for its friend. Lewis, by the instrumentality of *Ralph Montague, a faithless and shameless man* who had resided in France as minister from England, laid before the House of Commons proofs that the treasurer had been concerned in an application made by the court of Whitehall to the court of Versailles for a sum of money. This discovery produced its natural effect. The treasurer was, in truth, exposed to the vengeance of parliament, not on account of his delinquencies, but on account of his merits; not because he had been an accomplice in a criminal transaction, but because he had been a most unwilling and unserviceable accomplice.'—i. 332.

No mention here of Russell or Sidney, nor anywhere of Powle and the rest!—all the blame laid on Montague; who Mr. Macaulay omits to tell us was the brother-in-law of Lord Russell, and that his impudent perfidy was at the Revolution acknowledged and rewarded by the Whigs by a Viscounty and an Earldom, and soon after by the Dukedom of Montague; nor, to the best of our recollection, does Mr. Macaulay again allude to these disgraceful affairs; though it is (*cum multis aliis*) a circumstance surely as worthy of historical notice as Lord Feversham's china dish, that this same Powle, the pensioner of France, was afterwards chosen Speaker of the Convention Parliament—as an avowed partisan of the Prince of Orange's election to the Crown. Can it be believed that

that Mr. Macaulay had accidentally overlooked Dalrymple's detailed exposure of these transactions? That excuse we have an accidental proof that he cannot make, for he condescends to borrow, with an accuracy that could hardly be fortuitous, the very words in which Dalrymple opens the story:—

DALRYMPLE.

'In the midst of so much combustible matter, the train laid by Montague and Barillon against Lord Danby and his master was set on fire.'

MACAULAY.

'The nation was in such a temper that the smallest spark might raise a flame. At this conjuncture fire was set in two places at once to the vast mass of combustible matter.'

Our readers will judge whether Mr. Macaulay was not writing with Dalrymple before his eyes, and they will judge also whether, in any case, he was justified in suppressing—he so fond of details—all the most curious circumstances of the most curious story of our annals, and which he pretends to tell.

One cannot but be struck with the disproportionate space and labour bestowed on the Monmouth rebellion, and the strange excess of indulgence shown to some and of severity to others of the persons engaged in that wicked attempt. The secret of all this is that Monmouth's rebellion was, in fact, but the continuation and catastrophe of the Rye House plot. For that plot Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney had suffered, and these two martyrs, having been early canonized by the revolutionising Whigs, have been still worshipped—though with a less bold devotion since the discovery of Barillon's despatches—by that same party of which the Russell family have been from the Revolution to this day the great and powerful head. All the Whig historians, Fox, Mackintosh, and now Mr. Macaulay, have laboured to revive and maintain all the *legal* objections originally made to the proceedings against the Rye House conspirators. He and they endeavour to keep in the background the intention of open rebellion, of which at least all the accused were undeniably guilty, whatever may be technically thought of the evidence upon which the two leaders were convicted. Now Monmouth was notoriously one of the most active leaders of the plot; and there can be no doubt that the Exclusion Bill was intended, by some at least of its supporters, to give him a chance of the crown. His appearance, therefore, in open rebellion, attended by Lord Grey and the other surviving members of the Rye House plot, becomes a strong confirmation of all that the crown lawyers had alleged and crown witnesses proved; and therefore it is that Mr. Macaulay labours to show that Monmouth had no premeditated design of rebellion, that he had given up all thoughts of public life, and that he was at least a reluctant victim to the solicitations and instigation of mischievous people about him. With this clue we can understand Mr. Macaulay's treatment of Monmouth and all the circumstances of his.

his rebellion; his tenderness for Monmouth—his indulgence for Lord Grey, in every way the most infamous of mankind, but the friend and partner of Lord Russell in the Rye House conspiracy—and his extravagant hostility to Ferguson, an Independent preacher, the Judas of Dryden's great satire, a man of furious temper and desperate councils, one of the inferior Rye House conspirators, on whom, as a scape-goat, it has been found convenient to lay all the blame, first, of the sanguinary part of the plot, and now of Monmouth's invasion and assumption of the royal title. The indignation which Mr. Macaulay—as usual abusive beyond all measure of taste or reason—has lavished on this man, already damned to everlasting fame by the muse of Dryden, and more lately by the pen of Walter Scott (from whose historical notes on Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel' Mr. Macaulay has largely and 'without acknowledgment borrowed'), reminds us of the passage in Pope, in which his friend, dissuading him from satire in general, allows him to be as severe as he pleases on Jonathan Wild—who had been hanged ten years before.

It has been of course a main point with all the Whig historians to acquit the Prince of Orange of any countenance to the proceedings of Monmouth; but no one has ventured to do so in quite so dashing a style as Mr. Macaulay. While he wastes so many pages on the most trivial anecdotes, he does not even admit this really interesting question into his text, but dismisses it contemptuously in a foot-note:—

'It is not worth while to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise.'—i. 571.

It happens that there is not one of 'those writers' thus vilified whom Mr. Macaulay does not, when it happens to serve his purpose on some other point, admit as true and worthy evidence. In a review of two volumes it is hard to be obliged to give up half a dozen pages to the examination of two lines; and it would take us quite that space to produce half the authorities by which the allegation which Mr. Macaulay does not think worth refuting is, we assert, completely established. We shall, however, make room for a few passages which we think will show that, if Mr. Macaulay considers King William's character on this point of any value, it would have been very well worth while to have answered, if he could, that allegation.

First, Dalrymple, a Whig, but an honest historian, and the first who gave us any real insight into the history of those times, tells us that after the Rye House plot—

'Monmouth was received with kindness and respect, and treated even with an affectation of familiarity by the Prince and Princess of Orange. . . . From this period the court of the Prince of Orange
became

became a place of refuge for every person who had either opposed the Duke of York's succession or appeared to be attached to the Duke of Monmouth. Most of those who had followed the Duke of Monmouth's fortunes, or who desired to do so, were provided for by the Prince in the British regiments which were in the Dutch service—circumstances which only were wanting to alienate for ever the affections of the two royal brothers from the Prince. They even believed that he had given encouragement to that part of the Rye-house conspiracy in which the great men had been engaged.—*Mem.* i. 58.

Monmouth retired to the Hague in the early part of October, 1679, and it is not surprising that this claimant of the British crown was but coldly received by the Heirs Presumptive. But after a few days, as D'Avaux, the able and well-informed ambassador of Louis XIV., informs us, William obtained from Monmouth a full renunciation of his pretended legitimacy—

'And thereupon they entered into a mutual engagement to unite their interests and assist each other, and it was then that was formed that alliance which has occasioned so many disorders, and which cost Monmouth his life and James his kingdom.'—*D'Avaux, Négotiations*, i. 61.

This important passage would be of itself sufficient to establish the fact; but from this time till the total failure of Monmouth's attempt—five or six years later—there is hardly a despatch that does not testify D'Avaux's conviction, generally supported by evidence, that William was already playing his own deep game behind Monmouth as a stalking-horse: Immediately after the interview just mentioned D'Avaux denounces to Louis XIV. the connexions (*liaisons*) between the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth, which, he adds, *'were the foundation of the Revolutions which afterwards took place in England.'*—*ib.* i. 57.

Mr. Macaulay may ask, as other Whig writers have done, how it can be supposed that the Prince of Orange should favour pretensions that were inconsistent with the right of the Princess?—All the authorities, all the evidence, and indeed common sense, afford an easy answer. In the first place we have seen that Monmouth had personally disclaimed his pretensions before the Prince would receive him even as an ordinary exile; but, moreover, William had a better security than declarations or pledges. He well knew that Monmouth's claim was an absurdity, which might be safely used as an instrument that might help to upset James, but was incapable of maintaining itself. This was William's policy as early as the Exclusion Bill—

'As to the Duke of Monmouth, who was acting in the same direction against the Duke of York, the Prince felt that if the Duke of York

York was once out of the way, the Duke of Monmouth could give him no great trouble.—*D'Avaux*, i. 105.

This was William's opinion and policy up to the very last. When the news of Monmouth's first successes arrived in Holland D'Avaux says, 'I wonder whether the Prince still thinks that Monmouth can do nothing that he cannot set right again in a moment.'—*ib.* vol. v. p. 84. When, however, in addition to exaggerated accounts of these successes, it became known that Monmouth had been proclaimed *King*, D'Avaux immediately observed a change in William's deportment.

'Since the Prince of Orange has known that M. de Monmouth has taken the title of *King*, he no longer pursues the same course which he did before; for it is certain and evident that not only did it depend on him to prevent M. de Monmouth from sending any vessel out of this State, but that it is also true that Mr. Skelton, having pointed out to him where M. de Monmouth was, and having begged that he would either arrest him, or at least turn him out of the States, the Prince of Orange answered that M. de Monmouth was unjustly suspected, and that he had no connexion with Argyl and the other discontented English, who were here. As for myself, I am persuaded that the Prince of Orange believed that Monmouth's attempt would not go very far, and that all that the rebels would do would be but to render him (the Prince) more necessary to the King of England.'—v. 92.

King James himself, in his own memoirs, tells even more distinctly the same story as the French minister. Dalrymple—adopting D'Avaux's evidence and reasoning, and stating how the Dutch authorities—or rather, according to D'Avaux, the Prince of Orange himself—evaded the request of James's minister for stopping Monmouth's expedition—thus accounts for the Prince's connivance:—

'The Prince interfered not, excusing himself because his assistance was not asked; and, perhaps, was not displeased to see one expose himself to ruin, who had been a rival to the Princess for the succession, and disturbances raised which he might himself be called to compose. He even pretended to Skelton that he gave no credit to the reports of Argyle and Monmouth, although *he knew* that one was gone and the other just ready to go.'—*Dalrymple*, 56.

We have not produced a tithe of the evidence before us all in the same direction, but we think we have sufficiently shown that the matter deserved to be treated more seriously than Mr. Macaulay has done. And we have also to complain of the sly and laboured misrepresentation of D'Avaux, by which he endeavours to give his own colour to William's reception of Monmouth at the Hague. He says—

'The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude

gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son.—i. 530.

And for this he quotes D'Avaux, who says nothing of the kind, but indeed the contrary, for he complains that a 'belief prevailed amongst the Dutch people (*la plupart des Hollandais*) that the attentions shown the Duke were really not displeasing to King Charles;' a belief which D'Avaux looked upon as a deception on the public, but he does not give the least hint that the Prince and Princess were under that delusion, and the whole scope of his despatches is to expose over and over again the Prince's duplicity in this respect.

Mr. Macaulay proceeds to paint with his most glowing pencil the dutiful and respectful regard which William showed to the secret wishes of King Charles, by his extraordinary attentions to his favourite son. The passage is worth quoting, as a sample both of Mr. Macaulay's style and his fidelity:—

'The duke had been encouraged to expect that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honours and commands. Animated by such expectations he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious colouring of Jordaens and Hondthorst. He had introduced the English country dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on the canals. The princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on ice; and the figure which she made there, poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humour when his brilliant guest appeared.'—i. 531.

For this D'Avaux is again quoted, and for this time truly, as far as the naked facts; but most untruly as to the colouring given, the motives assigned, and the conclusions drawn; for D'Avaux expressly states that all these attentions were such manifest 'affectation on the part of the Prince that it seemed as if they could only be intended as wanton insults to the King' (*D'Avaux*, iv. 24). But the more immediate object was to insult the Duke of York, and to keep up the spirits of that party in England which was bent on the Exclusion, and of which Monmouth was the leader; and D'Avaux goes on to give (the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's gala picture) an account of the harsh and tyrannical treatment by which the Prince (hitherto the coldest of men, and yet the most jealous

jealous of husbands) forced the Princess into these extraordinary demonstrations of gaiety and even of gallantry (*ib.* 226). One of these stories—so picturesque that Mr. Macaulay would have been delighted to have copied it if he could have reconciled it with his contemporaneous fictions—deserves particular attention as a clue to William's motives both in his attentions at this time to Monmouth, and as to his ulterior designs upon England. The 30th of January—the Martyrdom of King Charles—was come. This, besides being recognised as a day of humiliation by the Church of England, to which Mary was piously attached, was still more devoutly observed by the royal family; and the children and grandchildren of Charles always observed that day by fasting and seclusion. A day or two after this D'Avaux writes to Louis XIV.:—

'Your Majesty knows how the English are in the habit of observing the anniversary of the death of Charles I.* On that day the Prince of Orange forced the Princess, instead of her intended mourning, to put on full dress; he next, in spite of her entreaties and prayers, forced her to dinner. The Princess was obliged to submit to have all the dishes brought to her one after another. 'Tis true she ate little, or rather, indeed, nothing; and in order to make public the insult (*outrage*) which he meant to the King by all this, he forced her that night to go to the playhouse, in spite of her efforts to avoid it. It is to be remarked that, though there have been plays four times a-week, the Prince has been there but twice before in the last three months; which shows that his going to the play that night was a mere piece of parade.' — *D'Avaux*, iv. 263.

The secret of all this evidently was—the Exclusion Bill had failed. The Rye House Plot had not only failed, but had united the nation in loyalty to the King and the legitimate successor. James had had two daughters by his second wife, and might naturally expect a son; and the country was in a state that afforded no prospect of a change of dynasty: but the revolutionary party, though quiet, were not asleep—intrigues were on foot to recall the Duke of Monmouth. His return would have led to a new attempt to exclude the Duke of York, and open to William a better chance of disturbing the succession. Hence his affected kindnesses to Monmouth—hence the unseemly attempt to cajole the old republican and regicide party by forcing the Princess to desecrate the anniversary of the murder of her grandfather. After this explanation we beg our readers to turn back and read our extract of Mr. Macaulay's account of the fascinating influence of Monmouth over the pensive William!

* By a slip of the pen or the press this is printed in D'Avaux *James the First*, and this error has perhaps prevented the story's attracting as much notice as it deserves. Miss Strickland, in her '*Lives of the Queens*,' has related the anecdote, and corrected the name.

We sincerely wish we had room to exhibit side by side all Mr. Macaulay's cited authorities and the use he makes of them. Nothing but such a collation could give a perfect idea of Mr. Macaulay's style of misdating, garbling, and colouring acknowledged facts as to produce all the effect of entire deception: the object of this complication of misrepresentation being to excite a tender interest for the rebel Monmouth, and to exculpate William from any share in Monmouth's design.

To all this we have to add a most important postscript which Mr. Macaulay passes over in prudent silence. William sufficiently testified the interest he had taken in Monmouth's attempt by his favour to the survivors of it. At the Revolution Lord Grey was made an Earl; Ferguson—'Judas'—on whom Mr. Macaulay pours forth all the vials of his wrath for his share in Monmouth's proceedings—was rewarded with a sinecure place of 500*l.* a-year in the royal household; and the obscure printer, who had printed what Mr. Macaulay calls 'Monmouth's disgraceful Declaration,' took refuge with the Prince of Orange—came back with him—was made stationer to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. (*Kennett*, iii. 428.)

After so much political detail it will be some kind of diversion to our readers to examine Mr. Macaulay's most elaborate strategic and topographical effort, worked up with all the combined zeal and skill of an ex-Secretary-at-War and a pictorial historian—a copious description of the battle of Sedgemoor. Mr. Macaulay seems to have visited Bridgewater with a zeal worthy of a better result: for it has produced a description of the surrounding country as pompous and detailed as if it had been the scene of some grand strategic operations—a parade not merely unnecessary, but absurd, for the so-called battle was but a bungling skirmish. Monmouth had intended to surprise the King's troops in their quarters by a midnight attack, but was stopped by a wide and deep trench, of which he was not apprised, called Bussex Rhine, behind which the King's army lay. 'The trenches which drain the moor are,' Mr. Macaulay adds, 'in that country called *rhines*.' On each side of this ditch the parties stood firing at each other in the dark. Lord Grey and the cavalry ran away without striking a blow; Monmouth followed them, too, soon; for some time the foot stood with a degree of courage and steadiness surprising in such raw and half-armed levies; at last the King's cavalry got round their flank, and they too ran: the King's foot then crossed the ditch with little or no resistance, and slaughtered, with small loss on their own side, a considerable number of the fugitives, the rest escaping back to Bridgewater. Our readers will judge whether such a skirmish required a long preliminary description of the surrounding

surrounding country. Mr. Macaulay might just as usefully have described the plain of Troy. Indeed at the close of his long topographical and etymological narrative Mr. Macaulay has the tardy candour to confess that—

‘little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle, for the face of the country has been greatly changed, and the old *Bussex Rhine*, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared.’

This is droll. After spending a deal of space and fine writing in describing the present prospect, he concludes by telling us candidly it is all of no use, for the whole scene has changed. This is like Walpole's story of the French lady who asked for her lover's picture; and when he demurred observing that, if her husband were to see it, it might betray their secret—‘O dear, no,’ she said—just like Mr. Macaulay—‘*I will have the picture, but it need not be like!*’

But even as to the change, we again doubt Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. The word *Rhine* in Somersetshire, as perhaps—*parva componere magnis*—in the great German river, means *running* water, and we therefore think it very unlikely that a running stream should have disappeared; but we also find in the Ordnance Survey of Somersetshire, made in our own time, the course and name of *Bussch's Rhine* distinctly laid down in front of Weston, where it probably ran in Monmouth's day; and we are further informed, in return to some inquiries that we have caused to be made, that the *Rhine* is now, in 1849, as visible and well known as ever it was.

But this grand piece of the military topography of a battlefield where there was no battle must have its picturesque and pathetic episode, and Mr. Macaulay finds one well suited to such a novel. When Monmouth had made up his mind to attempt to *surprise* the royal army, Mr. Macaulay is willing (for a purpose which we shall see presently) to persuade himself that the Duke let the whole town into his secret:—

‘That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret in Bridgewater. The town was full of women, who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day; and many parted never to meet again. The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the king. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Fexeham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular force to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who commanded them, had indulged

dulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her. She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom.'—i. 606, 7.

—the *doom of the wicked army*, be it noted *en passant*, being a complete victory. Mr. Macaulay cites Kennett for this story, and adds that he is '*forced* to believe the story to be true, because Kennett declares that it was communicated to him in the year 1718 by a brave officer who had fought at Sedgemoor, and had himself seen the poor girl depart in an agony of distress.'—*ib.*

We shall not dwell on the value of an anonymous story told *three-and-thirty years* after the Battle of Sedgemoor. The tale is sufficiently refuted by notorious facts and dates, and indeed by its internal absurdity. We know from the clear and indisputable evidence of Wade, who commanded Monmouth's infantry, all the proceedings of that day. Monmouth no doubt intended to move that night, and made open preparation for it, and the partings so pathetically described may have, therefore, taken place, and the rather because the intended movement was to leave that part of the country altogether—not to meet the King's troops, but to endeavour to escape them by a forced march across the Avon and into Gloucestershire. So far might have been known. But about *three o'clock* that afternoon Monmouth received intelligence by a spy that the King's troops had advanced to Sedgemoor, but had taken their positions so injudiciously, that there seemed a possibility of surprising them in a night attack. On this Monmouth assembled a council of war, which agreed that, instead of retreating that night towards the Avon as they had intended, they should advance and attack, provided the spy, who was to be sent out to a new reconnoissance, should report that the troops were not intrenched. We may be sure that—as the news only arrived at three in the afternoon—the assembling the council of war—the deliberation—the sending back the spy—his return and another deliberation—must have protracted the final decision to so late an hour that evening, that it is utterly impossible that the change of the design of a march northward to that of an '*attack to be made under cover of the night*,' could have been that *morning* no secret in Bridgewater. But our readers see it was necessary for Mr. Macaulay to raise this fable, in order to account for the poor girl's knowing so important a secret. So far we have argued the case on Mr. Macaulay's own showing, which, we confess, was very incautious on our part; but on turning to his authority we find, as usual, a story essentially different. Kennett says,—

'A brave Captain in the Horse Guards, now living (1718), was in the action at Sedgemoor, and gave me this account of it:—That on
Sunday

Sunday morning, July 5, a young woman came from Monmouth's quarters to give notice of his design to surprise the King's camp that night; but this young woman being carried to a chief officer in a neighbouring village, she was led up stairs and debauched by him, and, coming down in a great fright and disorder (as he himself saw her), she went back, and her message was not told.—*Kennett*, iii. 432.

This knocks the whole story on the head. Kennett was not aware (Wade's narrative not being published when he wrote) that the King's troops did not come in sight of Sedgemoor till about three o'clock P.M. of that Sunday on the early morning of which he places the girl's visit to the camp, and it was not till late that same evening that Monmouth changed his original determination, and formed the sudden resolution with which, to support Kennett's story, the whole town must have been acquainted at least twelve hours before. These are considerations which ought not to have escaped a philosophical historian who had the advantage, which Kennett had not, of knowing the exact time when these details occurred.

But, supposing for a moment that we had not had the complete refutation afforded by the dates, would it not have occurred to a man of common sense, and, above all, to one *reluctant* to believe the story, to test its probability by asking whether there was no other person more likely to convey the intelligence in such a state of affairs than a poor girl? Even if she only had by any strange chance known such a secret, had she no father—no brother—no friend to convey it more surely, more credibly, and more safely? 'But *that* camp was no place where female innocence could be safe.' Was there ever any camp into which 'female innocence' could safely venture at such a perilous hour, and on such a sleeveless errand? The fable, however, has its moral; it teaches us to wonder at the intensity of party spirit which, after the lapse of a century and a half, not merely *forces* such a mind as Mr. Macaulay's to *believe*, but leads him to bolster up by adventitious touches of his own eloquence, so flagrant an impossibility.

The last part of this romance to which we can direct the attention of our readers is a misrepresentation of the personal character of King William, so indiscreet as to surprise us exceedingly. Mr. Macaulay's most obvious purpose in this very strange attempt is to double-gild his idol; and, instead of being satisfied, as the world has hitherto been, with considering William III. as a great soldier and statesman and the opportune though irregular instrument of a necessary revolution, he endeavours to show that he was entitled to the choice which the country is represented as having made of him, by his private virtues, and, above all, by the concurrence in his election of the legitimate successor, his affectionate and devoted wife, who, apart from all political and
above

above all selfish considerations, was but too happy to see the throne, which strict law would have conferred on her alone, shared with the man of her heart. This is of course the indispensable conclusion of all romances, but we confess the dénouement seems here somewhat forced and unnatural: We have little doubt that Mary was an obedient, if not a loving, wife; and that she willingly, gladly admitted William to a participation of her royal rights—not from romantic affection, but for this plain and paramount reason, that without his sword she would have had no rights to share. That sword it was which cut the Gordian knot with which the Convention Parliament and its parties so long seemed to puzzle themselves. Mr. Macaulay states fully, and more clearly and fairly than is usual with him, the various expedients that were proposed and the various arguments that were urged for the supplying the place of the absent King. The Archbishop and the high Tories proposed a *Regency*, which would have preserved their nominal allegiance to the King. Danby and the moderate Whigs and Tories were for the plainer and, under such circumstances, the sounder course of considering James's abdication as a civil death, and calling the next heir, Mary, to the throne. The old Republican party would rather not have had a monarchy at all; but if a monarch, one whose title should *not* be legitimate; and Mr. Macaulay takes great pains to show that Halifax and the Trimmers, the party that seemed finally to decide the question, were the more disposed for *electing* William on the republican principle of breaking the line of succession. But in fact this last argument was a mere pretence to conceal the duress under which they really had no alternative but the choice of William. All these eloquent debates and all Mr. Macaulay's ingenious argumentations only enwreath the steel. William might say—εν μυρτου κλαδι τον ξιφον φορησω—‘You may cover my sword with rhetorical garlands, but it is not the less a sword; and if you will have its protection you must submit to its power.’ And as the bulk of his special adherents were of the old Republican Regicide and Rye House party, they not only would have had no compunction in submitting even to his forcible seizure of the Crown, but would have much preferred that to the execution of the threat by which William finally stifled their various differences—namely, that, if they did not make him King, he would retire with his army and leave all parties to the tender mercies of a Jacobite restoration. It was chiefly, we think, with a view of throwing a kind of veil over this real state of the case, not very creditable to the Revolution Whigs, nor very grateful to the national pride of any Englishman, that Mr. Macaulay has indiscreetly, we think, recalled attention to the conjugal relations of William and Mary.

‘For a time William was a negligent husband. He was indeed drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed *ashamed of his errors*, and spared no pains to *conceal* them: but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her.’—ii. 174.

All this is sadly misrepresented. It was not *for a time*—he was not *ashamed of*, and took no pains to *conceal*, his infidelity! The amour with Elizabeth Villiers began immediately after his marriage, and continued notoriously during all Mary’s life. He even made her husband Earl of Orkney, as Charles II. had made the husband of Barbara Villiers Earl of Castlemaine; and in 1697 he made her grants of forfeited estates in Ireland so scandalous that they were rescinded by Parliament; and, in short, as Miss Strickland says, ‘Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of Mary’s peace from her marriage to her grave.’—*Life of Mary*, ii. 303. But we decline pursuing a subject even more disagreeable than is here stated; and we pass on to a less unpleasant cause of the estrangement. This, we are told, was William’s uneasiness at the awkwardness of his future position as King-consort. Mary

‘had been nine years married before she discovered the cause of William’s discontent; nor would she ever have learned it from himself. In general his temper inclined him rather to brood over his griefs than to give utterance to them; and in this particular case his lips were sealed by a very natural delicacy.’—ii. 175.

This admission shows at what a remote period, and with what a distant chance, William began to pine after the crown of England, and would go far to convict him of all the intrigues against the governments of Charles and James, from which Mr. Macaulay, in other parts of this book, so zealously labours to exculpate him. The sequel of the story is more romantic. It was after nine years of unhappiness from moral causes on the part of the wife, and ‘brooding discontent’ from political reveries on the part of the husband, that, by the lucky arrival of an English, or rather Scotch parson, who was travelling in the Low Countries, ‘three words of frank explanation’ were elicited and cured all in a moment. A complete reconciliation was brought about by the agency of Gilbert Burnet:—

‘Burnet plainly told the Princess what the feeling was which preyed upon her husband’s mind. She learned for the first time, with no small astonishment, that, when she became Queen of England, William would not share her throne. She warmly declared that there was no proof of conjugal submission and affection which she was not ready to give.

Burnet, with many apologies and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy

medy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. "But," he added, "your Royal Highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution. For it is a resolution which, having once been announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted." "I want no time for consideration," answered Mary. "It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the Prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me that he may hear it from my own lips." Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. "I did not know till yesterday," said Mary, "that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule: and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives." Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with *a passion fond even to idolatry*.—ii. 180, 181.

Burnet assures us that William's grief for the loss of Mary was passionate, and it is not improbable that when the discontent that had been so long brooding in his mind was removed he may have become more sensible to the charms of Mary's person, and the strength and accomplishments of her mind; but we confess that we find it difficult to imagine a passion 'fond even to idolatry,' at once so suddenly and yet so permanently produced. And how? By contrition on the part of the profligate husband, and condonation on the part of the appeased wife? Not at all: but by setting the husband's mind at ease as to his future position in a distant and not very probable political event. Burnet—though his interest and feelings would lead him in the same direction as Mr. Macaulay, namely, to magnify William and justify his artful and selfish conduct in his pursuit of the Crown—yet still he preserves a kind of moderation, which gives his account a different and a less unnatural appearance. He begins with an introductory anecdote of great significance, wholly omitted by Mr. Macaulay. He describes a conversation between the Princess and himself in which he blamed M. Jurieu for having written with acrimony and indecency against Mary Queen of Scots. The Princess took Jurieu's part, and said 'that if *Princes would do ill things*, they must expect that the world will do justice on their memory,'

memory, since they cannot reach their persons; that were but a small suffering, far short of *what others suffered at their hands*' (i. 693). One easily understands the meaning of these last words in the mouth of a neglected wife. Burnet goes on to say that some time after this

'I found the Prince was resolved to make use of me. * * * That which fixed me in their confidence was the liberty I took, in a private conversation with the Princess, to ask her what she intended the Prince should be if she came to the crown. She, who was new to all matters of that kind, did not understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would likewise accrue to him in the right of marriage.'—*ib.*

We must pause to observe that Mary was now twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, had been married above nine years, had always had English chaplains and attendants, and 'was,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'a woman of good natural abilities, had been educated by a bishop, was *fond of history* and poetry, and was regarded by very eminent men as a superior woman' (i. 394). Yet Burnet and Mr. Macaulay would have us believe that, until the Prince 'resolved to make use' of *him*, Mary was absolutely ignorant of her position as heiress of the crown. It is much more probable that Mary, like a sensible, ambitious woman as she was, knew her position perfectly well; but, seeing the crisis to which affairs were coming in England, had for their common interest resolved to gratify William, and had taken advantage of Burnet's intervention for that purpose.

Burnet, however, according to his own story, explained to her her special rights, the cases of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, Philip and Mary; adding:—

'That a titular kingship was no acceptable thing, especially if it was to depend on another's life.—She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself to him that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavour effectually to get it legally invested in him for life. This would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled.'

Mary without hesitation resolved to take Burnet's advice, and sent him on the moment to bring William to her, that she might explain her intention with her own lips.

'He was that day a-hunting' [*off after a stag*]. 'The next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife: she promised him he should always bear rule: and she asked

asked only that he would obey the command of "*husbands, love your wives*," as she should do that of "*wives, be obedient to your husbands*." From this lively introduction we entered into a long discourse of the affairs of England. Both seemed well pleased with me, and with all I had suggested: but such was the Prince's cold way that he said not one word to me upon it that looked like acknowledgment.—*ib.*

This affords the true clue to the whole of William's conduct with reference to the Revolution. He had resolved—we cannot guess how early—to be King of England in his own right—*Marte suo*, he might emphatically say. Nor do we call this the darkest stain on his history: it was a natural feeling in a careless husband and an ambitious prince; to many it may seem the more excusable from William's being, in his own right, the next heir to the crown after his wife and her sister; and, as regards public interests, we doubt whether the expulsion of James—absolutely necessary for the religion and liberties of England—could have been otherwise accomplished and maintained. Our country profited by the selfish policy of William—but it is a falsification of historical fact to pretend that his policy was guided by zeal for the liberties and Church of England, which he really felt as little as James, though, fortunately for us, it suited his personal ambition to profess it. We owe him and his 'glorious memory' public gratitude, but we cannot regard his personal character or conduct with either affection or respect—still less can we accept the extravagant glorifications of every point—even the worst—of his character, by Mr. Macaulay.

We must here conclude. We have exhausted our time and our space, but not our topics. We have selected such of the more prominent defects and errors of Mr. Macaulay as were manageable within our limits; but numerous as they are, we beg that they may be considered as specimens only of the infinitely larger assortment that the volumes would afford, and be read not merely as individual instances, but as indications of the general style of the work, and the prevailing *animus* of the writer. We have chiefly directed our attention to points of mere historical inaccuracy and infidelity; but they are combined with a greater admixture of other—we know not whether to call them literary or moral—defects, than the insulated passages sufficiently exhibit. These faults, as we think them, but which may to some readers be the prime fascinations of the work, abound on its surface. And their very number and their superficial prominence constitute a main charge against the author, and prove, we think, his mind to be unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry. He takes much pains to parade—perhaps he really believes in—his impartiality,
with

with what justice we appeal to the foregoing pages ; but he is guilty of a prejudice as injurious in its consequences to truth as any political bias. He abhors whatever is not in itself picturesque, while he clings with the tenacity of a Novelist to the *piquant* and the startling. Whether it be the boudoir of a strumpet or the death-bed of a monarch—the strong character of a statesman-warrior abounding in contrasts and rich in mystery, or the personal history of a judge trained in the Old Bailey to vulgarize and ensanguine the King's Bench—he luxuriates with a vigour and variety of language and illustration which renders his ‘History’ an attractive and absorbing story-book. And so spontaneously redundant are these errors—so inwoven in the very texture of Mr. Macaulay's mind—that he seems never able to escape from them. Even after the reader is led to believe that all that can be said either of praise or vituperation as to character, of voluptuous description and minute delineation as to fact and circumstance, has been passed in review before him—when a new subject, indeed, seems to have been started—all at once the old theme is renewed, and the old ideas are redressed in all the affluent imagery and profuse eloquence of which Mr. Macaulay is so eminent a master. Now of the fancy and fashion of this we should not complain—quite the contrary—in a professed novel : there is a theatre in which it would be exquisitely appropriate and attractive ; but the Temple of History is not the floor for a morris-dance—the Muse Clio is not to be worshipped in the halls of Terpsichore. We protest against this species of *carnival* history ; no more like the reality than the Eglington Tournament or the Costume Quadrilles of Buckingham Palace ; and we deplore the squandering of so much melodramatic talent on a subject which we have hitherto revered as the figure of Truth arrayed in the simple garments of Philosophy. We are ready to admit an hundred times over Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator ; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be, devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite—with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it ;—but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal—and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf—nor ever assuredly, if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England.

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